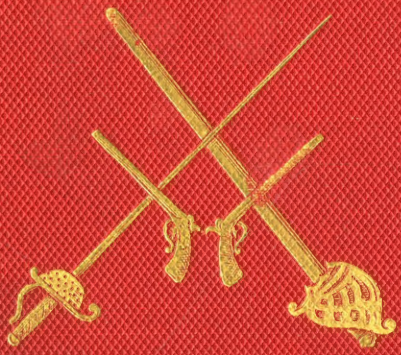

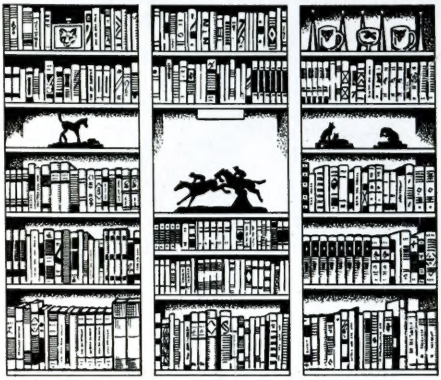

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THE

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BEING

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INCLUDING

The Judicial Duel of Europe, the Private Duel of the Civilized World, and Specific Descriptions of All the Noted Hostile Meetings in Europe and America.

By MAJOR BEN C. TRUMAN,

Author of "THE SOUTH AFTER THE WAR," "SEMI-TROPICAL CALIFORNIA," "OCCIDENTAL SKETCHES," Etc.

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To

HONORABLE LELAND STANFORD

EX-GOVERNOR OF CALIFORNIA

AND

President of the Central Pacific Railroad

[*Amicus humani generis*]

CONTENTS.

PAGE

INTRODUCTION 9

CHAPTER

I. DUELLING IN FRANCE 19

II. DUELLING IN ENGLAND 30

III. DUELLING IN IRELAND AND SCOTLAND 39

IV. DUELLING IN GERMAN COUNTRIES 54

V. DUELLING IN AMERICA 76

VI. INDIANS, MEXICANS, CUBANS, JAPANESE 118

VII. VARIOUS MODES OF FIGHTING 130

VIII. CLERGYMEN AND WOMEN 147

IX. DUELLING IN THE DARK 161

X. NOTED EUROPEAN DUELS 179

XI. EUROPEAN DUELS—Continued 204

XII. EUROPEAN DUELS—Continued 221

XIII. EUROPEAN DUELS—Concluded 242

XIV. NOTED AMERICAN DUELS 258

XV. NOTED AMERICAN DUELS—Continued 280

XVI. NOTED AMERICAN DUELS—Continued 300

XVII. NOTED AMERICAN DUELS—Continued 334

XVIII. NOTED AMERICAN DUELS—Continued 366

CHAPTER PAGE

XIX. Noted American Duels—Continued..... 374

XX. Noted American Duels—Continued..... 383

XXI. Noted American Duels—Continued... 392

XXII. Noted American Duels—Concluded..... 411

XXIII. Bloodless Duels..... 421

XXIV. The Rarest Kind of Bravery.... 434

XXV. Duellists of Many Types..... 448

XXVI. Remorse of Duellists..... 476

XXVII. Notable Escapes..... 485

XXVIII. Pathos and Sentiment..... 493

XXIX. The Romance of Duelling 504

XXX. Humors and Pleasantries of the Field..... 528

XXXI. Humors and Pleasantries of the Field—Concluded..... 553

INTRODUCTION.

DUELLING, as it is more or less resorted to, even to-day, in civilized countries, undoubtedly took its rise from the judicial combats of Celtic nations, and was first introduced among the Lombards, in 659. Unlike the hostile meetings which have grown out of the original system, the early duel appears to have been a trial by combat of two individuals for the determination either of the guilt or the innocence of the person charged with crime, or for other purposes of decision. This early mode of appeal to arms as an alternative for the trial by ordeal, as the reader will perceive, although it gave birth to the more modern system of combat, is somewhat different from those conflicts of the present age which are the culminations of voluntary challenges or defiances resorted to for the purpose of settling disputes supposed to involve the honor of gentlemen—and which last custom was first elevated to the dignity of an institution in 1308, in France, by one Philip le Bel.

It is proper to state, before proceeding further, that the writer is aware that there are those who maintain that duelling may be traced back to the Hebrews and to other ancient peoples; and that the mortal combats between David and Goliath, 1063 years

B.C.; Pittacus and Phyrnon, 547 B.C.; Jonathan and Pudens, also at an early date; the Horatii of the Romans and the Curatii of the Albans, 667 B.C.; and other lesser scenes of mortal combat, have been characterized as duels. But he prefers acquiescence in the views entertained by those eminent authorities who declare that "no trace of the *duel as an institution* is to be found in the history of the classical nations of antiquity." It is an historical fact that Antony sent a challenge to Cæsar; still, duelling as an institution undoubtedly took its rise, as has been heretofore stated, about the middle, or possibly at the commencement, of the seventh century, although authorized, according to Blackstone, in 501 by Gundebald, king of the Burgundians.

Simply, the appeal to arms, as we may justly term the judicial combat, was an appeal to high Heaven, or to God; and none were exempt from the trial by battle but women, the sick and the maimed, and persons under sixteen years of age and above sixty; while ecclesiastics, priests, and monks were permitted to produce substitutes (or champions, as they were called in that day) in their stead. All of the arrangements for the judicial duel were of the most solemn character, and elaborate and dramatic almost beyond belief. This custom of appeal to the judgment of God seems to us, in the present day, as something wild and ridiculous, and more sacrilegious than religious; still, as will be seen by the description of the judicial battle which is presented, the voice of reason, authority, and prudence was heard, though its dictates were utterly mistaken; and it will also be seen that the combatants seemingly met without anger, and left vengeance to the Great Arbiter.

Even before the practice of duelling for settling affairs of honor took its rise, however, the judicial battle had degenerated into a convenient pretext for the ceremonious meeting of hostile and revengeful men under protection of law.

The general practice of duelling for settling affairs of honor may be said to have commenced in the year 1527, at the breaking up of a treaty between the Emperor Charles V. and King Francis I., the former having commanded Francis' herald to acquaint his sovereign that he (Charles) would henceforth consider Francis as not only a base violator of public faith, but as a stranger to the honor and integrity becoming a gentleman. Francis, too high-spirited to bear such an imputation with composure, had recourse to an unusual expedient to vindicate his character; and instantly sent back the bearer with a cartel of defiance, in which he gave Charles *the lie in form*, and challenged him to single combat, requiring him to at once name the time and place of the proposed encounter, and the weapons with which he chose to fight. Charles, not inferior to his turbulent rival in spirit or bravery, readily accepted the challenge; but, after several messages concerning the arrangement of all the circumstances relative to the hostile meeting, with mutual reproaches, all thoughts of a duel, more becoming heroes of romance than the two greatest monarchs of the age, were entirely laid aside.

But the example of two personages so illustrious drew such general attention, and carried with it so much authority, that it created an important change all over Europe; and duels, which had hitherto been fought under judicial appointment, were freely

indulged in without the interpretation of jurisprudence, and in cases to which the laws did not extend. From that moment, upon every affront or injury which seemed to touch his honor, a gentleman considered himself entitled to draw his sword and demand reparation from his adversary. The result was that men of fierce courage and high spirit, and also those of rude manners, were quick to give and take offence with fatal consequences; much of the best blood of Christendom was brutally spilled, many valuable lives were surrendered, and at some periods war itself was scarcely more destructive than these so-called contests of honor. So cruel and outrageous did the custom become, that noted professional duellists—many of whom prided themselves upon the advantages they had taken—who had neither wit, wisdom, face, figure, nor fortune, came into great favor with women in England and France; and the sovereigns of Europe became so alarmed, at this juncture, at the dreadful depopulation of chivalry and gentry, that they took highly aggressive action in favor of its abatement.

The power and influence of the Roman Catholic Church, even, was exerted to restrain the bloody despotism of the bloody code; and, during the twenty-fifth session of the Council of Trent, it was decreed that the custom was detestable, and the Council decreed the excommunication of seconds and all associates, as well as principals, and even the lookers-on at a duel. It claimed that the custom was created by Satan for the destruction of body and soul, and it excommunicated "all advisers, supporters, witnesses, and all others in any way concerned."

But there has been, really, no time in its history when duelling has not had many earnest and eminent opponents, notwithstanding the esteem in which true chivalry and valor have always been held in every age and country; and notwithstanding the popular reign of the custom itself for hundreds of years. When Octavius Cæsar received a challenge from Marc Antony to engage him in single combat, he very calmly answered: "If Antony is weary of life, tell him there are other ways to death than the point of my sword." This was the noble reply of one of the most illustrious men of the age in which he lived, and must have commanded the admiration of all who loved to behold exhibitions of discretion and gallantry. Joseph II. of Germany, a most amiable monarch, was a conspicuous enemy to duelling, and has left his sentiments on record: "The custom is detestable," he once declared, "and shall not be permitted to thrive in my army. I despise men who send and accept challenges to meet each other in mortal combat. Such men, in my estimation, are worse than the Roman gladiators. I am resolved that this barbarous custom, which is worthy of the age of Tamerlane and Bajazet, and which is so often fatal to the peace of families, shall be punished and suppressed, though it should cost me half my officers." Henry II. of France, after the death of his beloved Chastaignerie, made a solemn vow never, during his reign, to admit of another duel on any pretext whatever. Henry himself, however, met his death by a blow from Montgomeri's lance during a tournament given in honor of the marriage, by proxy, of Elizabeth to Philip II., at Paris. Queens Anne and Elizabeth, Charles II. and George III., of England, all issued

vigorous edicts against duelling. It may be interposed that Elizabeth, upon receiving the intelligence of the marriage of Charles, her royal lover, declared in a state of great rage that "if she were a man, she would have defied him to single combat." So she did. But Elizabeth had been jilted, the reader must understand, and she was necessarily violently angered. She was a "woman scorned," to the fullest degree, and was not in her proper state of mind. So, too, when Essex—after his fondness for Elizabeth had somewhat cooled—was wounded by Blount (who had been made the recipient of some mark of the Queen's favor), the haughty daughter of Henry declared, disdainfully, that she was gratified to know "that some one had been found who could take down the arrogant Earl and teach him certain proprieties."

Alexander Hamilton, the most eminent American ever killed in duel, left a paper containing his opinions of the custom, in which he stated: "My religious and moral principles are strongly opposed to the practice of duelling; and it would ever give me pain to shed the blood of a fellow-creature in a private combat, forbidden by the laws." And yet, in twenty-four hours after the ink had become dry with which those imperishable words had been written, this illustrious statesman and general had fallen mortally wounded, and had yielded up a noble life a victim to the very custom whose adamantine mandates he did not possess sufficient greatness of character under the circumstances to resist. The writer has never been able to comprehend how it was possible for Hamilton to have met Burr in mortal combat—how it was possible for any man to have chanced the extension of the circle of widows and orphans who, twenty-four

hours before his fall from an antagonist's bullet, had written : "My wife and children are extremely dear to me, and my life is of the utmost importance to them, in various views."

What a contrast was the course of United States Senator Barnwell Rhett, of South Carolina—the home of sectional and political Hotspurs during *ante-bellum* days—in his answer to Senator Jeremiah Clemens, of Alabama, on the 28th of February, 1852 ! Rhett had declared, in a speech, a few days before, in the Senate of the United States, that he was in favor of the exercise of the right of secession ; and claimed that, "without the right of secession, we live under a consolidated despotism." Clemens, in reply, charged the South Carolinian with knavery and treason ; and, again, in replying to further remarks from Rhett, said : "He says that I called him a knave and a traitor. No man who heard that speech of mine ever entertained such an opinion but himself. The allusion to knavery was an illustration, not a charge. But, if I had done so, the subsequent course of that Senator justifies me in adding the epithet of coward to that of knave and traitor. He does not deserve the character of a man. No man, with the feeling of a man in his bosom, who believed such a charge was pending against him, *would have sought redress here : he would have looked for it elsewhere !*" This was, indeed, wrathful and inflammable ; and the portion italicized is incapable of but one meaning : it was an unmistakable invitation for Greek to meet Greek ; or, at least, a savage intimation that the turbulent Alabamian was awaiting a challenge from the impetuous Carolinian. All of which elicited the following from Rhett, in the course of an elaborate reply : "But my

second reason for not calling the Senator from Alabama into the field was of a still higher and more controlling nature. For twenty years I have been a member of the Church of Christ. The Senator knows it; everybody knows it. I cannot and will not dishonor my religious profession. *I frankly admit that I fear God more than I fear man.* True courage is best evinced by the firm maintenance of our principles amidst all temptations and all trials." There was an exhibition of true bravery; which, while it may have spoiled a sensation, saved the commission of a crime, displayed exceeding nobility of character, and possibly kept woe and mourning from more than one domestic altar. Volumes might be written, interspersed with anecdotes or illustrations similar to the foregoing, to demonstrate the earnestness of the opposition to duelling, and the characteristic and lasting aversion in which certain notorious persons are held, or have been held, who have enjoyed the "honor" of politely killing their fellow-man.

Duelling, however, it is claimed by many, has had some advantages, especially in England, Ireland, and America; and to the custom may, in a degree, so it is claimed, be ascribed the extraordinary gentleness and complaisance of modern manners, and that respectful attention of one man to another which at present renders the social intercourse of life far more agreeable and careful than among the most civilized and cultivated nations prior to the commencement of the century in which we live. Those few people in English-speaking countries who defend duelling at present do so on the ground that it compensates for the insufficiency of legal justice, and are

not inclined to look upon the custom as a relic of barbarism. They assume that law is not as efficacious as lead. In the eradication of the evil they believe that an offended party has no positive means of repairing the injury put upon him; or, in other words, that nothing but a hostile meeting can dissipate the offence.

THE FIELD OF HONOR.

CHAPTER I.

DUELLING IN FRANCE.

Description of the Judicial Duel—Prohibition of Judicial Duelling in France—Rage of Private Duelling among the French—Startling Statistics—Customs in France at the Present Time—The Skewer-Duel in the French Army—The Fencing-Schools of Paris—Capricious Vigéant—Rochefort, Cassagnac, Chapron, and Clemenceau.

THERE is a very ancient edict in France forbidding duels in all civil causes, and in criminal causes limiting them to five cases. St. Louis afterward took off all restrictions; but his grandson, Philip the Fourth, incited by a motive deserving praise, and with the hope of decreasing the amount of bloodshed, restored the restrictions in 1303, though in 1308 he established the combat in criminal cases. As nearly as can be ascertained, the custom of judicial combats was kept up in France for upward of nine hundred years—say from about 660 until 1547. The great Duc de Sully, who did all in his power to urge his master, Henry IV., to repress duelling, has left the best account of the manner in which the ancient (or judicial) duel was fought that can be found.

"In the first place," says De Sully, "nobody, however offended, might take vengeance in his own right. They had their judges before whom he that thought himself injured was to give an account of the wrong suffered, and demand permission to prove, in the way of arms, that he did not lay upon his enemy a false accusation. It was then considered as shameful to desire blood for blood. The judge, who was commonly the lord of the place, made the person accused appear before him; and never allowed the decision of battle—which was demanded by throwing a glove (or some other pledge) upon the ground—but when he could get no other proof of either guilt or innocence. The pledges were received, and the judge deferred the decision of the quarrel to the end of two months, during the first of which the two enemies were delivered, each of them, to common friends, upon security for their forthcoming; and then their friends endeavored, by all sorts of means, to discover the person criminal, and to give him a sense of the injustice of maintaining a falsehood, from which he could expect nothing but the loss of his reputation, of his life, *and of his soul!*—for they were persuaded, with the utmost degree of certainty, that Heaven always gave the victory to the right cause; and, therefore, a duel, in their opinion, was an action of which the event could be determined by no human power. When the two months were expired, the two rivals were put into a close prison and committed to the ecclesiastics, who employed every motive to make them change their designs. If, after all this, they still persisted, a day was at last fixed to end their quarrel. When the day was come, the two men were brought, fasting in the morning, before the same judge, who obliged both of

them to declare upon oath that they said the truth, after which they were permitted to eat; they were then armed in the presence of the judge, the kind of arms being likewise settled; four seconds, chosen with much ceremony, saw them undressed and anointed all over the body with oil, and saw their beards and hair cut close. They were then conducted into an enclosed ground, and guarded by armed men, having been made to repeat, for the last time, their assertions and accusations. They were not even then suffered to advance to the combat; that moment their seconds joined them at the two ends of the field for another ceremony which, of itself, was enough to make their weapons drop from their hands, at least if there had remained any friendship between them. Their seconds made them join hands, with the fingers of one put between the fingers of the other; they demanded justice from one another, and were conjured on each side not to support a falsity; they solemnly promised to act upon terms of honor, and not to aim at victory by fraud or enchantment. The seconds examined their arms, piece by piece, to see that nothing was wanting, and then conducted the principals to the two ends of the lists, where they made them say their prayers and make their confession; then, asking each of them whether he had any message to send to his adversary, they suffered them to advance, which they did at the signal of the herald, who cried, from without the lists, '*Let the brave combatants go!*' After this, it is true," concludes De Sully, "they fought without mercy, and the vanquished, dead or alive, incurred all the infamy of the crime and the punishment. He was dragged upon a hurdle for some time and afterward hanged or burnt, while the other returned, hon-

ored and triumphant, with a degree that attested him to have gained his suit, and allotted him all manner of satisfaction."

Judicial combats were prohibited in France by Henry II., by an edict issued in 1547—the death of Francis de la Chastaignerie from injuries sustained at the hands of Guy Chabot de Jarnac having greatly affected the King, with whom the fallen Chastaignerie had been a great favorite. Besides, the appeal to high Heaven, as it were, was growing unpopular on general principles; and combats upon points of honor, as obscurely established by Philip le Bel, in 1308, were getting to be of every-day occurrence—no less a personage than Francis I., who had been defeated and taken prisoner at Pavia, on February 24, 1525, having, in 1528, sent a challenge to the Emperor Charles V., just before the Peace of Cambray. Henry III. (who was murdered by a friar named Jaques Clement, on August 1, 1589) made no effort during his reign to check the growing evil, while the custom had grown to involve seconds as well as principals; so that, during the reign of Henry IV.—who issued edict after edict against a custom "that had already cost France," says some writer, "more gentle blood than thirty years of civil war"—the dreadful mania had *swept away nearly twenty thousand valuable lives!* Louis XIII., however, beholding the gradual depopulation of some provinces of their most illustrious personages, proceeded against the custom with unprecedented severity, and caused many wounded duellists to be dragged violently from the so-called field of honor to the scaffold of dishonor. This mode of bloody and otherwise violent dealing, however, created very little abatement; rivulets of gentle blood

still continued to murmur silently away; and it was not until Louis XIV. attained his majority that an impediment was successfully raised against the alarming mania—the movement having been the voluntary compact of noblemen, and others of undoubted courage and punctiliousness, to abstain from the bloody practice. Louis XIV., perceiving the lull that had taken place, created a court of chivalry in 1644 (the members of which were the marshals of France), which was to decide on all those questions of honor which had formerly been settled permanently on sanguinary fields. From that time until the present there has been a general slacking off of the bloody custom, and there is a law now in France making killing in duels punishable as homicide, and permitting civil action on the part of friends of persons slain, while officers of the army and navy (and their seconds) participating in duels may be cashiered.

Still, duelling in France has never received a quietus: and never will, so long as army officers permit private soldiers to meet in mortal combat and mutilate each other with skewers; and so long as the fencing-schools of Paris may be counted by the score—the flippant pen of "Mark Twain" to the contrary notwithstanding. To be sure, Louis Veuillot humorously declares that "amongst the amusements of Paris must be counted duels between journalists." He undoubtedly means that all such conflicts—whether sanguinary or not—are amusing to the non-combatants, just as it is fun for the boy who stones the frogs. French army officers, who are not permitted by law themselves to meet in mortal combat, claim that it would be impossible to maintain discipline and dignity in the army without from ten to

fifty skewer-duels per regiment annually among their men. The skewer-duel is brought about and carried on as follows: Two soldiers have a misunderstanding, and possibly exchange sharp words; a non-commissioned officer learns of the offence, and imprisons the offender for twenty-four hours; then they are led from durance vile, and furnished with seconds and skewers; and, after having been stripped to the skin of all their apparel but their shoes and trousers, they are directed to thrust away at each other with said implements of culinary use until one or the other is wounded and the honor of each is satisfied. "If it were not for the prospect of that pointed rapier before them," says some writer, "these soldiers might sometimes kick and maul each other to death." As it is, these duels do not infrequently terminate tragically.

Theodore Child, writing to the New York *Sun* from Paris in December, 1882, after touching upon the practice of duelling in the French army, says:

Among civilians duelling is defended on the ground that generally it compensates for the insufficiency of legal justice. This is, of course, a matter of opinion. I am not discussing: I am simply explaining the French point of view, and accounting for a phenomenon which we Anglo-Saxons are inclined to look upon as a relic of barbarism. The duel, it will be objected, does not give the offended party the means of repairing the wrong that has been done him. Materially, no; morally, yes. Opinion has ordained that the single fact of the combat washes away the offence. Evidently, if a man were thirsting for vengeance, assassination would be a surer means; but precisely the equality of the danger and the loyalty of the combat give to the duel a color of chivalry which prevents all but the most prejudiced minds from confounding it with a criminal manœuvre. The present French legis-

lation has no special law against duelling; the duellist can only be prosecuted as a murderer. The consequence is that the authorities rarely or never interfere. Opinion has sanctioned duelling, and, in spite of the edicts of Henry IV., of Richelieu, of Louis XIV., in spite of the eloquent protestation of Jean Jacques Rousseau, and of the philosophers of the eighteenth century, it continues to be, in France, an important social institution. Just now there is a kind of epidemic of duels in France. Every day in the week there are meetings in the woods in the environs of Paris. The combatants no longer cross the frontier as of old. In the first place, the journey to the Belgian, German, or Spanish frontier is costly; in the second place, a Parisian wit has given out that if the combatants cross the frontier it is because they count on the engagement being interrupted by the gendarmes. Thanks to the toleration of the police, engagements may safely take place around Paris; and not long ago a large crowd witnessed a duel between two famous fencing-masters—Pons, of Paris, and the Baron de San de Mulato, of Naples. This duel took place on the race-course at Vesinet. In point of fact, most of these encounters are not very serious affairs. The journalists of Paris often fight to get themselves and their papers talked about. For the benefit of duellists of this class an ingenious formula has been devised. An official report of every duel is forwarded to all the newspapers and signed by the seconds; in this report it is stated that, after a combat of such and such duration, one of the antagonists received a scratch, or worse; and the seconds, considering that the wound would render the chances unequal, felt themselves called upon to terminate the encounter and declare "honor to be satisfied." Nevertheless, the frequency of duels, from whatever motives, has had the effect of causing a large part of the population of France to frequent the fencing-rooms, for the fashion set by Paris is followed in the provinces, and the provincial journals also have their head-line, "Duels," like their Parisian models. A new journal, called *L'Escrime*, has been founded under high patronage to meet this new want of

French society, and there exists a splendid volume, called "The Men of the Sword," in which a Parisian expert in matters of fencing (the Baron de Vaux) has analyzed the form, the style, and the performance of the most famous contemporary swordsmen. In short, every man who respects himself—every young fellow who pretends to be stylish—must pass an hour or two every day in the fencing-rooms under the orders of his trainer. The fencing-room is fashionable; and public opinion—or, rather, the opinion of society under the Third Republic—is that the duel preserves honor, reputation, and dignity. The fencing-rooms of Paris are counted by the score, and the profession of fencing-master is held in high honor. The most celebrated of the guild is Vigéant, the gentleman-master, as he is called by the Anglo-maniacs. Vigéant is a handsome young fellow who affects the airs of Achilles in his sulking moods. He is very touchy, reserved, and capricious. Some say he poses. He lives in a handsome apartment in the second story at 91 Rue de Rennes. You ring, and the door is opened by a fine muscular man, whom you at once recognize as a provost of the profession. He introduces you into the cabinet of the master. On the chimney-piece is a seventeenth-century wood-engraving representing St. Michael, the patron saint of fencers. By the side of this picture is another of Don Quixote, sword in hand, gravely studying in some book of chivalry thrusts that are no longer secret. In the corners are rapiers of all kinds; on the walls, engravings of fencing-scenes; a full-length portrait of the master, by Carolus Duran; right and left two book-cases containing a unique collection of everything that has been written on fencing for the past three hundred years; in the middle a table covered with books, an inkstand, a pen, and a rapier. It is here that Vigéant gives consultations on his art. Next in reputation to Vigéant is Merignac, who rarely exhibits his skill in public. Then, after these two stars, follow the lesser celebrities —Mimiague, Rouleau, the brothers Robert, Cain, Gatechair, Pellerin, Lautieri, and others. Furthermore, the millionaires have their private fencing-rooms, one of the most splendid

of which is that of M. Edmond Dollfus, in his mansion in the Rue Presbourg, where an assault at arms took place last Sunday in presence of the *élite* of Parisian high life. M. Dollfus is also the President of the Fencing-Club. This assault was a most imposing affair. The *procès verbal* of it, printed in gold letters on parchment, and given to those who took part in the tournament, is a beautiful work of art. Drawn up in the style of the middle ages, this document records the details of the different encounters, and thus describes the managers of the tournament: "The Tribunal of Arms that directed this historical festival of the noble art of fencing, to wit: His Excellency the General of the French Armies Verge, grand master; and Messieurs Mimiague et Pons's nephew, masters of arms of the first class and nobles of the sword, chancellors, assisted in their high and delicate functions as judges of the camp by H. E. the high and puissant Monsignor Canrobert, Marshal of the French armies; by H. E. M. the Marquis de Alta-Villa de la Puente, grand marshal of the court of her Majesty the Queen-Mother Doña Isabel de Borbon y Borbon, Catholic, Cæsarian, and Imperial Majesty of the Spains and the Indies, Lady of Biscay and Queen of Navarre; by H. E. M. the Count Ferdinand de Lesseps, entitled the great Frenchman; by the sieur Legouvé, member of the French Academy; by the noble and puissant signiors the Baron Antonio de Ezpeleta, the Count Potocki, and G. de Borda, and by the sieurs Wasckiewicz, Dollfus senior, and Paul Granier de Cassagnac, also noble signiors." In the above extract from this fantastic and aristocratic document will be found some of the great names among the amateur swordsmen. The five reputedly best amateurs are MM. Alfonso de Aldama, Ezpeleta, the Comte de Labenne, the Comte Lindemann, De Wasckiewicz, and De Ferry d'Esclands. Among the journalists and poets who are famous fencers and duellists may be mentioned Aurélien Scholl, Léon Chapron, Henry Fouquier of the *XIX. Siècle*, the Baron Harden-Hickey of the royalist journal *Le Triboulet*, Arthur Paul de Cassagnac, Ranc, Jean Richepin, Albert de Saint-Albin

(Robert Milton of the *Figaro*), René Maizeroi, and Armand Silvestre. Among painters the finest blades are Alfred Stevens and Carolus Duran. In Carolus Duran's studio, in the Rue Notre Dame des Champs, the most conspicuous objects on the walls, besides the pictures and sketches, are a mask, glove, and rapier, and a guitar. Carolus is a very brilliant swordsman, of whom his master, Vigéant, speaks only with respect. This celebrated artist, with his swaggering gait, his lace sleeve-ruffles, his fine voice, and his varied accomplishments, ought to have been born in the sixteenth century. He is too picturesque for our prosaic times. Alfred Stevens, too, is a man of the type of the gallant knight of old. I need not say that fencing does not hurt the talent of either of these excellent painters. For that matter, they have illustrious predecessors who excelled in the two arts. Raphael Sanzio was a first-class fencer. Benvenuto Cellini, Velasquez, and Salvator Rosa handled the sword in perfection; and the Spaniard Ribera, who was killed in a duel, was the most celebrated bravo of all the Spains. In a list of Parisian duellists the names of Henri Rochefort and Dr. Clemenceau must not be omitted. But neither of these men is a fencer; the latter is a dead shot with the pistol; the former is never wanting in pluck whatever be the weapon chosen. In the combats of the present day the pistol is very rarely used. The fashionable weapon is the rapier or the sabre. It is different from the days of the famous Lord Seymour, when the gilded youth of Paris found it necessary to be accomplished in the art of boxing, single-stick, and the *savate*, a brutal art of kicking which is to a Frenchman what fisticuffs are to an Anglo-Saxon. The reader may, perhaps, remember that Eugène Sue, in his "Mysteries of Paris," relates how Prince Rudolphe was able to vanquish his enemies by his knowledge of the manner in which the lower classes settle their differences when they refrain by mutual consent from using their knives. Those were the days when the Duc de Grammont-Caderousse and his friends used to sup at Philippe's in the Rue Montorgueil, and the natural conclusion to the carouse was a hand-to-

hand fight with the market porters. The polished youth of to-day take no delight in such turbulent sports. Under the direction of Saint-Michael, Don Quixote, and Master Vigeant, the present duelling and fencing mania is as likely as not to lead to a renaissance of chivalry. The French under the Third Republic will have their tournaments and courts of arms, their knights and nobles of the sword, to correspond to the æsthetic eccentricities of their neighbors across the Channel. There will then be a chance for "some witty Tybalt with his pen prepared" to write a companion-piece to "Patience" or the "Colonel," all bristling with secret thrusts and full of the *tac-tac* and clashing of the weapons of satire and ridicule.

Some of the famous French duellists have appeared so often in the arena that their names are as familiar (as doughty champions of the sword and pistol) in the United States as in France. Of these are the famous Paul de Cassagnac and Henri Rochefort. Dr. Clemenceau is also a terror to his foe, as he is a deadly expert with the pistol and no mean swordsman. For anybody to meet Paul de Cassagnac is a sure passport to the hospital or the grave—pretty much as this leonine newspaper-man chooses to be merciless or lenient. Rochefort is also a very effective duellist, although he once showed his fear of the Imperialist bully Cassagnac by declining to accept his challenge except with the understanding that they should fight with loaded pistols, breast to breast—a proposition which partook of the profession of the butcher rather than of the journalist, and which Paul very properly declined. Fatal duels, however, are rare events nowadays in France, there having been but eight deaths out of 545 duels fought since 1869.

CHAPTER II.

DUELLING IN ENGLAND.

Rise and Fall of Judicial Duelling (or Trial by Wager of Battle)—Mode of Combat—Statistics of Private Duelling—The Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun—Lord Howard and the Duchess of Shrewsbury—Colonel Fawcett and Captain Munroe—Lieutenants Seton and Hawkey—Article of War against Duelling in the British Army.

THE custom of Judicial Duelling (or Trial by Wager of Battle) was introduced into England for accusations of treason (if neither the accused nor the accuser could produce good evidence) during the reign of William II., in 1096. Out of this custom grew a law in England whereby a man charged with murder might fight the appellant for the purpose of making proof of his guilt or innocence. This law was upon the English statute-book for two or three hundred years, but was struck from off said statute-book during the reign of George III., in 1819—and on account of the following incident: In 1817 one Abraham Thornton was charged with the murder of a young maid named Mary Ashford, and in an appeal claimed his right by the "wager of battle" (the title of the Act), which the court allowed; but the appellant (the brother of the murdered girl) refused the challenge (on account of his youth), and the accuser escaped all punishment.

The first judicial duel ever fought in England—the first battle by single combat—was that fought before William II. and his peers between Geoffrey Baynard and William, Earl of Eu. The latter had been accused of high treason by Baynard in 1096, and was subsequently conquered in combat, and therefore deemed convicted. This system was brought to an end in 1631 by Charles I., who prevented a similar encounter between Lord Reay and David Ramsay. One of the latest English episodes of the trial by battle took place during the reign of Queen Elizabeth, in 1571, in which the defendant in a civil case instituted for the recovery of manorial rights in the Isle of Hartic, Kent, offered to maintain his right to possession by the duel. This somewhat astonished the court; but, as it admitted that it had no power of refusal, the petitioners accepted the challenge, champions were appointed, and the proper arrangements forthwith made perfect for the judicial combat; and, although an edict had been issued by the Queen (who wished to see no bloodshed) that the parties compromise, as a matter of justice to the defendant, who had demanded the battle, and to maintain the authority of the law, it was decided that the duel must be permitted to proceed. This was the last judicial combat in England in a civil case, although one occurred in a court of chivalry in 1631, and a similar one still later, in 1638.

Like the judicial duel in France, the form and manner of waging battle upon appeal in England were characterized by remarkable ceremonious proceeding, while the oaths of the two combatants were vastly more striking and solemn. The appellee, when appealed of felony, pleaded "Not guilty," and threw

down his glove and declared that he would defend the same by his body. The appellant then took up the glove and replied that he was ready to make good the appeal, body for body. And thereupon the appellee took the Bible in his right hand, and in his left the right hand of his antagonist, and swore as follows: "Hear this, O man, whom I hold by the hand, who callest thyself John by the name of baptism, that I, who call myself Thomas by the name of baptism, did not feloniously murder thy father, William by name, nor am any way guilty of the said felony; so help me God and the saints; and this I will defend against thee by my body, as this court shall award." To which the appellant replies, holding the Bible and his antagonist's hand in the same manner as the other: "Hear this, O man whom I hold by the hand, who callest thyself Thomas by name of baptism, that thou art perjured; and therefore perjured because that thou feloniously didst murder my father, William by name; so help me God and the saints; and this I will prove against thee by my body, as this court shall award." A day is then set for the battle, arms selected (batons), and the same oaths administered as in French courts against the use of amulets and sorcery. In the combat, "if the appellee be so far vanquished that he cannot or will not fight any longer, he shall be adjudged to be hanged immediately; and then, as well as if he be killed in battle, Providence is deemed to have determined in favor of the truth, and his blood shall be attainted. But if he kills the appellant, or can maintain the fight from sun-rising till the stars appear in the evening, he shall be acquitted. So, also, if the appellant becomes recreant, and pro-

nounces the horrible word *craven* (which means that he *craves* or begs for his life from his antagonist), he shall lose his *liberam legem* (that is, he shall lose his right of law), and become infamous; and the appellee shall recover his damages, and also be forever quit, not only of the appeal, but of all indictments likewise for the same offence."

The following is taken from "Cobbett's Complete Collection of State Trials" (vol. iii., p. 515), published in London in 1809, and has reference to the manner of combat: "And forthwith there shall be an oyez or proclamation made, that none shall be so bold but the combatants to speak or do anything that shall disturb the battle: and whosoever shall do against this proclamation shall suffer imprisonment for a year and a day. Then they shall fight with weapons, but not with any iron, but with two staves or bastons tipt with horn, of an ell long, both of equal length, and each of them a target, and with no other weapon may they enter the lists. And if the defendant can defend himself till after sunset, till you may see the stars in the firmanent, and demand judgment if he ought to fight any longer, then there must be judgment given on the defendant's side."

Verstegan, the antiquary, in his curious book entitled "Restitution of Decayed Intelligence in Antiquities concerning the Most Noble and Renowned English Nation," says: "In the trial by single combat, or camp-fight, the accuser was with the peril of his own body to prove the accused guilty, and, by offering him his glove, to challenge him to this trial: the which the other must either accept of or else acknowledge himself culpable of the crime whereof he was accused. If it were a crime deserving death,

then was the camp-fight for life and death, and either on horseback or on foot. If the offence deserved imprisonment and not death, then was the camp-fight accomplished when the one had subdued the other, by making him to yield, or unable to defend himself, and so be taken prisoner. The accused had the liberty to choose another in his stead, but the accuser must perform it in his own person, and with equality of weapon. The priests and people that were spectators did silently pray that the victory might fall unto the guiltless. And if the fight were for life or death, a bier stood ready to carry away the dead body of him that should be slain. None of the people might cry, shriek out, make any noise, or give any sign whatsoever; as the executioner stood beside the judges, ready with an axe to cut off the right hand and left foot of the party so offending. He that (being wounded) did yield himself was at the mercy of the other, to be killed or to be let live. If he were slain, then was he carried away and honorably buried; and he that slew him reputed more honorable than before. But if, being overcome, he were left alive, then was he by sentence of the judges declared utterly void of all honest reputation, and never to ride on horseback nor carry arms."

[If the reader wishes to inform himself very fully upon this subject, he may consult Lord Coke's 3d Inst., c. 2, p. 26; also Blackstone's Comm., b. iv., c. 19, § 4, and c. 27, § 3; also "Cobbett s Complete Collection of State Trials," vol. iii., pp. 483, 511, and 518; also an account of the "Trial by Battle from Minshew's Dictionary."]

Duelling did not prevail as a custom in England until late during the reign of Queen Elizabeth; at

which period Vincentio Saviolo, a little Italian fencing-teacher of violent temper and affected punctiliousness, published a small volume entitled "A Treatise of Honor," which was at once adopted (1594) by certain parties as a standard work of reference in cases of "honor involved." From 1594 until 1713 much precious blood was spilled in England, Scotland, and Ireland upon "fields of honor," most of the combats during that time having been carried on by the use of small swords, which had been introduced into England in 1587. But the fatal duel between the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun (which was fought with small swords in Hyde Park on November 15, 1712, and in which the latter was killed on the spot, while the Duke expired of his wounds as he was being conveyed to his carriage) created much sensation throughout England, and an attempt was made in the House of Commons a short time afterward to enact a bill for the suppression of duelling, which was an effective entering wedge, although the bill was lost on the third reading. From that time, however, until the present, continued efforts have been made in England to constitute duelling an offence; and in 1679 Charles II. issued a proclamation that any person killing another in a duel should be held for trial, and upon conviction should not be pardoned—and yet, during this Charles's reign (from May 29, 1660, to February 6, 1685), there took place 196 duels, in which 75 persons were killed and 108 wounded, upon English soil. Indeed, duelling was carried to its greatest possible excess during the reigns of James I. and the two Charleses; and in the reign of the latter the seconds always fought as well as the principals—in fact the

latter generally selected their seconds with regard to their courage and adroitness.

It was during the reign of Charles II. that Lord Howard, of Carlisle, gave a grand *fête-champêtre* at Spring Gardens, near the village of Charing—the Vauxhall of that day. This *fête* was to facilitate an intrigue between Lord Howard and the profligate Duchess of Shrewsbury; but the gay and fascinating Sidney flirted with the Duchess, abstracted her attention from Howard, and ridiculed the festivities. Early on the following day, Howard sent a challenge to Sidney, who chose as his second a young giant named Dillon,—a noted furious and adroit swordsman,—while his Lordship selected a young gentleman named Rawlings, who had just come into possession of an estate with an income of £10,000 a year. Sidney received three serious thrusts from Howard, and was taken from the field dangerously wounded, whilst his second was run through the heart and left dead in his tracks. Upon the receipt of this news the Duke of Shrewsbury became greatly excited, and challenged the infamous Buckingham for intriguing with his wife. The challenge was, of course, accepted, and the Duchess, disguised as a page, accompanied Buckingham to the field, and held his horse while he fought and killed her husband. The slaying of Shrewsbury was characterized as a cold-blooded murder; still, the King, in spite of every remonstrance from the Queen, received Buckingham with open arms a short time after this brutal outrage.

In 172 duels fought in England during a stated period, 69 persons were killed (in three, neither of the combatants survived); 96 persons were wounded,—48 desperately and 48 slightly,—and 188 escaped

unhurt. Thus, rather more than one fifth lost their lives, and nearly one half received the bullets or thrusts of their antagonists. It appears, also, that, out of this number of duels, eighteen trials took place; six of the arraigned were acquitted, seven were found guilty of manslaughter, and three of murder; two were executed, and eight were imprisoned for different periods.

The custom was checked in the army in 1792, during the reign of George III., but received its severest check in the army and navy of Great Britain in 1844, by an article of war which rendered duelling an offence punishable by cashiering: and which was urged through Parliament on account of the sanguinary meeting of Colonel Fawcett and Captain Munroe (at which the former was killed), July 1, 1843. On May 20, 1845, however, two army officers (Lieutenant Seton and Lieutenant Hawkey) met in hostile encounter, and the former was killed. This tragic affair produced a renewed opposition to the custom, and a society "for the discouraging of duelling" was at once established; and since that time, on account of the influence of public opinion and the terrors of the law, the practice of duelling in England may be said to have almost wholly ceased to exist. The following is the article of war referred to for the repression of duelling in the armies of Great Britain (and there are other laws of a similar character):

"Every officer who shall give or send a challenge, or who shall accept any challenge, to fight a duel with another officer, or who, being privy to an intention to fight a duel, shall not take active measures to prevent such duel, or who shall upbraid each other for refus-

ing, or for not giving, a challenge, or who shall reject, or advise the rejection of, a reasonable proposition made for the honorable adjustment of a difficulty, shall be liable, if convicted before a general court-martial, to be cashiered, or suffer such other punishment as the court may award."

CHAPTER III.

DUELLING IN IRELAND AND SCOTLAND.

The Irish and Scotch Passion for Duelling—Qualifications of Irish Respectability: "What Family is he of? Did he ever blaze?"—Sir Jonah Barrington's Felicity—How Two Irishmen met Two Gentlemen from London—Melancholy and Furious Encounters in Scotland—The Troubles of a Royal Husband—The Law of Combat by the Best Authorities—A Codification that covers Delicate Questions.

THE Emerald Isle may be said to be dotted all over with "fields of honor," so thick and fast and furious have been the deadly encounters among the "wearers of the green;" particularly during the days of the old Parliament in College Green, Dublin, at which time it was deemed not injudicious for the aspiring barrister to purchase a case of pistols and the necessary law-books at the same time. Indeed, it is related of Hutchinson, the Provost of Trinity College (himself a noted duellist), that, when a certain student approached him with importunities regarding a course of legal study, he directed the young aspirant to buy a case of pistols and to learn their use; "as," added Hutchinson, "they will get you along faster than Fearne or Blackstone." This was literally "teaching the young idea how to shoot." O'Connell, Curran, Grattan, McNamara, Castlereagh, Sheridan, Barrington, Fitzgibbon, Flood, O'Brien,

O'Gorman, and many other Irishmen of note, have all fought within the lists.

Judicial duelling was established in Ireland in the year 1100, and flourished until 1631, during which time many sanguinary combats occurred; one of the most remarkable, as well as one of the most tragic, having been that which took place in 1533, at Dublin Castle, before the lords justices and council, between Connor MacCormack O'Connor and Teig MacGilpatrick O'Connor, in which the former was severely wounded many times, and was ultimately despatched and had his head cut off and presented to the lords justices by the victorious Teig. It was after the degeneracy of the judicial duel, however, that the custom in Ireland took on its most desperate shape, and became popular as an institution; and it was long after its general decline in England that lovers of duelling in Ireland grudgingly relinquished their fondness for a custom that had brought into the field so many intrepid fellows and capital shots. It has been stated by some writer on the subject that no duels are palatable to both parties except those that are engaged in from motives of revenge. From a general standpoint this is undoubtedly true; and your Irish duellist was seldom an exception. But one of the greatest and most distinguished of all the Irish fighters (Curran) was probably the least ferocious, at least after the preliminaries of combat had been perfectly arranged. Curran's charming impudence and humor never abandoned him—he may have met Hobart, Fitzgibbon, and Burrowes with hostility in his eye, but he must also have met them with a smile upon his lips. When the second of Peter Burrowes stated to Curran's second that his principal was in a very feeble

condition, and wanted to be allowed to lean against a milestone during the exchange of shots; and Curran, after listening to the invalid's ingenuous request, responded, "Certainly, provided I am allowed to lean against the next milestone," there must have been twinkles in his eyes as well as smiles at his lips. At the present time duelling is at a great discount in Ireland, and the laws against the custom are pretty rigidly enforced.

Sir Jonah Barrington, Judge of the High Court of Admiralty in Ireland (a noted duellist in his day), in his "Personal Sketches of his Own Times," devotes two chapters to Irish duellists and duelling, and says that "Single combat was formerly a very prevalent and favorite mode of *administering justice* in Ireland; and not being considered so brutal as bull-fights, or other beastly amusements of that nature, it was authorized by law, and frequently performed before the high authorities and their ladies—bishops, judges, and other persons of high office generally honoring the spectacle with their presence. Two hundred and twenty-seven memorable and official duels have actually been fought during my grand climacteric. . . . In my time the number of killed and wounded among the bar was very considerable. It is, in fact, incredible what a singular passion the Irish gentlemen (though in general excellent-tempered fellows) formerly had for fighting each other and immediately making friends again. A duel was, indeed, considered a necessary part of a young man's education, but by no means a ground for future animosity with his opponent. . . . When men had a glowing ambition to excel in all manner of feats and exercises they naturally conceived that manslaughter, in an *honest* way (that

is, not knowing *which* would be slaughtered), was the most chivalrous and gentlemanly of all their accomplishments. No young fellow could finish his education till he had exchanged shots with some of his acquaintances. . . . The two first questions always asked as to a young man's respectability and qualifications, particularly when he proposed for a lady wife, were, 'What family is he of?' and 'Did he ever blaze?' . . . Tipperary and Galway were the ablest schools of the duelling science. Galway was most scientific at the sword, and Tipperary most practical and prized at the pistol; Mayo not amiss at either, while Roscommon and Sligo had many professors and a high reputation in the leaden branch of the pastime. . . . Our elections were more prolific in duels than any other public meetings; they very seldom originated at a horse-race, hunt, or any place of amusement. . . . I think I may challenge any country in Europe to show such an assemblage of gallant *judicial* and official antagonists at fire and sword as is exhibited in the following partial list: The Lord Chancellor of Ireland, Lord Clare, fought the Master of the Rolls, Curran. The Chief-Justice K. B., Lord Clonmel, fought Lord Tyrawly (a Privy Councillor), Lord Llandoff, and two others. The judge of the county of Dublin, Egan, fought the Master of the Rolls, Roger Barrett, and three others. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Right Honorable Isaac Corry, fought the Right Honorable Henry Grattan (a Privy Councillor) and another. A Baron of the Exchequer, Baron Medge, fought his brother-in-law and two others. The Chief-Justice C. P., Lord Norbury, fought Fire-eater Fitzgerald and two other gentleman, and frightened Napper Tandy and seve-

ra. besides. The judge of the Prerogative Court, Dr. Duigenan, fought one barrister and frightened another on the ground. The Chief Counsel to the Revenue, Henry Deane Grady, fought Counsellor O'Mahon, Counsellor Campbell, and others. The Master of the Rolls, Curran, fought Lord Buckinghamshire, the Chief Secretary. The Provost of the University of Dublin, the Right Honorable Hely Hutchinson, fought Mr. Doyle, Master in Chancery, and some others. The Chief-Justice C. P. Patterson fought three country gentlemen, one of them with swords and the others with guns, and wounded all of them. The Right Honorable George Ogle (a Privy Councillor), fought Barney Coyle (a distiller), because he was a papist. Thomas Wallace, K.C., fought Mr. O'Gorman, the Catholic Secretary. The Collector of Customs of Dublin, the Honorable Francis Hutchinson, fought the Right Honorable Lord Mountmorris. The reader of this dignified list will surely see no great indecorum in an admiralty judge having now and then exchanged broadsides, more especially as they did not militate against the law of nations."

In the reign of Queen Anne party spirit ran very high, particularly in the city of Dublin, where duels were fought almost daily on account of politics. Two gentlemen of London—Major Park and Captain Creed —who valued themselves highly on their skill in fencing, hearing of the frequency of "affairs of honor" in Dublin, like true knights-errant, resolved to go there in quest of adventures. On inquiry they learned that Mr. Mathew, of Thomastown, in Tipperary, who had recently arrived from France, had the character of being one of the finest swordsmen in Europe.

Park, rejoicing to find a worthy antagonist, resolved, on the first opportunity, to have a trial of skill with him. This was soon the case, and the parties met at a tavern, Mathew accompanied by a Mr. Macnamara, and Major Park attended by his friend Creed. The doors being secured, Park and Mathew, without parley or explanation, drew their swords; but Macnamara stopped them and said that it was impossible for him, in cases of such a nature, to remain a cool spectator; and then, addressing himself to Captain Creed, continued: "If you please, sir, I shall have the honor of entertaining you in the same manner." Creed, who desired nothing better, replied by drawing his sword, and at it the four champions went. The conflict was of long duration, and was maintained with remarkable skill and obstinacy by the two officers, notwithstanding the great effusion of blood from the many wounds they had received. At length, completely exhausted, they both fell, and yielded the victory to the superior skill of their antagonists. The number of wounds received by the vanquished parties was very great; and, what seems almost miraculous, their opponents were untouched. The surgeons, who were at once called, seeing the desperate state of their patients, would not suffer them to be removed from the room in which they had fought, but had beds immediately taken into it, on which the two wounded officers lay many hours in a state of danger and insensibility. When they were able to see visitors, Mathew and Macnamara called and attended them daily; and a close friendship and intimacy afterward ensued, as they found their fallen antagonists gentlemen of strict honor and integrity, and of the best dispositions, except in their Quixotish fondness

for duelling, of which they had, however, become completely cured.

Scotland never took the same popular interest in duelling as its impetuous neighbor; and, as early as 1580, although licenses for mortal combats could be obtained from the Crown, the killing of a person in a duel without a license could be called murder. Judicial duelling was introduced into Scotland about the year 1100, and flourished for over five hundred years. When the character of the laws against duelling in Scotland is considered, it is readily understood why the custom did not prevail to the same popular extent among the Scots as among their more roistering neighbors; for when a duel took place upon a challenge in Scotland and was followed by the death of one of the parties, the survivor was charged with murder, however fair and equal the combat may have been conducted; and the better to repress such irregularities, the legislature, by the statute of 1600, raised the bare act of engaging in a duel to the same rank of a capital crime as the actual slaughter, without distinguishing whether any of the parties did or did not suffer any wound or material harm on the occasion; and, to complete the restraint, it was by the statute of 1696 made punishable with banishment and escheat of movables to be concerned in the giving, sending, or accepting a challenge, even though no combat should ensue.

Still, the same difficulty was experienced in the total abolishment of the custom in Scotland as in some other countries; and few duels have been accompanied with more melancholy circumstances than one fought near Edinburgh, in 1790, between Sir George Ramsay and Captain Macrae, which origi-

nate in the following seemingly trivial circumstance: A servant of Sir George, keeping a chair at the door of the Edinburgh Theatre, was directed by Captain Macrae to remove it; and, upon his declining to do so, words ensued, and the *fracas* was ended by a severe chastisement of the servant at the hands of the enraged officer. Meeting next day with Sir George, Macrae insisted upon the dismissal of the servant from his service, which was politely refused on the ground that, whatever may have been the nature of the offence, the offender had already received sufficient punishment. A challenge was the immediate consequence, and the parties met on Musselburgh Links, Sir George accompanied by Sir William Maxwell, and Macrae by Captain Hay. The former fired first, but without effect. Captain Macrae returned the fire, and lodged his bullet near the heart of his antagonist. Sir George languished a few days in great agony, when he expired. The poor fellow on whose account this duel happened no sooner heard of his master's death than he fell into convulsions and died in three hours; and Captain Macrae at once fled the country.

The following story illustrates the fighting qualities of the Scotch, In the year 1396 a cruel feud existed between the Clan Chattan and the Clan Kay, which Robert III. had vainly endeavored to reconcile. At length the Earls of Crawford and Dunbar proposed that the differences should be determined by the sword, by thirty champions upon each side. The warriors were speedily selected, the day of combat fixed, the field chosen, and the King and his nobility assembled as spectators. On reviewing the combatants it

was found that one of the Clan Chattan was missing, when it was proposed that one of the Clan Kay should withdraw; but such was the spirit of these brave fellows that not one could be prevailed upon to resign the honor of the day. At length a saddler named Wild, who happened accidentally to be present, offered to supply the place of the missing Mackintosh, and was accepted. The combat was at once commenced, and by the prowess of Wild victory declared itself in favor of the champions with whom he fought. Of the Clan Chattan only ten and the volunteer were left alive, and all were dangerously wounded; while of the Clan Kay only one survived, who, after declining either to surrender or to proceed further in so unequal a contest, threw himself into the Tay and swam across. This combat has been immortalized by Sir Walter Scott, in his novel, "The Fair Maid of Perth."

During the civil wars Sir Ewan Lochiel, while Chief of the Clan Cameron, sent a challenge to Colonel Pellew, an English officer, who accepted it and named swords as weapons. The fight took place the following day; and, after two hours' combat, Lochiel disarmed the Englishman, the sword of the latter flying nearly twenty feet into the air. They then clinched, and wrestled more than half an hour, when they fell together, Lochiel underneath. The latter, although the smaller and weaker of the two, managed to fasten his teeth into the throat of his antagonist, and tore away several ounces of flesh, which he held in his mouth like a wild beast until he left the field: and to his dying day Sir Ewan declared that it was the sweetest morsel he had ever tasted in his life.

In 1567 a great commotion was produced in Scot-

land on account of the cnarge of Lord Herries that Morton and Maitland were the murderers of Lord Darnley, the husband of Queen Mary. This charge elicited a challenge to Lord Herries from Lord Lindsay, who declined, however, to meet only those whom he had accused. Morton and Maitland and two brothers named Murray subsequently accused the Duke of Orkney, James Hepburn Bothwell (the one whom Mary afterward married), as the real murderer of Darnley; who, in turn, challenged all gentlemen of honorable standing who accused him of the murder of the former husband of the Queen, or who believed him to have been in any way whatever a participant in the crime; and claimed, further, that his trial and acquittal should be accepted as conclusive evidence regarding his innocence. No person of rank took notice of this general challenge; and, at last, while at the head of the army—so constant was the annoyance from his adversaries—Bothwell published a cartel of defiance (calling upon many of his prominent enemies by name), and offered to prove his innocence by wager of battle. This brought out a score or more of gallant men of acknowledged rank, and among them Lords Morton and Lindsay, who elected to fight with two-handed swords. The Queen, however, interfered, and commanded tranquillity; and so the guilty Bothwell was spared from the weapons of scores of enraged swordsmen of Grange and Tullibarden, who were only too willing to take a hand in sending the Duke to his final account.

The Irish *code duello*—from which all other codes (in the English language) have been written or made (with modifications suited to the times and coun-

RULE V.—As a blow is strictly prohibited under any circumstances among gentlemen, no verbal apology can be received for such an insult. The alternatives, therefore, are: The offender handing a cane to the injured party to be used on his back, at the same time begging pardon; firing until one or both are disabled; or exchanging three shots and then begging pardon without the proffer of the cane.

N. B.—If swords are used, the parties engage until one is well blooded, disabled, or disarmed, or until, after receiving a wound and blood being drawn, the aggressor begs pardon.

RULE VI.—If A gives B the lie and B retorts by a blow (being the two greatest offences), no reconciliation can take place till after two discharges each or a severe hit, after which B may beg A's pardon for the blow, and then A may explain simply for the lie, because a blow is never allowable, and the offence of the lie, therefore, merges in it. (See preceding rule.)

N. B.—Challenges for undivulged causes may be conciliated on the ground after one shot. An explanation or the slightest hit should be sufficient in such cases, because no personal offence transpired.

RULE VII.—But no apology can be received in any case after the parties have actually taken their ground without exchange of shots.

RULE VIII.—In the above case no challenger is obliged to divulge his cause of challenge (if private) unless required by the challenged so to do before their meeting.

RULE IX.—All imputations of cheating at play,

races, etc., to be considered equivalent to a blow, but may be reconciled after one shot, on admitting their falsehood and begging pardon publicly.

RULE X.—Any insult to a lady under a gentleman's care or protection to be considered as by one degree a greater offence than if given to the gentleman personally, and to be regarded accordingly.

RULE XI.—Offences originating or accruing from the support of ladies' reputation to be considered as less unjustifiable than any others of the same class, and as admitting of slighter apologies by the aggressor. This is to be determined by the circumstances of the case, but always favorably to the lady.

RULE XII.—No dumb firing or firing in the air is admissible in any case. The challenger ought not to have challenged without receiving offence, and the challenged ought, if he gave offence, to have made an apology before he came on the ground; therefore children's play must be dishonorable on one side or the other, and is accordingly prohibited.

RULE XIII.—Seconds to be of equal rank in society with the principals they attend, inasmuch as a second may either choose or chance to become a principal, and equality is indispensable.

RULE XIV.—Challenges are never to be delivered at night, unless the party to be challenged intends leaving the place of offence before morning; for it is desirable to avoid all hot-headed proceedings.

RULE XV.—The challenged has the right to choose his own weapons unless the challenger gives his honor he is no swordsman, after which, however, he cannot decline any second species of weapon proposed by the challenged.

RULE XVI.—The challenged chooses his ground, the challenger chooses his distance, the seconds fix the time and terms of firing.

RULE XVII.—The seconds load in presence of each other, unless they give their mutual honors that they have charged smooth and single, which shall be held sufficient.

RULE XVIII.—Firing may be regulated, first, by signal; secondly, by word of command; or, thirdly, at pleasure, as may be agreeable to the parties. In the latter case the parties may fire at their reasonable leisure, but second presents and rests are strictly prohibited.

RULE XIX..—In all cases a misfire is equivalent to a shot, and a snap or a non-cock is to be considered as a misfire.

RULE XX.—Seconds are bound to attempt a reconciliation before the meeting takes place, or after sufficient firing or hits as specified.

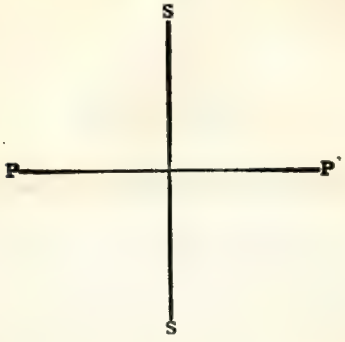
RULE XXI.—Any wound sufficient to agitate the nerves and necessarily make the hand shake must end the business for that day.

RULE XXII.—If the cause of meeting be of such a nature that no apology or explanation can or will be received, the challenged takes his ground and calls on the challenger to proceed as he chooses. In such cases firing at pleasure is the usual practice, but may be varied by agreement.

RULE XXIII.—In slight cases the second hands his principal but one pistol, but in gross cases two, holding another case ready charged in reserve.

RULE XXIV.—When the seconds disagree and resolve to exchange shots themselves, it must be at the

same time and at right angles with their principals, thus:



If with swords, side by side, with five paces' interval.

RULE XXV.—No party can be allowed to bend his knee or cover his side with his left hand, but may present at any level from the hip to the eye.

RULE XXVI.—None can either advance or retreat if the ground is measured. If no ground be measured, either party may advance at his pleasure, even to the touch of muzzles, but neither can advance on his adversary after the fire, unless the adversary steps forward on him.

N.B.—The seconds on both sides stand responsible for this last rule being strictly observed, bad cases having occurred from neglecting it.

N.B.—All matters and doubts not herein mentioned will be explained and cleared up by application to the Committee, who meet alternately at Clonmel and Galway at the quarter sessions for that purpose.

CROW RYAN, President.

JAMES KEOGH, AMBY BODKIN, Secretaries.

CHAPTER IV.

DUELLING IN GERMAN COUNTRIES.

Anecdote of Frederick the Great—The so-called "University Duel"—How an American Student gave Three German Youths Satisfaction—Fatal Effect of forcing a Fight upon an American Student—Challenging the Wrong Englishman—Twenty-one Duels in One Day—A Romantic Event and the Causes which led to it—An American Boy's Description of a German-Student Duel—Duelling Elsewhere in Europe—Anecdote of Gustavus Adolphus of Sweden—Potemkin and Orliff—Heckeren and Pouchkin.

THE judicial duel was known in Germany early in 600, and had its rise and fall in pretty much the same manner as has been presented in descriptions of its rise and fall in those countries heretofore mentioned. The private duel, however, did not follow with the vim which characterized its introduction into England and France; and, if an exception is made of the so-called "university duel," the custom of giving and accepting challenges in German countries has never been cordially recognized as a popular institution.

Germany is indebted to many of its monarchs for this state of affairs, and especially to Joseph II., who, in August, 1771, wrote as follows to a commanding officer:—"General: I desire you to arrest Count K. and Captain W. immediately. The Count is of an

imperious character, proud of his high birth, and full of false ideas of honor. Captain W., who is an old soldier, thinks of settling everything by the sword or the pistol. He has done wrong to accept a challenge from the young Count. I will not suffer the practice of duelling in my army, and I despise the arguments of those who seek to justify it. I have a high esteem for officers who expose themselves courageously to the enemy, and who, on all occasions, show themselves intrepid, valiant, and determined in attack as well as in defence. The indifference with which they face death is honorable to themselves and useful to their country; but there are men ready to sacrifice everything to a spirit of revenge and hatred. Let a council of war be summoned to try these two officers with all the impartiality which I demand from every judge, and let the most culpable of the two be made an example by the rigor of the law. There will still be left men who can unite bravery with the duties of faithful subjects. I wish for none who do not respect the laws of their country."

An anecdote has been related of Frederick the Great, of Prussia, which accounts in a vividly dramatic way for the unpopularity of the custom in that country at the very time when duelling in England and France was carried to murderous extremes, and where every private resentment was permanently settled at the point of the sword. No greater enemy to the custom ever sat upon a throne than Frederick; and, at one time during his reign, believing that duelling was on the increase in his army, he made up his iron mind to put a stop to it. So he issued an order that the first party engaging in a duel without his consent should be summarily punished. A very

short time after the publication of this order an officer of good rank sought his Majesty's presence and asked for permission to challenge a brother-officer to mortal combat; to which Frederick gave his gracious consent, provided that his Majesty should be notified beforehand of the time and place where the duel was to be fought. At the time appointed for the arrival upon the ground of the belligerents all parties promptly appeared; and, to their amazement, there sat Frederick near a gibbet that had been newly erected upon the spot; and the longer the parties gazed upon the scene the greater became their consternation; until the challenger, at last, in great embarrassment, appealed respectfully to his king to know the meaning of the spectacle, who replied as follows: "It means, sir, that I intend to witness your battle until one of you has killed the other, and then I will hang the survivor!" It is hardly necessary to add that the proposed duel was not fought; and that, henceforth, duelling was a rare event in the Prussian army. The new code of Prussia contains severe provisions against duelling and the sending of challenges.

Regarding what is termed the "university duel," the most that can be said against it is that it is ridiculous, although there is scarcely a German of prominence whose face does not bear witness to encounters of this sort; and these reminiscences of student-days may be seen engraven upon the faces of judges and senators and advocates, the same as upon officers of the army. It is understood that there must be just about so much fighting, and therefore challenges are given and accepted every day. The duels at the capital take place at a garden three miles out of Berlin,

in an arena or hall, fifty by thirty feet. Sometimes the place is crowded with students, nearly every one of whom displays "tokens of battle" either upon the face or head. It is not uncommon to see an array of false noses where real ones used to be, or a face covered with scars, and a head minus an ear. These losses and patchworks of skull and face are considered honorable, and the greatest possible display is made of them. An eye-witness of one of these encounters lately wrote a description of it to the Philadelphia *Times*, which is presented. "A duel was on the *tapis* as we entered. Two young men sat in chairs facing each other, the right arm, neck, and breast of each protected by heavy pads of quilted canvas, so heavy as to make those parts proof against any stroke of the sword. Each wore heavy iron goggles to protect the eyes, and all vital parts were protected so as to make dangerous wounds impossible, or nearly so. The rapiers, or swords, are about three and a half feet in length, sharpened about a foot from the end, but not pointed. At the word the swords were crossed with a ringing cling, and at another word the fight commenced. It was cut and parry, and parry and cut; the blows falling on head and arm or breast with amazing rapidity. But for the absurd padding and the ludicrous goggles the spectacle would have been a very pretty one. But without goggles and padding serious wounding would have followed, and that was not desired. After a few minutes of slashing and parrying, a red streak showed upon the forehead of one of them, and a halt was called. The surgeon examined the wound, sponged it, and pronounced it only a scratch. The faces of both were then sponged by their seconds,

and at it they went again. Other wounds were given and taken till blood flowed from each in streams. But the fight continues a fixed number of minutes, unless before that time a dangerous wound is given, when it ceases. Both are presumed to have proven their courage, and that is the real object of the encounter." Hon. Aaron Sargent, the American Minister at Berlin, writes to a friend of one young man upon whose courage some reflection had been made, and who at once challenged the student who had spoken the words; and states that, "although the fight proceeded with great gallantry the specified time, the umpire decided against the challenger on the ground that twice during the combat he had dodged slightly; and, despite his assertion to the contrary, and despite the fact that he was covered with blood from head to foot, the decision was maintained against him, and he had nothing to do but to quit the university, give up all hope of a commission in the army, and go home." The man who shirks never so little in one of these encounters would not be admitted into any regiment. Further, a man must fight whenever challenged, reason or no reason; and even if he has proven his courage and power of endurance upon former occasions, there is no escape from that.

A propos, from a Bremen letter published in the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* in August, 1883, the following paragraph is selected:

An American student who was at Göttingen last winter says that twelve duels were fought there in one day. He also relates the following incident which occurred at that place: An American student unintentionally gave offence to three German students by pushing against them in hurriedly

passing along the street. They went on a few steps, then came back and insisted on having satisfaction for the insult; he must fight a duel with one of their number. He declined, saying, "I am an American. I do not fight." But they quickly repeated, "We must have satisfaction." He replied, "Well, if you must, you can have it;" and, throwing off his coat, he went at them with his fists, knocked all three of them down, and one of them quite out into the gutter. Then putting on his coat, he walked away as if nothing of a very serious character had happened. Somewhat bewildered over the situation, the three German students picked themselves up and went their way; and the otherwise quiet and inoffensive American was not afterward challenged to fight a duel, or otherwise molested.

Some two weeks later a number of the gilded German youth with trepanned skulls made up their minds that it was about time to fresco the frontispiece of a young American named Lennig, who had been sent by his father, a German-American of New York, to the University of Jena. In accordance with their custom, Lennig was expected to prove his courage in the usual foolish way, by standing up and permitting himself to be slashed at by another fool, and covered with the usual honorable "scars." But he declined to engage in any such unmitigated foolishness, and thus exhibited his possession of good, solid American sense. Then followed a period of hazing. He was gibed at as a coward—an American milksop. The students generally refused to associate with him, and his challenger heaped insults upon him until his student-life became so insufferable that he at last accepted the challenge, and turned the tables upon his persecutors by naming pistols as the weapons—which, being the challenged party, was his right to do. Now it was the challenger's part to show either the white feather or fight. It was against all precedent, he said; it was exposing his life: but he had no alternative but to fight with pistols. Now, no one will question the physical courage of the average German university student. And so the meeting followed, Lennig killing his man at the first fire. He fled to Switzerland

immediately afterward, whence he was extradited, and an attempt made to convict him of the offence of duelling with fatal result. The case failed, however, and Lennig was discharged from arrest on the ground that duelling is not named in the treaty between Germany and Switzerland as an offence for which persons may be subject to extradition. Lennig, it is stated, has received no more challenges, and probably never will.

During the month of August, 1882, an Englishman who was visiting Heidelberg, and putting up at the principal hotel, once dined at the *table d'hôte;* and being seated right opposite to a young man who wore the badge of a "corps" across his breast, he could not help noticing the extraordinary manner in which this young man took his meal. At first he admired him for the skilful manner in which he managed his knife, which incessantly passed from his plate to his mouth, heavily laden as it was with green peas. But when the student, having finished his meat, took up his gravy with the knife, the Englishman began to feel his blood boil within him. Pudding with apple-sauce followed, and the student operated with his dessert-knife just as he had done with the larger knife. But the Englishman could control himself no longer. In a hoarse whisper he addressed his *vis-à-vis*, saying, "You will cut your mouth open if you don't leave off eating gravy with your knife." The student looked up and answered, "What is that to you? I can cut my mouth open to my ears, for all you have a right to interfere." "Oh, nonsense!" said the Englishman, coolly; "you can't expect a decent person to let you butcher yourself at dinner." "Oh, but I can, though, and you shall see. Dummer Junge!" With that the student rose and left the room. Dummer Junge! (Stupid fellow!) signifies as much as a challenge. When the student's seconds came to arrange details with the Englishman, he was terribly surprised at the serious consequences of what he had deemed a most natural remark. He offered to apologize, and begged them to remember that he knew nothing of German customs, and had believed himself in the right. But the seconds declared their friend would

accept no apology, and they even hinted that the Englishman had probably been told that his opponent was a first-rate fencer—the pride of Heidelberg. Of course, when matters took this turn, the Englishman spoke in a very different tone, and everything was arranged for a duel with pistols, he being no fencer. He spent a dreadful night, because he was told that the young student was in such a foaming rage that his only desire was to see his opponent lie dead on the ground. The Englishman did all in his power to have the matter arranged, but he did not succeed; and, on his way to the trysting-place, he said to his seconds, "It is a dreadful shame that I should have to kill this young man because he does not know the proper use of his knife and fork. Still, it would be just as unfair to let him kill me." The Englishman intended firing in the air if he had the second shot, but chance was averse to him. He had the right to shoot first. The aim was deadly: the young Teuton fell without a groan.

A letter from Vienna to the London *Daily News* in September, 1882, says:

The University of Jena, and indeed the whole city, have passed through a week of intense alarm and anxiety which are far from being at an end even now. On one day twenty-one serious duels took place among the students; and, the arms used not having been properly cleaned, all those who were wounded had their blood poisoned. About forty young men are lying in the hospital in a serious condition. One great favorite, the only son of wealthy parents, had his mind upset by an intense attack of fever, and committed suicide by taking strychnine. He died after a terrible agony that lasted many hours. Two more have died already, and there is little hope of saving more than one half of those who are still in a pitiable condition. This dreadful calamity will no doubt serve to make university duelling very unpopular in Germany, if not with the young men themselves, certainly with their relations.

A correspondent of the St. Louis (Mo.) *Republican*

sent to that paper in August, 1883, the following graphic account of a university duel:

One spring morning, not many years ago, I found myself on the road between a large university town in Saxony and a neighboring village where a series of duels was to take place between the various corps of the university. Fresh from one of our largest American colleges, I was desirous of becoming acquainted with the life and habits of the German students; and having made the acquaintance of several members of the corps "Lusatia," was invited by them to witness a "mensur," or series of sword-duels, which was to take place in a village near at hand. After a ride of about an hour in the queer German two-storied horse-cars, we alighted at a point where two roads crossed, and, after a short walk, arrived at a beer-hall, which had been chosen for the scene of action. On entering the house I found about seventy or eighty students assembled, all wearing the gayly colored caps, and ribbons across the breast, indicating their several corps. They were far better dressed and better looking than the average run of German students, as the corps represent the highest social classes in the university. Their bright-colored caps and bands gave them a picturesque appearance, and the fine bearing of many indicated that they had already gone through one years' term of service in the army. This was to be a day of more than ordinary interest, as thirteen duels were to take place. As had been explained to me, these encounters were not caused by any ill-feeling between the various combatants, but were simply a friendly trial of courage and skill. The seniors or presiding officers of the various corps had met, and had matched certain members of the different corps against each other, who were to fight simply as a matter of amusement. Preparations for the first duel commenced soon after we arrived. A member of the corps "Lusatia" was to meet a Westphalian in what was known as a fifteen-minute duel with seconds. This was the duel in vogue when the duellists had no quarrel with each other, and was regarded as

less dangerous than the duel without seconds, which was carried on for twenty-five minutes or until a disabling wound. Seconds are present in both cases, but in the duel with seconds a halt can be called as soon as five blows have been struck on each side, and a momentary rest is allowed, while in the duel without seconds a halt can be called when blood has been drawn. I went to watch the preparations made by my friend of the Lusatians, which certainly were elaborate enough. The blows were all to be directed against the head and face; so all other parts of the body which might be struck by accident had to be protected. He first took off his coat, vest, and shirt, and drew on his "pauckhund," or fighting-shirt, a coarse cotton garment, which was used to save the finer linen, as blood enough was shed in almost every encounter to ruin the garment upon which it flowed. Then upon his right arm was drawn a sleeve of wadded silk, extending from the wrist to the shoulder. Covering his right armpit a heavy leather pad was buckled, in order to protect the sinews at this point, and a similar pad was fastened over the heart. A heavy fencing-glove was placed on the hand, and then the arm from the wrist to the shoulder was wrapped with strips of silk until the limb was nearly as thick as a man's thigh. Silk was used because it gave protection against cuts. A thickly wadded silk cravat was fastened around the throat, and heavy iron goggles, projecting half an inch from the eyes, guarded these from injury. Next the "pauckhozen," or fighting-breeches, were donned. These were of very thick padded leather, and covered the front of the body from the breast nearly to the knees, and were fastened behind by strap and buckle. In this portentous panoply a man was scarcely to be recognized by his best friend, and presented a truly frightful appearance, as cravat, breeches, and pads were stiff with the blood shed in hundreds of previous encounters. His equipment was rendered complete by the duelling-sword, or "schläger," a weapon about forty inches long, with an iron guard shaped like an inverted saucer, a blunt point, and a double edge ground sharp as a razor for about eighteen inches along each

side. The right arm, thus bandaged and carrying the sword, was supported by a friend, who held it at right angles to the duellist's body. This friend wore a heavy buckskin glove, which was for the purpose of protecting his hand, as he was to straighten the sword if it should become bent in the course of the contest. Both combatants now being prepared, they advanced to the centre of the room, and took their position about three feet from each other, each standing upon a cross marked with chalk upon the floor. From this mark they were under no circumstances allowed to advance or retreat by so much as an inch during the progress of the duel, drawing back to avoid a blow being punished by instant expulsion from the corps. As had been explained to me, all blows were directed against the head and face, the guarding being done with the sword and padded right arm. Skill was was not nearly so much a desideratum as a bold, fearless bearing, it being no discredit to get the worst of an encounter, but being considered very disgraceful to exhibit the least fear of a wound. This made the duels often rather exhibitions of recklessness than of skill, and gave the "Burschenshaft" a great advantage in their duels with the corps students, as they were by their rules allowed to fence cautiously and wait for an opening to be offered by their antagonists, a mode of fighting which caused them to be greatly despised by the corps. The seconds stood at the left of the fighters. Each wore a cap with a heavy visor, a pad with the corps colors over the stomach, and carried a basket-hilted sword. The umpire stood a few feet to the side of the combatants. His duty was to note the time, to give word for the various halts, and to declare the number of blows which drew blood. The fifteen minutes allowed for the duel included only the actual fighting time, that consumed in the pauses between the rounds being deducted by the umpire. All being now ready, the Lusatian second called out, "Umpire, please command silence for a fifteen-minute mensur between Lusatia and Westphalia with seconds." The umpire gave the command, and the second then called out, "Auf der mensur. Bindet die klingen." (On the mensur. Bind the

blades.) The swords were crossed, the seconds touched them with their own, the Westphalian second said, "Gebunden sind" (They are bound), and the duellists took their guard. This is effected by raising the right arm over the head, so that it protects the top of the head, the sword hanging down parallel to the left side of the face and guarding that. As soon as both were on guard the Lusatian second gave the "Los!" (Loose), which was the signal for commencement. Immediately on the word being given both began striking at each other, it being a point of honor to strike the first blow. The striking was all done from the wrist, as the arm must be kept above the head as a guard, and thrusting is not allowed. The endeavor of each was to touch his opponent by reaching over the protecting arm, thus striking the scalp, or the left cheek when unguarded. For a few seconds nothing was heard but the clashing of the sword-blades against each other and against the iron hilts, or the dull flapping sound when they struck upon the padded arms. The movement of the blades was so rapid that an unpractised eye could not tell the result. But after four or five blows had been delivered the Lusatian second cried "Halt!" and the swords were struck up, as a thin stream of blood was seen flowing from the hair to the temple of the Westphalian, which soon spread over his face and trickled down upon his fighting-shirt. The second then said, "Umpire, please declare a 'blutigen' (bloody one) on the head." The umpire replied, "It is declared." The doctor, who was standing near, looking at the cut, pronounced it insignificant, the second again called out "Auf der mensur," etc., and the contest recommenced. So it went on, now one receiving a cut, now the other, until the prescribed fifteen minutes had elapsed, when the duel ceased and the men were led off to be divested of their defensive armor and their injuries attended to. A table had been placed near a window, on which were basins of water, sponges, and a number of crooked needles threaded with colored silk. The cuts were washed, plastered, and when of any considerable depth sewed up with silk. The doctor kept a book in which

was entered the number of cuts received and the number of stitches required to sew them up, and this list was the official record of the duel. In this instance the Lusatian had received nine "blutigen" with five "needles," or stitches, while his antagonist had received twelve of the former, with seven of the latter. They were soon through with the doctor, and were seen talking and drinking their beer as if nothing had happened. In the mean time preparations were going on for the next affair, and the men were now ready. In this instance one of the Saxon corps had challenged a member of one of the "Burschenschaft," societies similar to the corps, but considered as occupying a lower social position; and as insulting words had passed, the duel was to be of the more serious kind, lasting twenty-five minutes, or until one should receive a wound which the doctor should pronounce to be sufficiently serious to close the duel. It may be remarked that this decision rests entirely in the hands of the doctor, as it is feared that if left to the duellist himself he might continue the encounter until his injuries should become so severe as to endanger his life. When the men took their places, the difference between the style of the corps and that of the Burschenschaft was at once apparent. The Saxon commenced in a dashing style, striking as rapidly as possible, and paying comparatively little attention to his own safety; while his opponent remained cautiously on the guard, took three blows for one returned, and warily watched his chance. This style of fencing gave him a great advantage, which he soon turned to decisive account. As the Saxon delivered a blow at his face, he drew back his head so that the blow passed by him (a manœuvre allowed by the Burschenschaft, but strictly forbidden among the corps), and then struck a blow upon the Saxon's unguarded cheek which the doctor pronounced sufficiently serious to occasion the discontinuance of the duel. Two or three duels of no particular note followed, and then a general stir and excitement could be observed, as the great event of the day was about to take place. The "senior," or president, of the Thuringers was to meet the senior of the Westphalians.

These two were regarded as the two best "schlägers" in the university, and the issue of this encounter was looked upon as deciding the supremacy of one or the other. The Westphalian was a tall, active, rather dandified-looking fellow, with jet-black hair and mustache, and very few scars for so renowned a fighter. He was noted for the quickness of his eye, the suppleness of his waist, and the skill with which he struck a certain blow in tierce. The Thuringer was somewhat shorter, but of far stronger build, had thick blond hair, and bore dozens of scars on his face. He was not regarded as so finished and elegant a swordsman as his antagonist, but his great strength, heavy blows, and endurance gave many ground for the belief that if he should not be disabled within the first five minutes his chances for ultimate victory were excellent. Great reliance was placed by his friends on a certain "durchzieher," or drawing-stroke, across an opponent's face, which he struck with tremendous force. The men took their ground, the swords were crossed, and the word given. It was at once apparent that two master-hands were at work. The heavy blades fairly whistled through the air, and the rapidity with which blows were given and returned was bewildering. Within a few minutes blood was flowing from three cuts on the Thuringer's head, while the Westphalian had only one slight scratch on the left cheek. But the work was beginning to tell. Both men breathed heavily during the pauses, but the beads of perspiration on the Westphalian's face showed that he was beginning to feel severely the exertion of striking and parrying the slashing blows of his opponent. At the third or fourth blow of the seventh round there was a tinkle and a crash, and the Thuringer's blade flew half across the room, broken short off at the guard. As another sword was handed him, blood was observed to be trickling through his thick hair from a wound which had escaped even the quick eye of the opposing second at the moment of infliction. The doctor looked at it, shook his head, looked at it again, but, apparently in response to the appealing glances cast upon him, suffered the duel to proceed. The five minutes regarded as so dan-

gerous for the Thuringer had now passed, and his friends began to feel great confidence in the result. Still the Westphalian was a finished swordsman, and he attacked as boldly as at first. But it might be observed that the blows were not delivered with quite the same lightning-like rapidity as during the earlier rounds, and a slight slowness in returning to guard more than once caused him to make a very narrow escape. The Thuringer perceived this, and his blows came crashing in with redoubled force. They fell with tremendous violence on the blade and bandaged arm of his antagonist, and it was evident that unless the latter could do something decisive within a very few minutes, failing strength would put him at his opponent's mercy. The Westphalian recognized this, and directed all his efforts to this end. The next few blows were struck with less attention to his guard and greater effort to end the contest with a single effective blow. The result of this was seen the next moment in a long gash on his forehead, showing where he had recovered guard too slowly after a reckless attempt to reach the Thuringer's head by striking over his arm. His strength was fast ebbing, but he had set his heart upon victory, and determined to make one more desperate effort. Collecting all his remaining strength, and rising on his toes to increase the effort of the stroke, he discharged a blow with all his force at the top of the Thuringer's head. It was delivered with great judgment and skill. His blade seemed fairly to curl over the Thuringer's protecting arm, and the sharp steel cut a gash from behind the crown nearly to the forehead. A stream of blood at once covered the Thuringer's face and shirt and dyed them a deep crimson. But this telling stroke had not gone unavenged. As the Westphalian lifted his blade he had, for an instant, exposed his left cheek, and at the very instant when he was himself struck the Thuringer brought his sword with terrific force across the Westphalian's cheek, which was laid open from the ear to the nose. Both seconds cried "Halt!" simultaneously, and struck up the swords. The doctor's verdict was not needed to inform every one that neither was able

to proceed with the duel. Both were led to the operating-tables, thus ending what was universally admitted to be the best "mensur" ever seen by any present. It was not only remarkable for the skill displayed, but also for the severe character of the wounds, and for the very unusual circumstance that both men received disabling cuts at the same instant, thus leaving the question of superiority undecided. As soon as the general excitement had somewhat diminished, preparations for another duel were commenced; but the men were scarcely half-armed, when one of the students, who had been stationed outside to keep watch, rushed in with the news that the police were approaching. Instantly all was hurry and confusion. The young men who were being prepared for the next duel were hurried off into a loft, where their trappings were removed and hidden, the swords were thrown into the cellar, tables were drawn into the middle of the room, and when the representatives of the law appeared at the door, they saw only a number of students sitting over their beer. But as it was evident that nothing more could be accomplished for the present, it was decided to adjourn for the day, and a general move was made for the city, which we all reached late in the afternoon, after what was admitted to be a very successful day "on the mensur."

No portion of Europe has been exempt from the evil of duelling; and next to those countries already presented may be placed Italy, then Spain, Russia, Sweden, and so on down to Denmark and Wales. The judicial duel, or trial by wager of battle, prevailed in the foregoing countries, as in the others heretofore described, for many hundreds of years, and at last gave way to the private duel. This latter raged in Italy from 1600 to 1700 with all the alarming popularity that it did in France during the same time; and the common inquiry was, when two gentlemen met in the morning, "Who fought yesterday?"

or, "What is the news from the field to-day?" The judicial duel survived in Italy until nearly 1600; although, even at that latter date, the private affairs of "gentlemen of honor" were conducted upon a sanguinary scale. There are rigid laws in Italy at present against the custom, although there are meetings occasionally: as may naturally be expected in a country which permits its hot-blooded youth to study the art of killing as openly taught in the fencing-schools of Florence, Naples, and Milan. The Italians, and especially the Neapolitans, have always been regarded as the best swordsmen in the world; and the first families of Italy still believe in "keeping their hands in" by constant practice.

There have always been Spanish laws forbidding duelling; and in 1490 Ferdinand and Isabella made an example of the Count of Luna and the Count of Valencia for exchanging a cartel of defiance, and had them imprisoned, although Ferdinand had previously challenged Alfonzo, King of Portugal, to meet him in mortal combat. There has been an act of the Cortes for three hundred years, which has never been repealed, subjecting all parties to a duel to the penalties of treason.

One of the most romantic modern events was the duel fought at Temesvar, Hungary, on the 23d day of October, 1883, between Count Stephan Batthyany and Julius Rosenberg, a young advocate, in which the former was instantly killed. The particulars show the tragedy to have been the climax of a thrilling romance in real life, some of the personages of which, except the successful duellist, are connected with the highest Hungarian aristocracy. During the preceding summer, Dr. Rosenberg, who is a young

Hebrew lawyer in Pesth, made the acquaintance at a Bohemian watering-place of Miss Hona von Schosberger, the younger daughter of a rich Jewish banker and land-owner named Heinrich Schosberger de Tornya. The young people fell in love with each other. The girl's parents, however, influenced by their son-in-law, Baron Bornemissa, who had married their eldest daughter, and who declared that the marriage would be a *mésalliance* and would oblige him to break his (the Baron's) relations with them, refused their consent. The consequence was that the young couple were secretly married. Immediately after the ceremony the lady returned to her father's house. Dr. Rosenberg shortly afterward appeared there and demanded his bride. Herr von Schosberger was ready to acknowledge his son-in-law, but Baron Bornemissa was of a different opinion, and wanted to shoot the young plebeian. By the Baron's orders, the young lady was sent to Paris, and from there to one of her father's castles in one of the wildest regions in the interior of Hungary. Subsequently it was announced that Miss Hona von Schosberger had become a Catholic and had gone to Wiesbaden, Germany, where she had been betrothed to Count Batthyany. Dr. Rosenberg, hearing the rumor, hastened there and had an interview with the Count, in which he told him that the young woman he was about to marry was his (Rosenberg's) wife. He appealed to his rival's honor, and begged him not to force the young girl into an illegal marriage to which she herself was opposed. The Count formally refused to either listen to him or to pay any attention to the challenge which the lawyer sent to him, on the ground that the challenger was

not his equal in birth. The matter was laid before a "court of honor" in Pesth, and after a long argument it was decided that Rosenberg was competent to challenge the Count. The latter still refused to pay any attention to it, and the lawyer published his challenge in all the journals, with the added stigma of such epithets as "coward," "poltroon," applied to the Count. The latter's friends came to his rescue, and a peculiar newspaper controversy ensued, in the midst of which the Count married Miss von Schosberger, and started on a wedding-tour with her to Italy. The young lawyer's vindictive lampoon must, however, have finally induced the Count to change his mind, for a few days before the duel he returned to Hungary and accepted the challenge. The conditions were very rigorous. The pistols were rifled. The duellists were to fire at twenty paces. Three shots were to be exchanged, after each of which they were to approach five paces toward each other. The duel, as already stated, took place at Temesvar. The Count fired the first shot and missed. Dr. Rosenberg, without advancing the five paces as he had a right to, aimed at his opponent and fired. The ball struck the Count's right temple, and passed through his brain. Death was instantaneous. Leaving the seconds to take care of the corpse, Dr. Rosenberg left the scene of the tragedy. The next day at four o'clock the funeral-services of the Count took place at Temesvar. The coffin was covered with splendid wreaths, one of which bore the inscription, "To my adored husband."

Gustavus Adolphus, of Sweden, was a prominent foe to all manners of mortal combat, and at one time during his reign established a court of honor, and

issued an order that any subject, civil or military, who should send or accept a challenge should be punished by execution; and it is related of the King that, upon a certain occasion, after granting permission to two of his officers to engage in a duel, he repaired to the place selected for the hostile encounter, accompanied by a squadron of cavalry and the public executioner, and surrounded the combatants and their friends, and said, just as the principals were advancing with their drawn weapons: "Do not be surprised, gentlemen; for, according to the laws of your country, your lives are already forfeited. You may now proceed with the combat; but, mark you! the moment either of you falls by the sword of the other, that instant the executioner strikes off the head of the survivor by order of your king!" Of course, the combat did not proceed; but, after recovering from their surprise and mortification, the two officers knelt at the feet of their sovereign, implored his forgiveness, and then embraced and forgave each other. Gustavus declared that, although he should positively never again interfere with the course of the law for the punishment of such offences, he would bestow his pardon upon the offending officers, and added: "It is my wish to have *soldiers* under my command, and not gladiators. If any man is desirous of freeing his character from the imputation of cowardice in the eyes of his fellow-countrymen, let him do so at the expense of the common enemy." There is something seemingly noble and certainly dramatic in this whole performance of Gustavus; but not so highly dramatic as his galloping after Colonel Seaton, a Scotch officer in his service, whom he had offended, and exclaiming to the

indignant Scot, after overtaking the latter outside of the King's dominions, "Dismount, sir! I acknowledge that I have injured you, and I have come to give you the satisfaction of a gentleman; for we are now without my dominions, and Gustavus and you are equal!" Seaton, however (to complete the story), recovering from his surprise, dismounted, as Gustavus had already done; and, falling on his knees, said: "Sire, you have more than given me satisfaction, in condescending to make me your equal. God forbid that my sword should do any mischief to so brave and gracious a sovereign. Permit me to return to Stockholm, and allow me the honor to live and die in your service." The King raised his companion from the ground, embraced him, and they returned together to Stockholm.

The laws against duelling in Russia, like many of the laws of that country, have been very severe; and the terrors of Siberian exile have undoubtedly been the cause of prolonging many a valuable life which would have otherwise been lost unnecessarily had not the dreadful picture of the horrors of banishment been kept well in view. Fedor III., Peter the Great, and Paul all forbade duelling in the army, although the latter, in 1800, invited the sovereigns of Europe to meet at St. Petersburg and settle all existing disputes in a combat, with Talleyrand, Pitt, and Bernstoff as seconds. During the reign of Catherine II., some time in 1776, Field-Marshal Potemkin, who had won the affections of the Empress, and who had afterward secured and maintained an arrogant administration of all Russian affairs of state, was challenged by and fought with Alexis Orliff. The weapons used by these two princes were swords;

and, after a protracted combat, Alexis was defeated, although Potemkin came out of the difficulty with the loss of an eye. In 1849, Baron de Heckeren, an officer of the Russian Imperial Guard, killed Pouchkin, the poet, in a duel with pistols, and was afterward dishonorably dismissed the service and compelled to leave his country.

CHAPTER V.

DUELLING IN AMERICA.

The First "Affair of Honor" on the Western Continent—The Four most noted Fatal Duels in the United States—The American Code: "Posting"—Wilkinson and Randolph—Captain Dawson, of South Carolina, knighted by the Pope—The "Code" of the "Cowboys"—A Desperate Encounter—Characteristics of the Cowboys—Early Days in California—Hicks Graham and Yank Maguire—An Incident in the Life of General Magruder—The Tragic Story of the Bowie-Knife.

THE history of duelling in America is replete with thrilling and heart-rending chapters—and especially from 1770 until 1840—although public opinion in the United States has never sanctioned the custom to the extent that it has been countenanced in other countries. It is a curious fact that the modes of dealing with the evil in the United States and in European countries have been quite the reverse: that, while European rulers have made every effort—even to the dragging of wounded duellists from the field of action to places of execution—to suppress the murderous custom, their subjects have generally held it in high favor; and that, while the people of the United States, with too few prominent exceptions to mention, have always deprecated duelling in all its forms, the laws of many of the States up to 1850 were not such as to make the practice criminal or

odious, and a bill to prohibit the sending and accepting challenges in the District of Columbia did not pass until 1838; and even then the Hon. Thomas Clayton, United States Senator from Delaware, while he maintained his abhorrence of the custom, and believed duelling to be both illegal and immoral, claimed "that it was not of that class of crimes which should subject offenders to the cells of a penitentiary and make them the associates of felons." Mr. Linn, a Senator from Missouri, was aware that duelling was not defensible on principles of Christianity, and concluded by saying: "All the States have concurred in denouncing the practice of duelling as an evil in itself; and yet, have we not seen them, through their Legislatures or Executives, stay the laws? From what I have seen, fighting is like marrying: the more barriers that are erected against it, the surer are the interested parties to come together." Mr. Preston, of South Carolina, who was also opposed to duelling, thought that "the severer the laws the more inefficient." Mr. Sevier, of Arkansas, "did not believe in legislating against the custom." The great Clay, of Kentucky, declared that he would be happy to see the barbarous system abolished. "The man with a high sense of honor," said Mr. Clay, "and nice sensibility, when the question is whether he shall fight or have the finger of scorn pointed at him, is unable to resist; and few, very few, are found willing to adopt such an alternative. When public opinion is renovated and chastened by reason, religion, and humanity, the practice of duelling will be discountenanced. It is the office of legislation, however, to do all it can to bring about this healthful state of the public mind; and, al-

though it might not altogether effect so desirable a result, I have no doubt it will do much toward it, and I shall give my vote for the bill"—and the bill was passed by 34 yeas and 1 nay (Sevier of Arkansas).

There are few commonwealths in the American Union in which duelling has been absolutely unknown; even the little State of Rhode Island and her severer sister (Massachusetts) having been scenes of mortal combat, in which personal difficulties were forever settled upon bloody fields. It is a noteworthy fact, however, that the laws against the tyrannical custom have always been more vigorous and restraining in the Northern States than in the Southern, although two of the most eminent American crusaders against the evil were Charles Cotesworth Pinckney and Robert Barnwell Rhett, of South Carolina. It is the boast of Illinois that but one duel has ever been fought upon her soil—in which the challenged party (Alphonso Stewart) was killed and the survivor (William Bennett) hanged. The records of duelling in the Southern States, so far as the author has been able to reach them, show that the custom has been most popularly adhered to in Virginia, South Carolina, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Arkansas, although all of the other commonwealths in the Southern cluster are more or less dotted with sanguinary fields. There have been more fatal duels in California (fought according to the *code duello*, or similar regulations) than in all of the other so-called Northern States; and between the years 1850 and 1860 more fatal encounters took place in the Golden State than elsewhere in the Union during the same length of time.

Two tragic events took place in Virginia and South

Carolina early in the nineteenth century which had the effect of suppressing the custom in those States, for a short time, at least. In the former, near Richmond, there lived a notorious duellist named Powell, who purposely met and insulted an English traveller for having said that "the Virginians were of no use to the American Union, it requiring one half of the people to keep the other half in order." The remark was made the subject of a national quarrel, and at last Powell challenged the audacious Briton to fight. The latter accepted the challenge, and secured another noted American duellist as his second, and went into training for the combat, which took place in a few days afterward, in the presence of a large number of people, and in which Powell was killed at the first shot. At about the same time there was a duelling society in Charleston (S. C.), where each member took precedence according to the number of persons he had killed or wounded in duels; and about this time an old weather-beaten officer of the English navy arrived at Charleston to look after some property which had devolved upon him by right of marriage with a lady of that city, and soon after got into an altercation with the president of the duelling club, who challenged the stranger and was accepted. Early the following morning eight or ten gentlemen called upon the Englishman and informed him that the American was a "dead shot;" and added that, although the members of the society were generally of the wealthy class, the organization was held in disrepute by the more respectable citizens, and that he would be held in no disesteem by declining to meet a professional duellist. The stranger replied that he was afraid of no duellist in the world; that

he had accepted the challenge in good faith and proposed to meet his man. The parties accordingly met, and at the first fire the Englishman mortally wounded his antagonist, who, while lingering in great agony, called the members of the club to his bedside and requested them to disorganize, and to do all in their power to suppress the further encouragement of an atrocious custom the practice of which had at last brought him to his grave. The members carried out faithfully the dying request of their late comrade by disorganizing the day after the interment; and thus ended the first and last duelling society in the United States.

Very good authority may be given for the statement that the first real duel fought in America took place at Plymouth (Massachusetts), on the 18th of June, 1621, between Edward Doty and Edward Leicester—two servants—both of whom fought with daggers and were wounded, one in the hand and the other in the leg. It was extremely fortunate for one or perhaps for both of the combatants that neither was killed: and, in all probability, it was the very best thing that could have happened both of them that each sustained serious injury; for their meeting produced great excitement, not only on account of the outrage committed by them, but for the reason that the combatants were servants of gentlemen, and not "real gentlemen," therefore, themselves. Still, as both men sustained severe injuries, some sympathy was manifested for them, and they were *only* sentenced to the punishment of having their heads and feet tied together and of lying thus for twenty-four hours without food or drink—which sentence, however, was suspended, after an hour's suffering, at the inter-

cession of their masters and upon their own pitiful request and humble promise never again to startle the government under which they lived by the commission of a similar outrage. Thus the evil was "nipped in the bud," so to speak; and it was not until after the commencement of the revolutionary war that citizens of the United States met in mortal combat to any dangerous extent. The custom came into conspicuous practice, however, at the opening of the nineteenth century, and raged to an alarming degree (especially among officers of the army and navy) until it was frowned upon by public opinion and in a measure prohibited by laws created for its abatement. During the war with Tripoli many fatal collisions took place between American and English officers, and also in 1819 between American naval officers and officers of the British garrison at Gibraltar. During the civil war in the United States there were few or no hostile meetings among Federal officers. Among the Confederates there were a number of fatal duels, the most conspicuous being that between General Marmaduke, of Missouri, and General Walker, of Georgia, in which the latter was slain.

Undoubtedly the four most noted fatal duels fought in the United States were those between Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr, at Weehawken (N. J.), July 11, 1804; Stephen Decatur and James Barron, at Bladensburg (Md.), March 22, 1820; Jonathan Cilley and William J. Graves, near the boundary-line of Maryland and the District of Columbia, February 24, 1838; and David C. Broderick and David S. Terry, near Laguna de la Merced, about twelve miles from San Francisco (Cal.), September 13, 1859. All of the challenged parties in these

encounters were mortally wounded or killed ; none of the others were injured, except Barron, who, though dangerously wounded, survived. The weapons used in three of these duels were pistols, while Messrs. Cilley and Graves fought with rifles. Hamilton had been a general in the army and Burr was Vice-President of the United States; Decatur and Barron were post-captains of the navy ; Cilley and Graves were members of Congress from Maine and Kentucky ; Broderick was a United States Senator from California, and Terry was ex-Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of the same State.

[The allusion just made to the four most noted fatal meetings upon American soil is merely general, as the author will present full descriptions of these encounters in later chapters, as well as accounts of many other distinguished combats, a number of which "were settled with satisfaction to both parties" without the shedding of priceless blood. He will also present descriptions of all or nearly all of the fatal duels which have taken place in America since the commencement of the practice in that country, and of a great many of the most celebrated European combats and challenges ; having spent much of his leisure time during twenty years in obtaining accurate and interesting information of this character. He has visited the bloody field at Bladensburg, and surveyed the spot upon which the noble Cilley fell ; he has viewed from a western window of the Jumel mansion the well-known shore of Weehawken, beyond the quiet Hudson, where the illustrious Hamilton received his mortal wound ; and he is familiar with the bloody ground upon which the lamented Broderick madly flung a chivalrous life away.]

There has been no strictly American Code of Honor, although a majority of the duels fought in the United States by gentlemen have been arranged and carried on according to rules and regulations promiscuously adopted from the *code duello* of foreign countries. "Posting," however, is strictly an American conceit, and seems to have originated with General James Wilkinson, U. S. A., whose challenge to John Randolph, member of Congress from Virginia in 1807, was disdainfully declined by the haughty Virginian, who concluded his letter as follows: "In you, sir, I can recognize no right to hold me accountable for my public or private opinion of your character that would not subject me to an equal claim from Colonel Burr or Sergeant Dunbaugh. I cannot descend to your level. This is my final answer." The audacious Wilkinson was not to be thus summarily disposed of, and he indignantly replied: "I have received your letter of the 25th instant, by mail, in which you violate truth and honor to indulge the inherent malignity and rancor of your soul. On what *level*, pray, sir, shall we find the wretch who, to mask his cowardice, fabricates falsehoods, and heaps unprovoked insults upon unmerited injuries? You cannot *descend* to my level!—vain, equivocal thing! And you believe this dastardly subterfuge will avail you, or that your lion's skin will longer conceal your true character? Embrace the alternative, still in your reach, and *ascend* to the level of a gentleman, if possible; act like a man, if you can, and spare me the pain of publishing you to the world for an insolent, slanderous, prevaricating poltroon." No further action in the matter was taken by Randolph; and the next time Congress assembled General Wilkinson stuck up, or *posted*, notices, as follows,

in all the taverns and street-corners of the National Capital:

HECTOR UNMASKED.—In justice to my character, I denounce to the world John Randolph, a member of Congress, as a prevaricating, base, calumniating scoundrel, poltroon, and coward.

Posting became frequent in the United States after this episode, and it has been no uncommon thing to meet a card in a newspaper, or a notice in some public place, declaring that —— —— "is an unprincipled villain and a coward." The author has witnessed many cases of this custom of posting in New Orleans, Nashville, and Savannah, and calls to his mind, while writing, that of a young gentleman of Los Angeles (Cal.) who posted a former friend (with whom he had had a disturbance at a party, and subsequently sent him a challenge which was unnoticed) "as a cur and a coward," and sat under the notice with a double-barrelled shot-gun for seventeen hours.

At present, all of the States and Territories of the Union, either in their constitutions or laws, have rigid provisions against the giving or accepting challenges, acting as seconds, or in any way assisting those offending. A majority of the States and Territories prevent all such offenders from holding any office of profit; and quite a number of the States provide for the disfranchisement of such offenders. In California and in several other States the act of "posting" and publishing persons for not fighting a duel, or for not sending or accepting a challenge to fight, or for the use of any reproachful language—verbal, written, or printed—to or concerning persons for not sending or accepting a challenge to fight, or with intent to pro-

voke a duel, is punishable by fine and imprisonment. There are also provisions for remedies by action for injuries arising from duelling in most of the States, and in a number there are laws providing that the survivor of a fatal duel—who may also be tried for murder—shall support the family of the deceased, either by aggregate compensation in damages to each member, or by a monthly, quarterly, or annual allowance, to be determined by a court; and the slayer is also liable for and must pay all debts of the person slain or permanently disabled.

Articles 26 and 27 of Section 1342 Revised Statutes of the United States says: "No officer or soldier shall send a challenge to another officer or soldier to fight a duel, or accept a challenge so sent. Any officer who so offends shall be dismissed from the service. Any soldier who so offends shall suffer such corporal punishment as a court-martial may direct; and all seconds or promoters of duels, and all carriers of challenges to fight duels, shall be deemed principals, and punished accordingly." Article 8 of Section 1624 says: "Such punishment as a court-martial may adjudge may be inflicted on any person in the navy who sends or accepts a challenge to fight a duel or acts as a second in a duel."

It will be seen by the foregoing that duelling in the United States has been made not only as criminal and as odious as it seems possible to make the custom, but it is also made permanently expensive to survivors of fatal encounters in many of the States, while its indulgence, either as principals or seconds, forever prohibits such offenders from holding political or other positions of profit; this last provision being (as United Senator Grundy, of Tennessee, once

declared, while condemning the practice), "severer punishment, in the eyes of some people, even than ten years' confinement in a penitentiary." Practically, public opinion firmly sustains the consolidated enactments for the suppression of duelling in the United States; and, as an institution, it may be said to have ceased to exist in our beloved country,—notwithstanding the Cash-Shannon duel in South Carolina in 1880, the Elam-Beirne meeting in Virginia in 1883, and later the remarkable encounter in Louisiana between a soda-water seller and a catfish dealer of New Orleans, which was fought with rapiers, and lasted eighty-three minutes before either of the combatants drew blood.

No better illustration of the efficacy of the laws against duelling can be presented than the statement that the bill to remove the disabilities of persons connected with duelling was defeated in the Virginia Legislature on the 19th of December, 1883. During the discussion, Mr. Pollard, of King and Queen, said that duelling was contrary to the civilization of our age, and public sentiment should frown it down. "He had known men who had been in the front of battle refuse to fight duels. The Code was no test of true bravery in its highest sense." Mr. Leftwich thought the law ought to be either enforced or repealed entirely. Mr. Opie said that as nobody seemed to have been hurt he was in favor of the bill. Mr. Saunders said: "I am opposed to the bill." Mr. Opie—"Do you believe any law can stop duelling?" Mr. Saunders—"I don't know whether it will or not." The vote was taken, and the bill was *defeated* by the failure to get a two-thirds vote. It will be remembered that, early in the summer of 1883, Richard F. Beirne, edi-

tor of the Richmond *State*, and W. C. Elam, editor of the *Whig*, met in mortal combat, in which the latter was dangerously wounded. Mr. Beirne is one of the most prominent Democrats in Virginia. His name has been prominently mentioned in connection with the nomination of his party for Governor in 1885. The fact, however, that he has not attained the age required by the Constitution makes him ineligible for that position. Mr. Elam is spoken of as the candidate of his party for the same office. It is for these reasons that the Legislature was called upon, but *refused*, to relieve the disabilities of these two gentlemen incurred on the "field of honor."

In this connection it is pleasant to note that Captain F. W. Dawson, editor of the Charleston (S. C.) *News and Courier*, was created Knight of the Order of St. George by the Pope, on account of his persistent opposition to duelling, on November 23, 1883. Captain Dawson is an Englishman by birth, joined the Confederate service in 1861, and served with distinction during the civil war—the latter part of the time on the staff of Fitz-Hugh Lee. After the surrender he went to Charleston and served for some time as associate editor on the *Mercury*, and left that paper on becoming part owner and editor of the Charleston *News*. In a short time afterward he was challenged to mortal combat by the manager of the *Mercury;* to which Dawson responded that, being a Roman Catholic, under no circumstances would he accept a challenge or fight a duel. In 1866 a similar demand was made by General Gary, a well-known South Carolinian, and declined on the same grounds. Dawson then took an active part against duels, and especially when the Cash-Shannon duel took place in 1880. Up to that

time there never had been in South Carolina a trial at common law for murder in a duel, and the Cash trials, although the jury disagreed on the first trial and a verdict of acquittal was rendered on the second trial, were the death-blow to duelling in that State. The Legislature took the matter up and passed a statute making duelling murder, and requiring every public officer in the State, in addition to the usual office oath, to take an oath not to send or receive a challenge or engage in a duel while in office; and there has not been a duel in the State since the passage of the law.

There is one exception, however, to the statements heretofore made; that is, there still remains a duelling custom among a class of Americans known as the "cowboys" of the West, which nothing but the overwhelming approach of civilization and power of empire can effectually obliterate. The cowboy is ostensibly an owner or herder of stock upon unpurchased or unpaid-for ranges of nutritious grasses in the western part of the United States; but, in reality, he is a stealer of horses and cattle, a guzzler of adulterated spirits, and a shooter of men; and it may be said of him, with perfect truthfulness, that he fears neither God, man, nor devil. He roams over a vast area of sparsely settled or unsettled country lying between the twenty-ninth and forty-seventh parallels of latitude and between meridians of longitude twenty-two and thirty-eight. He is most numerously and lawlessly found, however, in the Territories of Montana, Arizona, and New Mexico; although he is by no means so scarce in the States of Texas, Kansas, and Colorado that he is never seen. He is an Apollo Belvidere in physical shape and beauty; he dresses in

true frontier style—in a blue flannel shirt and flaming red necktie, dark pants stuck into high-legged kip boots, and sombrero. He carries a wicked knife in a boot-leg, and one or more revolvers at his waist. His arms and ammunition are always kept in perfect order, and he is the most accomplished shot in the world. He is a matchless rider, and may often be seen by the traveller through Arizona and New Mexico tearing through the chapparal like lightning alongside of a railway-train, whooping like a Comanche, and sending harmless bullets through the headlight of the locomotive. He is at once generous, reckless, lawless, dissipated, desperate, and dangerous, and dashes furiously through the hell upon earth of his own creating like a picturesque devil to his grave. His "code" is to "*always go well heeled and never let an enemy get the drop on him.*"

There are different grades and samples of the *genus* cowboy: there is the "Howler of the Prairies," the "Terror from the Upper Trail," and the "Blizzard of the States." Their manners and customs, however, are about the same, except that many of them have had superior advantages of education and home influences, while others were rocked in the cradle of infamy at the start. Few of them live to be thirty years of age, and ninety-nine out of every hundred who are sent to their last account fill dishonored graves through the medium of a deadly missile or the forbidding noose of the hangman. The writer has seen the redoubtable "Billy the Kid" (who, when only nineteen, had killed his eleventh man), and has heard him tell the story of his murderous exploits with marvellous *nonchalance*. He has witnessed "Curly Bill" shoot off the winkers of a man without

harming the sight, and pick off the stoppers from liquor-decanters at twenty paces without fracturing their necks. He has heard this renowned devil boast of his own private cemetery, which, he said, lacked only one of a score of graves; and has then observed him draw his six-shooter quietly and take off a button from a companion's coat. Both of these desperate fellows have been laid away in unknown sarcophagi, like hundreds of others of the same kind, and the graveyards they created keep gradually filling up. Large numbers of these cowboys meet death by fighting duels, without the aid of seconds or other assistants; and either one or both of the combatants are killed on the spot. There is this spark of honor exhibited, generally: an armed man will not shoot down an unarmed one; but will, in case of a quarrel with an unarmed person, direct him to go and get a weapon and return. Upon the reappearance of the challenged party, the spectators afford them ample room, and the shooting is commenced without further words and kept up until at least one of the combatants is killed or mortally hurt.

One of the most desperate duels ever engaged in by any of these fellows was that fought by a Mexican cowboy named Jesus Garcia and a young Philadelphian named Gus Davis at a camp on the river Pecos (New Mexico), August 7, 1883, and which has been described by a correspondent of the New York *Sun*, as follows:

Gus Davis, of Philadelphia, came here several months ago, and was engaged as a cattle-herder by Mr. John Shure, a wealthy stock-owner. Davis soon showed himself to be a useful man, and gained the esteem of his employer and the envy of the other herders. In less than three months he

had resisted so many temptations to quarrel with his associates that he was nicknamed "The Northern Coward." One morning, about three weeks ago, while Davis was on duty looking after his cattle, Jesus Garcia, a Mexican, saluted him, as usual, with "Good-morning, Northern Coward." Human endurance has its limit, and Mr. Davis thought he had been insulted long enough. The Mexican was at first surprised at the stand taken by the Philadelphian, but word brought on word, until each determined that the other must die. The quarrel soon brought all the neighboring cowboys to the spot. The mode of combat was speedily arranged. A chain thirty inches long was securely locked about their necks. A Mexican dagger (a two-edged knife six inches long) was given to each of the duellists. The obliging cowboys then lowered the men into a dog-cañon, a descent of seventy-five feet. There they were to remain until one killed the other. A key to the lock was given to each, and no one was allowed to interfere further. The rest of the cowboys then went to work, as if nothing unusual had occurred. For some days nothing was known as to the result of the encounter. Yesterday, however, Davis, weak and emaciated, returned to camp, dragging after him the lifeless body of Jesus Garcia. The story Mr. Davis tells is as follows: "The fight began as soon as we reached the bottom of the cañon. Being locked together, each was always within reach of the other's knife. After such deliberation as the few moments during our descent permitted, I decided that unless the first blow was fatal the chances were decidedly in favor of the party assailed. I accordingly allowed the Mexican to strike the first blow. He plunged his knife into my side. As soon as I found his arm thus stretched forward I cut the muscles of his right arm near the shoulder. Immediately his knife dropped. While he was stooping to pick up his knife I sent my blade into his body from the back. Before I could strike again he had picked up his knife and cut the cords of my arms, so as to render them both useless. Here we both stood for a few seconds, when I discovered that his heart had been reached.

His body soon fell in the death-struggle to the ground. The chain was so short that he brought me down with him. In a few minutes he was dead. I was so weak from loss of blood that I lay down by his side. We lay there for five days and nights, until hunger drove me to make a last effort. I climbed the steep incline of the walls of the cañon and reached the camp, carrying Garcia on my back."

A correspondent of the New York *Times*, writing from Silver City (N. M.) in January, 1883, presents an interesting account of the characteristics of a number of these romantic fellows of the West, whose names are as familiar as household words along the Southwestern frontier:

"'Tis funny how whiskey scrapes a man's throat when he is not used to it." The man who used this expression is a character. The lines which here introduce him give his pet phrase when recovering from a spree. His throat was doubtless too familiar with bad liquor to be disturbed with anything less than a currycomb. He was standing leaning against the counter of a bar-room in Silver City, as he made the above-quoted remark. It was a typical frontier saloon, and it was filled with strange characters. Here were two Indians sitting on a bench, a couple of drunken freighters leaning against the wall, "two regular" soldiers half drunk, two or three hunting-dogs, several Winchester rifles, a pile of Indian trinkets, and a half-wagon-load of specimens of silver ore. A board covered with a little red calico and a half-dozen bottles stood for the bar. Curly Bill was a hard man, and as he stood taking his whiskey in this rude bar-room he was a perfect specimen of a rustler. His rude make-up of rough pants stuck in his boots, blue shirt, red necktie, and sombrero added to a not over-good countenance much that was picturesque. He had a knife in his boot, two six-shooters about his waist, and was ready for a frolic of any kind even at the risk of his life. He was a

desperado of the dangerous sort, and had killed many a man. The boys gave him credit for having stocked a private graveyard, and he was consequently a hero. The drink was hardly down when Curly Bill whipped out his revolver, and, for amusement, shot a hole through the top of one of the freighters' hats. They then got to bantering each other about their skill as marksmen, and, walking out into the yard, they went to shooting silver half-dollars out of each others' fingers at twenty paces. Curly Bill soon tired of this monotonous excitement, and asked one of the soldiers to hold up a silver piece. The soldier agreed, and twice he sent his bullet against the coin, but the third time, for pure devilment, he shot the fellow's front finger off. When the soldier growled about the miss, Curly Bill's response was: "Oh, I thought you had been a soldier long enough." This ended this quiet sport for the day. The men walked back into the saloon, and I walked up to the further end of town. A few moments afterward a cry of fire was raised, and the place where Curly Bill and his companions were, soon burned to the ground. While the building was burning the clatter of horse's feet was heard, and Bill and his companions came riding up the street at a rattling pace, and the landlord with them. They stopped at another favorite bar-room, and the landlord who had been burned out said, "That Curly Bill got to shooting at the lamp and hit her a little two low and it exploded. He will pay the damage, though." Drinks were ordered for all the motley crowd in the bar-room, and they went to playing Spanish monte, the favorite game in the rude West. A few days after this Curly Bill barely escaped hanging for horse-stealing, and left for parts unknown. To-day there is a price upon his head in almost every Territory. He has been reported as dead half a dozen times, but he turns up in unexpected places to vex every community he strikes. Where he came from and who he was before he became a desperado no one knows. But he seemed to have had a fair early training, and to have drifted into this wild life from a taste for adventure. "Oh, hush!" shouted a long,

lank fellow, as he jumped upon a table filled with rough men. The cause of his joy was the words of the dealer of the keno-bank, calling the number that made him winner of the pot. "I am a hard man from Bitter Creek, I eats b'ar-meat, weigh 4000 pounds, smells like a wolf, and the whiz of bullets is music in my year," yelled the fellow, as he threw his sombrero off from his villainous-looking countenance. One of the men who had been less fortunate at the game hit him a blow under the ear just as he finished speaking, and he fell like an ox. He picked himself up, looked quietly around the place, and then said, "Well, this is the most sociable community I ever struck. Come on, boys, let's liquor." It cost him five dollars to treat, but the experience he got was worth it. These two characters represent the two different classes of men you find on the border. The man who shouted when he won the pot at the keno-bank was a braggart. He would boast of his great exploits, of the horses he had stolen and of the men he had killed, and would swagger around with an air that would scare any one but a brave man. But when he met a fighter he always wilted. He and Curly Bill are fair representatives of the two classes of hard characters you find on the border. They all wear the broad-brimmed hats, dress alike, and have similar ambitions. Their open, reckless life gives them good health; desperate dissipation and their animal spirits often run away with their sense.

Among these desperadoes whom you discover under the broad sombrero the Spanish first introduced into the south-western territory you find many peculiar characters—men who have been raised well and have had great opportunities, but who grew up to a wild life, and took their lessons of equity, justice, and humanity from association with the Texas steer. Russian Bill was a type of the better class, but in heart and impulse he was like the last man I introduced. He was highly educated, and spoke and wrote six languages. He was a "blower," who had committed many crimes in his mind. But Curly Bill and the brave men along the frontier never gave him credit for any exploits except with his

tongue. He bragged so much, however, about his desperate deeds that one night, while under arrest for some petty offence, a vigilance-committee took him at his estimate of himself and sent him to his final account by what the frontierman call "grape-vine route." He died like a coward, and the people believe that he was never a very bad man. Sandy King was another desperate character. He was raised in Western New York, and had a good family. He came West to make his fortune, and, being an adventurous spirit, drifted in with the cowboys and became a leader in their crimes. Like all the rest of these characters, he was an open-hearted, free-handed fellow, and has many a kind act set down to his credit among the people of Grant County (N. M.). He was a companion of Curly Bill, and had shared with him the bounty and hazards of many a desperate game. He was very well educated, and was capable of much better things. The night the vigilantes hung Russian Bill they performed the same office for Sandy King. He died game. When he found that death was inevitable, he called to the lynchers, "Boys, give me a drink; it will help me on the road to hell. I reckon this game you are playing is all right. I have got even with many of your kind while I've lived, and I don't know why I ought to squeal when you've nipped me." The *nonchalance* with which he looked upon death nearly captured the crowd. But they finally concluded to send him aloft. They gave him another drink, and when he had finished it he straightened himself up and said, "Now, boys, I'm ready for the devil to get his own." How many of these strange things to civilized people I heard and saw during a stay of a few months on the southwestern frontier! A volume could be filled with interesting reminiscences, good and bad, of these strange people, whose lives have been bent from good to bad by their surroundings and the cravings for the adventures of chance. All men who wear the broad-brimmed hat are by no means bad. They are rude, rough, and uncouth, but in most cases brave, generous, and honest, as the world goes. You rarely get into trouble with any of them, unless you seek it, and you will meet lots of people

who pass for respectable that have a worse record than even the characters I have described.

Another newspaper-writer has this to say of Russian Bill:

His looks would have attracted attention anywhere, but dressed in the fancy cowboy garb he was particularly noticeable. His clear-cut features, long, drooping mustache, and curly blond hair, which fell in curls on his shoulders, made Russian Bill an object of special interest to strangers. Three years ago, when the writer first saw him, Russian Bill was known through southwestern New Mexico as one of the San Simon "rustlers," a gang of thirty or forty outlaws that made periodical raids through western Arizona, northern Mexico, and southern New Mexico, stealing cattle and horses and driving them to the San Simon Valley, where they were kept until an opportunity offered itself to dispose of them. Russian Bill was a man of good education; he spoke five or six languages fluently, and delighted whenever opportunity offered in discussing literature, science, or art. Of his past nothing was known, save that he was from Russia. His reputation was not that of a "bad man," but of being a braggart whose heart was really kind and whose courage was doubtful. About two years ago the residents of Shakespeare (N. M.) resolved to free themselves from the rough element that had for a long time ruled that place. The next morning twelve men were asked to leave, and when Russian Bill arrived in town a couple of days later, accompanied by another rustler named Sandy King, the citizens decided that the two men should die as an example to their companions in crime. Accordingly, at about midnight, a dozen men entered the room of the Stratford Hotel, occupied by the rustlers. Before Sandy King and Russian Bill could offer any resistance they were tied securely, ropes were thrown over the beam above their beds, and they were pulled up and left hanging until they were dead. The next morning a coroner's jury held an inquest and brought in a verdict that the men committed suicide by hanging. A

short time ago the sheriff of Grant County (N. M.) received a letter from the American consul at St. Petersburg, saying that the Countess Telfuin was very anxious to learn the whereabouts of her son, who had been banished for political reasons, but who possessed large estates. *The letter enclosed a photograph of Russian Bill.* Word was sent that the Count had committed suicide at Shakespeare two years ago, and the true facts were kept from the knowledge of his mother.

A letter from Flagstaff (A. T.) to the New York *Tribune* of September 9, 1883, presents a felicitous pen-portrait of Poker Bill, who, it will be seen, collapsed in the presence of the average railway "baggage-smasher" of the West:

Poker Bill is not a John Oakhurst, although he is a professional gambler. In fact, my experience goes to show that gentlemen of John Oakhurst's type are extremely rare on the frontier. Poker Bill may have been endowed with an equally exalted spirit, but I regret to state that during my stay here he has been rudely buffetted by fortune. His place of business is in one of the dozen rude log-huts burrowed into the hillside and shaded by the pines. Thence Poker Bill emerged the other morning, wearing a grim and truculent aspect, and started rapidly down the so-called street. The loungers, who sit all day beneath the deer's head nailed to the front of the chief store, roused themselves from their patient waiting for somebody to "set up the pizen," and originated the proposition that "somethin's up." For once they unwittingly told the truth. Poker Bill took his way down the track to the depot—a term applied to a freight-car fitted up as an office. Presently he returned to his cabin, and when he reappeared his six-shooter was belted to his side. The loungers became visibly animated. When Poker Bill was seen to be bound for the depot again, an air of cheerful expectancy pervaded the group. It was felt proper that either the justice of the peace or the storekeeper, who

were sitting on barrels near the bar, should invite the crowd to "irrigate" in view of the stirring times which had so suddenly come upon them. Meantime Poker Bill had been stopped and questioned by a friend, who carelessly drawled in parting, "That thar station-agent's a bad man." But Poker Bill would not be deterred. His beady eyes glittered wickedly and his hand softly caressed the handle of his revolver. When he disappeared into the depot he looked the dime-novel picture of a bloodthirsty and invincible desperado. Among the loungers it was whispered that a dispute had arisen between Bill and the station-agent regarding the payment of charges on an express bundle. A few bets were quietly made on the question whether the station-agent would be killed or maimed. The justice of the peace, although fully alive to the interest of the occasion, recollected business elsewhere, for he had no desire to enter into a relation unpleasantly antagonistic to Poker Bill. Suddenly all the patient waiters leaped to their feet, although there had been no sound of shots. Such a sight as they beheld had never been seen since Antelope Spring was known to the white man. Out from the door of the station-agent's car, plunging headlong to the ground, came Poker Bill, propelled by a terrific kick. He was without his "six-shooter," his waistcoat had been torn off, and his remaining clothing had collected most of the dust from the car-floor. He gathered himself up, dodged under the car and ran up toward the town, shielding his head with his arms and evidently expecting to be followed by a bullet. There was no need of explanations. "What did yer do with yer gun, Bill?" asked one of the no-longer-respectful crowd as he passed. "I left it," snarled Bill; and the point was not pressed, as Bill was known to possess other weapons. He equipped the justice and two others with shot-guns and rifles. Thus heavily loaded, the force moved upon the car and demanded the return of Bill's gun and waistcoat. Having obtained these articles, accompanied by much satirical language from the agent, Bill retired to his cabin. From its door throughout the day issued a mighty stream of highly

flavored and picturesquely embellished profanity. Poker Bill's sun had set and his enemies had seen his fall. Nevertheless the great sawmill in the opening across the track buzzed on as usual. The cool wind swept down from the mountains through the pines, but Poker Bill cursed himself with exceeding bitterness because he had failed to add a fifteenth grave to the little "Boot-Hill Cemetery," near the corral, where eleven out of the fourteen dead came to their deaths by violence. For the route of the new road which has opened northern Arizona has, like the course of every Western railroad, been stained again and again with blood. Back at Coolidge, five desperadoes held the town in terror some two years since, until a brief but stirring conflict left three ruffians dead, one dying and two citizens pierced with balls. Here at Flagstaff, in the heart of the great pine-forests, the camps of wood-choppers and tie-cutters offered a ready asylum to thugs and outlaws. Every new railroad in the far West has been full of cost to human life. First come the engineers, daring the perils of Indians and the wilderness. Then follow the gangs of "navvies," who build the dump and lay the ties and rails; a rough, wild set, the refuse of the cities. With them come swarms of blood-suckers, gamblers, thieves, and keepers of dance-halls, careless whether they win a man's money by a rigged faro-bank, or "hold him up," or shoot him in the back on a dark night. No one knows their origin. They disappear on the completion of the railroad, and no one knows where they go. They leave a few graves behind them, and these deep woods are shadowed by many an unknown tragedy. Life at the head of a railroad is like life nowhere else. The laborers are a source of profit to every one except themselves. They eat and sleep in long trains of freight-cars; and their eating and sleeping fill the pockets of some contractor. They build the road and receive their wages, and the wages are promptly transferred to the keeper of the gambling-tent, groggery, or dance-hall. Finally they are discharged. They return cooped up like cattle in freight-cars, they make for the mining-camps, or, provided with a "tie-pass," they pack

their blankets on their backs and set out on the tramp along the track. The best of them are kept for the section-gangs; the others vanish utterly away. With their departure and that of their attendant evil spirits a calm succeeds the storm. The stranded gambler talks mournfully of "the lively times when the road was here;" but the Eastern visitor possesses his soul in peace and no longer fears to be "held up" in the street.

Not long ago a cowboy who had murdered a man in a New Mexican town, and was pursued for a day by the Sheriff, returned to the scene of his crime and compelled the Sheriff to go in his company to all the saloons in town, and treat him to the drinks, and after the rounds were made, he mounted his horse and rode off in safety. What came of trifling with some cowboys in Wyoming, is thus felicitously told by the editor of the *Laramie Boomerang:*

Ben Carter had "heaps of fun," as he expresses it, at Rock Creek, west of Laramie, the other day. Ben is a typical Western cowboy—a whole-souled, dare-devil puncher of steers; a fellow who will divide his last dollar with a friend, or ride anything that has not more than four legs and wears a saddle. Ben has one weak point, however, a fondness for the sulphuric acid annihilator which Wyoming barkeepers retail as whiskey, and when he is "full" he is windy and ready for any harmless mischief. On the day referred to Ben was at Rock Creek loading stock. A dozen or more of his brother-cowboys were in town, and after the arduous duties incident to crowding twenty more steers into a car than the builders intended were over, the boys began to "booze up," and by the time it got dark enough to light the lamps the saloon-keeper found that he hadn't any that were fit to do duty as illuminators—the boys had shot them to pieces. Every time a lamp would fall the marksman, who assisted at the post-mortem of said lamp, would cheerfully waltz to the bar and pay for it, and

then try again. The lamp market was active for a few minutes, but the supply was limited. Ben hadn't taken a hand in the shooting-match as yet, but had made it a point to drink with the successful marksmen, so that, strictly speaking, he wasn't sober. Finally, he awoke to action. Seizing a revolver from a companion and drawing his own, he sprang to the centre of the room and delivered himself of a speech. He told the boys that they ought to be ashamed of themselves. He was a perfect lady himself, and it shocked him to witness such disgraceful proceedings. He had been appointed as a Deputy Sheriff on his last visit to Laramie, and had decided to arrest every mother's son of them. The boys protested against such a strange procedure, but Ben flourished his guns, told them he had the whole United States at his back, and imperiously ordered them into an empty warehouse near, the door of which stood open. The novelty of the thing somewhat muddled the boys, and without a word they filed into the temporary prison, and Ben closed the door. He then rustled around and found several log chains, with which he securely fastened them, and, with the dignity of a high private in a State militia corps, mounted guard on the outside. The boys ventilated their prison cell as well as they could with what ammunition they had, and then dropped off to sleep. In the morning Ben released them, after exacting a solemn promise to behave themselves like gentlemen and ladies thereafter. The boys walked over to the hotel as meek as lambs. While eating their breakfast they noticed that an unusual amount of hilarity seemed to prevail in the dining-room. The head and only waiter laughed boisterously while serving the soup; the cook poked his head through the doorway leading to the kitchen, and drew it back again quickly, and a series of Comanche war-whoops that were positively painful to their listening ears, gradually subsiding into a low, mellow laugh which made the plates on the tables jingle, followed. Sounds of mirth also floated in from the office, until finally one of the boys went out to inquire the cause. He came back presently, and the most ignorant judge of the emotions

as shown by the human features could have told that he was unutterably mad. He consulted a moment with his companions, and then called the waiter and ordered a box of "forty-fours." These were served cold, and the command loaded their weapons and marched down to the saloon, where they found Ben Carter. The spokesman, Broncho Bill, then and there told Ben that he was no gentleman. He had taken advantage of his friends, and made them the laughing stock of the community. He had pretended that he was the authorized Deputy Sheriff, when he had no more claim to the title of Deputy Sheriff than Ben Butler had to the spoons history says he hypothecated. Believing that he represented the majesty of the law, they had given him the respect he deserved. He had insulted them by putting them in the "jug" over night, and they could only wipe out that insult by creating a vacancy in the atmosphere thereabouts of about the size of his body. He must go, and go quick. Ben is brave enough, but after he had looked over the crowd, and saw that each man had his hand on his persuader, he concluded that perhaps Broncho Bill was right. He got: and when he had put several hundred yards of sagebrush and sand between himself and the station, the boys, having no further use of "forty-fours," emptied their revolvers. From the agile manner in which Ben was dancing around as he passed swiftly over the brow of the hill toward Laramie, and the amount of dust rising in little clouds all around him, it is believed the boys carelessly pointed their weapons his way while taking the loads out.

What has been termed the cowboy-fight—or a not dissimilar mode of combat—raged in California from 1849 to 1860, at least in the mining communities of the Golden State; and it has also been more or less indulged in throughout the Pacific States and Territories in sections where mining operations have been extensively carried on. The street, or bar-room, duel flourished among members of the gambling fra-

ternity in California for ten or twelve years, and the whizz of the deadly bullet was oftener heard in those days than are even the church bells of the present. The southern counties of California, where for thirty years there existed an almost unceasing strife among hordes of disorderly characters, but where there is so much perfect harmony and contentment now—also contributed much toward a Golgotha over which "Resurgam" can never be truthfully written.

It was no uncommon thing in California (as well as in other Western States), during its early days, for the real gentleman and the riot-loving desperado to come together; and it is a prominent fact in the annals of such events that, in a majority of cases, the former was never known (or seldom the first) "to weaken." A description of the bar-room duel between Hicks Graham and Yank Maguire, as furnished the San Francisco (Cal.) *Morning Call* by a correspondent in August, 1883, is as interesting as any and much more thrilling and dramatic than many similar encounters:

Graham, a backwoods disciple of Blackstone, was practising law at Montgomery at the time. Yank Maguire came down from Aurora, where he enjoyed the reputation of a desperado. He was a big, savage fellow, coarse and overbearing in his manners, the very opposite of Hicks Graham, who was below the medium size, delicate, and gentlemanly. From the first the two men seemed to hate each other. There was a natural antipathy between them. Instinct taught each to see in the other a deadly and dangerous enemy. The little town just naturally knew, before Yank Maguire had been forty-eight hours within its limits, that trouble was brewing between the two men. They had met at Aurora a short time before the discovery of rich silver rock in Montgomery district, and came near having a diffi-

culty there. The fact appeared to be that Maguire, who was crazy to be thought a fighter, was insanely jealous of Graham's well-established reputation in that respect. The first night of his advent into the new camp he got on a jamboree, flourished his revolver, and swore that no man who wore a "biled shirt" and a "plug hat" could make him take water. As Hicks was almost the only one in camp who sported such evidences of civilization as a white shirt and a silk hat, of course we all knew that Yank meant him. But he only smiled at the riotous demonstrations of the big rough, and quietly walked off and went to bed. From that hour, however, the town felt that something serious was going to happen. Strangely enough, in a place where shooting scrapes were of daily occurrence, Montgomery got excited over the prospective quarrel between Hicks Graham and Yank Maguire. The death-dealing merits of the men were discussed very freely, and money was wagered on the final results. Notwithstanding Maguire's size and blood-thirsty talk, Graham was the popular favorite. The little fellow had won his spurs in many a hard-fought scrimmage, and most of the miners were ready to bet that he would kill his opponent or drive him out of camp. Montgomery had, among its cosmopolitan population in those days, quite a sprinkling of Southerners, who believed that the right way for gentlemen to settle their personal troubles was "according to the code." Street fights and bar-room encounters were good enough in their way, but the proper thing was a duel according to the code of honor. Aurora bore testimony to their handiwork in this respect. Time and again had her high-toned and pugnacious citizens, governed by the true spirit of chivalry, gone out and shot each other in the most approved fashion. Why not arrange a regular "affair" between Maguire and Graham? The latter was a Pennsylvanian, it is true, but in love for the *code duello* he could not be excelled by the most ardent native of the "Sunny South." With him there could be no trouble, and he at once cheerfully acquiesced in the proposal of his chevalier friends to avoid the vulgar barbarity of a street affray or a saloon ren-

contre. Maguire, however, did not take to the thing kindly, so it was said, and gave his officious interviewers such a stormy reception as came near starting a riot in the camp. For this reason, to the sincere regret of not a few, the proposed duel had to be abandoned, and the town was left in a feverish condition of expectation, impatiently waiting for the fray. Fortunately, the good folks of Montgomery had not long to wait. A difficulty among some miners led to a lawsuit before his honor, Judge Caliph, the judicial autocrat of the place, and Hicks Graham appeared as a lawyer for one of the parties. Happily, or unhappily, as the fact might be viewed from different standpoints, Yank Maguire was a witness against the side represented by Graham, and when this condition of affairs became generally known it was in the air that the time had come for one or both to "pass in his checks," as the sports phrased it. When the belligerent witness took the stand all eyes were turned upon him. With an angry glance at Graham, and a suggestive hitch at his hip pocket, where the handle of a big six-shooter could be plainly seen, he proceeded with his testimony, and for a time got along smoothly enough. The cross-examination, however, was too much for the witness. Repeatedly he was admonished by the justice to answer the questions and avoid insulting personalities. Still he was ugly, coarse and abusive, and indulged in a vicious sneer when Graham quietly remarked that nothing he might say could make him forget that he was in a court of justice. At last, losing all patience, and finding restraint next to impossible, Graham insisted that the court should take a recess. Immediately on adjournment, the crowd poured into the "Montgomery Exchange," directly across the way, and filled the saloon to its utmost capacity. While a long line of thirsty souls were standing before the bar, drinking or waiting to be served, a cry of "Look out!" was heard, and instantly the sharp and loud reports of two pistols scattered the crowd in all directions. Who drew first none could say, but the little one evidently got in the first shot, for Maguire was seen to stagger and put his hand to his breast. He did not flinch, how-

ever, and both men continued to fire with great rapidity. At this critical juncture, something was noticed to be wrong with Graham's pistol. It would not revolve, and in working with it, the chamber fell out and rolled on the floor. Again Maguire's pistol rang out, and a bullet-hole through his antagonist's hat showed that the effect of the first shot had not destroyed his aim, although he staggered around the room like a drunken man. Coolly stooping down, Graham picked up the chamber of his revolver, deliberately replaced it, and began firing again. While fixing his weapon he had got into a corner at one end of the bar or counter, and Maguire took a similar position at the other end. The fire now raked the counter from end to end, to the danger and horror of a number of spectators who had taken refuge from the flying bullets behind the bar at the beginning of the fight. With every crack of the pistols was heard the wild cry of some poor devil in the line of fire. The shriek and fall of one of the number, a quiet, inoffensive Dutchman who had nothing to do with the affray, put an end to the bloody business. The proprietor of the "Exchange," now a well-known citizen of San Francisco, jumped across the counter and seized Graham with an iron grip, while others caught Maguire and wrenched the revolver from his hands. The result of the shooting was the death of the unfortunate German, shot through the heart, the fearful wounding of Maguire, who was sinking fast from a bullet in the breast, and a slight flesh wound received by Graham. The bar-room duel over, Montgomery resumed its natural condition. The fight was eminently satisfactory. Both men were game, but the little one had come out on top. The writer knew Hicks Graham well in the sage-brush country; cabined with him and shared his bed and board. On more than one occasion, while travelling together or watching the stars from under the same blankets, he talked over exciting scenes in his turbulent life. Few men ever knew how thoroughly he despised, in his later years, the reputation of a fighting man. Such a reputation, he would bitterly remark, is a curse to any one. Every reckless fool, who wants to get his name

up as a desperado, thinks he is in duty bound to have a difficulty with you, while you are expected to resent every grievance, real or imaginary, with the knife or pistol. I remember with what earnestness he said, more than once: "If I had my life to live over again, nothing short of absolute dishonor would make me fight anybody!" His reflections on the past were evidently not of a pleasant character, and there can be no doubt that he deeply and sincerely regretted many events in his reckless career. It was really singular how so quiet and gentlemanly a little man could get into so many ugly scrapes. Of a genial, sociable disposition, warm in his attachments, and courteous and obliging to everybody, it does seem strange that his life should have been so bloody and desperate. He had domestic griefs which weighed upon his mind, and, like many another gallant fellow, sought forgetfulness in strong drink. Doubtless this had much to do with his numerous deadly quarrels, for few men were more quiet and inoffensive when sober. Peace to his ashes! After life's fitful fever may he sleep well.

During the Autumn of 1852, in Los Angeles (Cal.), Colonel (since a distinguished General in the Confederate army, and now deceased) J. Bankhead Magruder, Third Artillery U. S. A., who was visiting that city fron San Diego, commenced an evening at Harry Monroe's restaurant, in company with three or four other congenial fellows, by ordering a champagne dinner of an elaborate character. It was not long after the initial movement of the real old Duff Gordon sherry from right to left that an exhilaration set in which was rapidly and radiantly heightened to a hilarious pitch, the reader may rest assured; so that, after the "feast of reason and flow of soul" had got completely under way, the nocturnal wayfarer might have misinterpreted the medley of mirthful vociferations for sounds of revelry second only to

those attributed to the beauty and chivalry of Belgium's capital upon a momentous occasion by the author of "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage." In other words, an uproarious controversy had quickly followed the ample gastronomic discussion, during which Magruder declared, with his characteristic suavity, that Andrew Jackson was "the greatest man who ever trod in shoe leather." Colonel John O. Wheeler tossed off a goblet of Krug to "the greatest American statesman, Henry Clay;" while Thompson Burrill quaffed placidly away to the memory of "Daniel Webster, the greatest man the world ever produced." A certain disciple of Esculapius, who was present, then arose, as ostentatiously as it was possible for him to rise, under the circumstances, and said: "My father, who was Sheriff of Cayuga County (N. Y.), was the greatest of all Americans!" To which Magruder replied, vehemently: "Doctor, you're a damned fool!" The Doctor at once challenged Magruder to fight, which cartel of defiance was at once accepted, the combat to take place on the spot, and over the dining table, from end to end, distance twelve feet; weapons—derringer pistols. Major Horace Bell, in his exciting book, entitled "Reminiscenses of a Ranger," presents his readers the following description of the duel:

Wilson Jones, the Doctor's second, got the word, and the principals, without shaking hands, took their respective stations, the majestic form of Magruder towering above that of the diminutive Doctor, who paled and shuddered when brought face to face with the grim-visaged son of Mars. All was suspense. The word was to be: *Ready! fire! One, two, three!* At the word "ready," to the dismay of all, the Doctor blazed away. When the smoke cleared somewhat,

to the horror of the valiant disciple of Esculapius, his antagonist stood as stiff and defiant as an avenging demon. The Doctor quailed; Magruder glared savagely on him for a full minute. The spectators, spell-bound, looked on with horrible forebodings. Magruder took two "side steps to the right," which brought him clear of the end of the table. He then advanced the "right foot full to the front," with his glaring eyeballs bent fiercely on the now terrified Doctor. He then brought the left foot up to the rear of the right heel and leveled his derringer at the ghastly face of the trembling Doctor. Then he advanced the right foot as before, and in this way, with firm and unrelenting tread, he slowly advanced on the now thoroughly frightened Doctor, who made a movement toward the door. The spectators interposed, and cut off the possibility of retreat in that direction. The Doctor tried to flank the Colonel by skirmishing around the table. Magruder faced to the left, as though moving on a pivot, and kept the direful derringer aimed directly at the Doctor's palid countenance. In the excitement the Doctor ran under the table, crawled through, grasped the knees of the irate hero, and affectionately embracing them, said: "Colonel Magruder, for the love of God, spare me for my family." The Colonel gave him a kick, and said: "D——n you! I'll spare you for the hangman." And, so saying, he handed the weapon to his second, and the festivities were adjourned.

This mode of fighting over a table did not originate in the "far West," however; for, as early as 1771, the brother of General Delancey, the notorious barrack-master general of the British army, had high words one evening with a Charlestonian named Haley, in a coffee-house near the foot of Broadway, New York, during which the American called for pistols, and insisted upon fighting the Britisher in one of the coffee-rooms across a table. The Englishman was kind enough to accommodate the belliger-

ent Yankee, and was shot dead as soon as the word was given. An account of this affair, published in the New York *Evening Post* in 1845, says that Delancey was murdered, as the American discharged his weapon dishonestly before his time. Another account declares that the disturbance took place in South Carolina, and that Delancey and Haley both fired at the same time; and that the survivor was defended by the Pinckneys and Rutledges.

Among the many descriptions of the bloody encounter which gave the bowie-knife its name the writer has seen none so generally and briefly interesting as the account lately furnished the Philadelphia *Times* by a correspondent of that paper, which is as follows:

A feud had existed for years between two parties of the parish of Rapides (Louisiana), on Red River. The principals were Dr. Maddox, Major Wright, and the Blanchards on the one part, the Curreys, the Wellses, and the Bowies on the other. A challenge was passed between Dr. Maddox and Samuel Wells, and the meeting was arranged to take place opposite Natchez (Miss.), in August, 1827. Hither the parties repaired with their friends. It was agreed that no persons should be present but the combatants, their seconds and surgeons. The place of meeting was a large sand-bar, immediately opposite Natchez. The sand-bar at low water is of considerable width, bordered above and below with forest growth; on the opposite side of this bar were stationed the friends of each party; one of these parties was something nearer to the combatants than the other. Colonel Crane was the second of Maddox. Between him and James Bowie and General Currey there had long existed a deadly feud, and several months before this affair General Currey shot Colonel Crane with a shotgun, on Bayou Rapids, disabling one of his arms. The parties to the duel approached the spot selected for the combat from different

directions. The preliminaries were soon arranged. The combatants took their positions and exchanged two shots without effect, and the difficulty was amicably adjusted. Bowie was just in the edge of the woods with Generals Wells and Currey, armed with pistols, Bowie carrying a huge knife. As the duelling party started to leave the grounds Bowie and party advanced to meet them. The friends of Maddox and Crane on the opposite side of the sand-bar, seeing this, and being furthest from the party, started to run to meet them as soon as they should reach the retiring combatants. General Currey was the first on the ground, closely followed by Bowie. Currey immediately advanced upon Colonel Crane and remarked: "Colonel Crane, this is a good time to settle our difficulty," and commenced drawing his pistol. Bowie did the same. Crane was armed with a brace of duelling pistols, and awaited the attack of Currey. At this moment Currey was seized by his brother and begged to desist. Bowie and Crane fired at each other, it is said, without effect. There were those who said Bowie was wounded. The latter statement I think most probable, for Bowie stopped, felt of his hip, and then, drawing his knife, limped toward Crane, who was watching General Currey. Released from the hold of his brother, Currey was advancing. At this moment Crane leaped across a small ravine cut through the sand by the rain water flowing from the acclivities above, and, resting his pistol upon his crippled arm, fired at Currey, wounding him fatally, from the effects of which he fell. Crane was now disarmed, and Bowie advanced cautiously upon him. Clubbing his pistol he struck Bowie over the head as he avoided his knife adroitly, and felled him to the ground. Crane retreated a step as his friend, Major Wright, advanced upon him, and with a long, slender spear, drawn from a walking-cane which he carried, attacked Bowie, who made a pass to parry the spear with his knife, in which he failed. The spear was of cold iron, and striking the breast-bone bent and went round upon the rib. Bowie at this moment seized Wright and fell, pulling Wright down with and on top of him, and holding him strongly to his

person. Wright was slender, and by no means a strong man, and was powerless in the hands of Bowie, who coolly said to him: "Now, Major, you die," and plunging the knife into his heart, killed him instantly. This knife was made by Resin P. Bowie out of a blacksmith's rasp or large file, and was the original of the famous bowie-knife. When James Bowie received it from his brother, he was told by him that it was "strong, and of admirable temper. It is more trustworthy in the hands of a strong man than a pistol, for it will not snap; Crane and Wright are both your enemies; they are from Maryland, the birthplace of our ancestors, and are as brave as you are, but not so cool. They are both inferior in strength to yourself, and therefore not your equal in a close fight. They are both dangerous, but Wright the most so. Keep this knife always with you. It will be your friend in a last resort, and may save your life." After this conflict Resin P. Bowie carried this knife to Philadelphia, where it was fashioned by a cutler into the form of a model made by him, and I presume the knife is yet in the possession of some member of the family. There was no reconciliation between Crane and Bowie after the conflict, though Crane aided personally in carrying Bowie from the ground, and Bowie thanked him and said: "Colonel Crane, I do not think, under the circumstances, you ought to have shot me." Almost immediately after the attack of Currey upon Crane, the fight between their friends became general, in which there were fifteen wounded and at least six killed, among whom were Currey and Wright. All the men engaged in this terrible affair were men of wealth and high social position, and the two parties included almost every man of fortune in the extensive and wealthy parish of Rapides. All are gone save Maddox and Wells, both very old, and still residing in the same parish.

Mr. S. P. Hall, a resident of San Francisco, contributed to the *Alta* of that city, in January, 1884, what he claims as a "truthful narrative," which differed only in a few of the important details of the

tragedy as chronicled by the correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times*, as follows:

The grand fight which gave origin to the bowie-knife, the fearful fame of which is spread over all countries, occurred in the month of August, 1827. In that year the writer was fourteen years old, and stood by the side of his father and witnessed the fight. The facts were indelibly impressed upon his memory, and he proposes to give you a truthful narrative of them: In the year mentioned many persons, moved by the spirit of adventure, engaged in the speculation of the rich unentered cotton lands in the States of Mississippi and Louisiana. Among those adventurers were the brothers Resin and James Bowie, from the State of Maryland. They were men of fair education, well raised, as the phrase goes, and of unshaken resolution. They were men of good intelligence, imposing presence and excellent physique, Resin being the elder and more considerate, and James, the junior, having more of the dare-devil in his composition. These men organized a party of land speculators, which soon came in antagonism with another party who acknowledged the leadership of Judge Crane, a cultured gentleman of Rapides parish, Louisiana. He was as brave and chivalrous as men generally get to be. Between him and James Bowie a deadly feud existed, resulting from a personal rencontre (no weapons) in which Judge Crane was worsted. The members of each party sympathized with their leaders, and several fights and duels had grown out of it. Among others, a duel was arranged to take place between Dr. Maddox and Samuel Wells, on the sand-bar opposite the city of Natchez, the former being in the State of Louisiana, the latter in Mississippi. According to the terms of the fight, neither Judge Crane nor James Bowie were to be present. Bowie at the time had his residence in Natchez (Miss.), and Judge Crane at Alexandria (La.), but was then stopping at a hotel in the city mentioned. The parties to the duel met at the place appointed, but influential citizens from Natchez intervened and prevented hostilities. At this

place a spring gurgled from the bank, overshadowed by willows, with benches arranged for the accommodation of visitors. The parties and their friends thought it a fitting occasion and place to have a good time, and had champagne, brandy, cigars, etc., brought over from Natchez, and sat enjoying themselves, when Judge Crane unexpectedly put in his appearance and joined in the convivial feeling, well pleased with the pacification. But another appearance was shortly to be put in which was to involve direful consequences. Bowie, doubting that Judge Crane would abide his promise to stay away from the place where the fight was appointed to take place, placed a spy upon his actions, who reported to Bowie that he had, with two friends, crossed the river in a skiff for the scene of expected action. Bowie, upon learning this much, crossed over on the ferry-boat, which landed half a mile below, and, all alone, walked up the bank. The citizens of Natchez, generally, were notified of the expected fight and had crossed over the river to see it. As the party quaffed the generous fluids, good feeling arose as the goblets declined, and everything was tinged with the rainbow hues of friendly feeling, when a rustle in the boughs, which overhung the path which led down to the spring attracted attention, and the manly form of James Bowie, *couchant*, to avoid the boughs, met the gaze of the party. Instantaneously, like a snowflake falling upon a heated furnace, the friendly feeling disappeared. The very presence of Bowie meant fight, and it took place between the high-mettled parties, all of whom were men of wealth and social standing. Previous to the appearance of Bowie, Andrew Marschalk, editor of the Natchez *Courier*, a Revolutionary soldier highly respected and of strong influence, remarked to Judge Crane: "Judge, this is a fitting occasion to bring about friendly relations between you and James Bowie, whom you acknowledge to be a gentleman." Judge Crane excitedly remarked, quoting from Shakspeare:

> "No! No! Ne'er can true reconcilement grow
> Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep!"

Scarcely had the words died upon his lips when the "man of fight" descended the path and stood upon the sand-bar. Judge Crane arose and fired upon him with a pistol, the ball passing quite through his body. He staggered and fell. Judge Crane ran up with a sword-cane and attempted to stab him. Bowie skilfully warded the thrusts, and putting forth all his strength, grasped the spear with one hand, and with the other seized the judge by his cravat, which, according to the fashion of the day, men wore tightly secured around their necks, and drew him down closely upon his body. Disengaging the spear from the hand of Judge Crane, he pierced him through the body and heart, and he died upon the body of his prostrate foe, who fainted from the loss of blood. As intimated above, the charm of friendship was dissolved by the appearance of James Bowie, and the friends of the respective parties separated and fired upon each other. Six men were killed and fifteen wounded. Many citizens of Natchez who were present waded into the water of the Mississippi River, then at a low stage, to escape the bullets. Dr. Girault, who was present as surgeon of Dr. Maddox, a man of low stature, also waded in. His friends afterward jokingly would tell him that at every flash from the pistols of the combatants he would duck his head under water until he was nearly drowned. As stated, the ball from Judge Crane's pistol passed quite through the body of Bowie, but cut no chord which bound him to life, and his strong vitality enabled him to recover. He was confined to his bed for three months, and being a man of inventive genius, and fond of hunting, he whittled from white pine, with his pocket-knife, the model of a hunting-knife, and sent it to two brothers in the city of Natchez, skilful blacksmiths, by the name of Blackman, from Massachusetts, with instructions to spare no expense in the making. They made a knife, according to the model, from a broad file or rasp, such as are used in saw-mills, ornamented with silver about the handle. This knife the writer has seen James Bowie, years after the events here written, exhibit to his friends. A hardware merchant of Natchez, catching the idea, sent a

model of this knife to Philadelphia and had a large number manufactured, and they were sold rapidly.

After presenting quite a number of characteristic incidents in the life of James Bowie, Mr. Hall concludes his sketch thus:

Many years after this, a Methodist minister in the town of Clinton, Louisiana, told the writer this: That he was among the first preachers sent by the Methodist Conference to Texas, while it was in its embryo condition, to preach; that he crossed the Mississippi below the old town of Fort Adams, and travelled up Red River, in Louisiana, to get to Texas. The first day after crossing the Mississippi he was overtaken by a horseman, dressed in a buckskin garb, armed with rifle, pistols, and a hunting-knife. They entered into conversation, and he found his travelling companion an intelligent, agreeable gentleman, well acquainted with the geography of the country. They journeyed together for several days, one not asking the other his name or his business, until they reached a town in Texas which had been made the headquarters of desperadoes and refugees from justice from every State. There he gave notice that he would preach at night in the court-house. At the hour appointed the court-house was filled with men, only a few women. He said he gave out a hymn and all sang it and sang it well; but when he took his text and attempted to preach, he was saluted by one with the bray of an ass, another by the hooting of an owl, and kindred noises. Disliking to leave without preaching, he waited until the interruptions subsided, for three several times, when his travelling companion, whom he did not know was present, arose in the midst of the congregation and said: "Men, this man has come here to preach to you—you need preaching to, and I'll be d——d if he sha'n't preach to you. The next man that disturbs him shall fight me. My name's Jim Bowie." The preacher added that after the announcement of the name Jim Bowie he never had a more respectful and attentive congregation. It is hardly necessary to say that James

Bowie laid down his life at the Alamo, in the State of Texas. Greece, in ancient times, had her Thermopylæ, from which only three persons escaped. The Alamo was the American Thermopylæ, from whence only one woman and a negro boy escaped. Travis, the commandant, Crockett and James Bowie, his subordinates, a trio of heroes! Patriotism mourns their fate and memory will bedew their graves with her tears as long as noble deeds move the human heart with pleasurable emotions. In truth, every man who fell at the Alamo was a hero, because not one asked or expected quarter. They fought to protect the infant settlements of Texas from savage destruction.

As a general thing, during the times of which we write, the favorite weapons with the Alabamians and Mississippians were rifles and shotguns, which were seldom used without fatal effect. The favorite weapons of the Creoles, however, were four-sided rapiers; and, as a matter of course, wounds were frequent and fatalities few.

CHAPTER VI.

INDIANS, MEXICANS, CUBANS, JAPANESE.

Fall of a Noted Choctaw Chief—Duelling among the Mexicans—Mortal Combat of a Mexican Banker and a French Merchant—The Custom in the West Indies—Code Henri—Restrictions in Cuba—An Exciting Duel between Soler (a Cuban) and Palacios (a Spaniard) in Havana—The Japanese Mode: "It is only an accident, and at best it is only a quarrel between the two swords."

AMONG many tribes of American Indians duelling exists according to a fashion entirely their own. With many tribes it is necessary that both the combatants perish in all cases, thus: A member feels offended, and demands a combat; the day is fixed and the tribe assemble; the champions advance, the offended man armed with a rifle or shotgun, and the offender unarmed; the one without arms uncovers his breast and receives the missile of death, and the other, while the offender is weltering in his blood, presents his weapon to some relative or friend of his dying adversary, retreats a certain number of paces, points with his finger to the place where the heart is seated, and receives the mortal wound.

This mode does not prevail among either the Choctaws or Cherokees, who fight their duels generally according to the "code;" or, at least, like many "pale faces" whom they have seen fall upon the

"field of honor." And the author is reminded, in this connection, that in July, 1883, Carpenter, the celebrated Choctaw Chief, fought a fatal duel near the Pine Creek Indian Agency (Arkansas), with a white man named Price. It seems that the two men got into a quarrel about some trivial matter, when Price called Carpenter a liar; whereupon the enraged Chief, after looking calmly into Price's face, exclaimed: "Your heart's blood, sir, shall wash out this insult!" "My blood is yours, sir, when you have the power to take it!" responded Price, "and I will give you the opportunity right here and now!" "No, sir, not now," said the Chief, coldly; "but you must meet me at this spot to-morrow, without fail." "I'm your man, my friend, and don't you forget it. I'll meet you to-morrow, with the good friend I always carry in my hip pocket, at any moment you name—when shall we meet?—make it early, for I have an engagement at the Agency in the afternoon." "When the sun shines above the top of yon tree," responded Carpenter, pointing to a wild plum, as he spoke; "at that hour stand you here and you will see me." They then separated. The report of the quarrel and proposed duel spread far and wide, and before sunrise the following morning a large crowd had gathered upon the spot to witness the strange encounter. Price arrived first on the field. He was quickly followed by Carpenter, who appeared just as the sun rose above the tree-tops and illumined the open space upon which Price stood. Both men drew their pistols. Not a word was spoken. Raising their weapons they fired almost simultaneously. Carpenter reeled, but rallying, both fired again. This time Price dropped dead in his tracks. The crowd pressed forward with

a wild shout. As they did so the Chief fell on the ground senseless. A bullet had entered his breast; blood gushed from his mouth, and he was thought to be dying. Price had been shot through the heart. Chief Carpenter was a splendid specimen of Indian manhood. He was tall and straight and comely. He was well educated and had natural talents which placed him head and shoulders above all his Indian associates.

The Mexicans have not been much of a duelling people—at least, the upper classes of Mexico have not indulged in the custom to the same extent that those of other countries have done, albeit fights with knives and assassinations have always prevailed to an alarming degree in all of the States of the Mexican Republic. The first duel (of which there has been any record) in that country took place in 1521, in which Nunez, of the staff of Cortez, slew a Mexican of great fighting renown, after a desperate combat with swords. Cortez himself, says Prescott, "was frequently involved in affairs of honor, from which, though an expert swordsman, he carried away scars that accompanied him to his grave." Among the lower classes of Mexicans fighting to the death with the lariata (lasso) is sometimes practised. Generally, however, these lower orders settle their disturbances (assassin-like) with the knife.

In 1851 Senor Trias challenged an American named Richards for ungentlemanly language concerning his countrymen in the City of Mexico, and the latter was shot dead at the first fire. The latest duel upon Mexican soil took place near Chapultepec, just outside of the City of Mexico, on the morning of November 8, 1883, between Mr. de Ghest, of the

Mexican National Bank, and M. Ollivier, a resident French merchant, in which the latter was killed and the former severely wounded in three places. The difficulty, says the New York *Herald* of November 22d, arose out of a dispute at the Peralvillo races over the possession of some of the seats, and was aggravated by the fact that several of the disputants were foreigners. It appears that the British Minister, Sir Spencer St. John, two American ladies, and Mr. de Ghest, had been witnessing the sport from the raised seats on the grand stand. During the customary promenade between the races the party left their seats unoccupied, and on their return were surprised to find that they had been taken by some other foreigners, among whom was M. Ollivier, a French merchant. Mr. de Ghest demanded that the intruders should give up the seats. M. Ollivier refused, saying that, as the seats were not numbered or reserved, his party had as good a right to them as the former occupants. To this Mr. de Ghest replied that he was a member of the Jockey Club and would see that the seats were given up. Some friend of Mr. de Ghest said to him while the row was going on: "Do not mind these people; they are Barcelonnettes," alluding to the town in the south of France whence many of the French residents of Mexico had come. On the other hand a friend of M. Ollivier said to Mr. de Ghest: "You are an insolent fellow, and to-morrow you will answer to me for this; here is my card." "What have I to do with your name?" answered Mr. de Ghest, excitedly; "I am not in your set and don't know you." He appealed to the police and caused M. Ollivier to be ejected from his seat and locked up in jail. The affair naturally caused great excitement

in the City of Mexico, partly on account of the different nationality of the chief participants. Mr. de Ghest is one of the leaders of society in the Mexican capital, and is connected with the Mexican National Bank. M. Ollivier was connected with a French firm of high standing, and was accompanied by French ladies belonging to the best society in the city. Excitement ran very high in the French colony. The *Colonie Française* demanded the expulsion of Mr. de Ghest from the French Horse Club and the Cercle Française. A protest against M. Ollivier's arrest was signed by about two hundred French residents, and he was finally released from jail by the authorities. The next day there was a stormy scene at the Mexican National Bank. It appears that Mr. Robert, who is connected with the house of Ollivier & Co., and is a director in the bank, demanded the dismissal of Mr. de Ghest. The latter explained how the affair occurred to Mr. Robert, but he became indignant and denounced Mr. de Ghest as a liar. Mr. de Ghest then handed in his resignation, and said to Mr. Robert that he would send him a challenge. The latter, it is alleged, said he would kick Mr. de Ghest and his seconds out of his house, whereupon Mr. de Ghest struck Mr. Robert in the face. Mr. Robert announced that he would begin criminal proceedings against his assailant. After this scene Mr. de Ghest challenged M. Ollivier. The challenge was accepted, and M. Reganon was requested to act as a second. Not satisfied with this, Mr. de Ghest sent a general challenge to each of the persons who had signed the protest against M. Ollivier's arrest. In his letter Mr. de Ghest says:

I will simply say that I caused a rule which is enforced

everywhere to be applied in the case of a person who lacked common politeness at a public gathering. The group who took up the quarrel try to bring in the whole French colony, but the latter should bear in mind that they would disregard national characteristics if they were to champion those who affront women, conceal their signatures, and receive blows without returning them. Now, as regards the persons directly concerned who have mixed themselves up with the signers of the protest, I request you to make known to them and to the person who asserts that I refused to take his card, that I am at their service in my residence, No. 12 Guardiola Hotel. I hope that among those unknown signers there will be found one who will abandon the prudent reserve which has been displayed so far by the persons concerned, including M. Sebastien Robert, who has refused to name his seconds after compelling me to strike him.

As has been stated, the duel took place on November 8. It was fought with swords, and M. Ollivier was killed. About eight o'clock in the morning Mr. de Ghest and M. Emile Ollivier, with their seconds, repaired to a place in the vicinity of Piedad. After the usual preliminaries the combatants confronted each other. Thrusts were skilfully parried, but at length Mr Ollivier wounded his opponent in the shoulder. They fenced again, and Mr. de Ghest received a second thrust, also in the shoulder. At this moment there was intense anxiety manifested, and the seconds looked inquiringly at each other. It is said that M. Ollivier now inquired, "Are you satisfied? implying that he was. Mr. de Ghest, who was angered by the wounds he had received, said, "Go on. It is not for you to speak; your seconds alone have that right.' The fight went on, and in a moment Mr. de Ghest ran his sword through the breast of his opponent, wounding him mortally. At

the same instant M. Ollivier's sword pierced the neck of his opponent, inflicting a third severe wound. The physicians did all that was possible for the wounded combatants, but M. Ollivier died in a short time. His remains lay in the afternoon at the French Hospital. Mr. de Ghest was assisted to his carriage and returned to town.

Duelling in the West Indies, except upon Hayti and the islands under Spanish rule, used to prevail to a great extent, although the custom has pretty nearly died out; and "pistols and coffee" are not called for at the present day, either by quarrelsome youth or by "old stagers," with that same reckless demeanor they used to be in days of yore. Upon the small French islands, particularly, the "code of honor" was held in high esteem, both by foreigners and "estated gentlemen," some thirty, forty, and fifty years ago; and it was no uncommon thing, in those times, to witness two or more duels a month, on an average—only a few of which, however, were attended by fatal consequences. Many a hostile meeting has been precipitated by the wine-cup at the "Cirque," the famous club-house of Basseterre (the capital of Guadaloupe), a resort of French army and navy officers, and by resident planters and merchants of wealth and respectability There was then no law in force against duelling; so the custom was practised without municipal restraint or fear of legal consequences. It was generally understood throughout select society upon St. Martin that every gentleman must have emphasized his polite breeding either by having been "called out" or of having challenged his man, unless his social life and business transactions had been phenomenally serene and satisfactory. There was an

air of perfect refinement and absence of cruelty, however, in the deportment of St. Martin duellists; and the bowie-knife, rifle, or double-barrelled shotgun was seldom ever used as a weapon—the invitations were generally "pistols and coffee," and the terms "ten paces and balls thirty-two to the pound."

Among the various methods resorted to in different countries for the suppression of duelling, none has, perhaps, been so decisive as that of Christophe, the black sovereign of Hayti; for in the criminal code which was formed during his reign, and to which the name of "Code Henri" was given in honor of him, "the king particularly forbids, under any pretence whatever, the officers of the army, and other individuals belonging to it, to make use of sword, sabre, pistol, or other arms against each other, wherever they may be quartered; and every officer, or other individual of the army, or belonging to it, who shall be convicted of having fought a duel shall be shot as a rebel against the king, a violator of justice, and a disturber of the public peace; and any officer, or other person, who shall be convicted of having acted as a second, or even third person, in a duel, and to have repaired to the place appointed for that purpose in order to assist or sanction a duel, shall be considered as those already designated, and shall be shot accordingly." In consequence of the severity of this law, duels, which were very frequent prior to its taking effect, were never known during the reign of Christophe.

Hot-blooded as the inhabitants of Cuba are believed to be, and quarrelsome, certainly, as any other class of Spanish, as they are known to be, still there have been comparatively but few individual differ-

ences settled at the point of the sword during the present century upon that island—which state of things is, of course, almost entirely due to the existing governmental restrictions upon duelling in all its forms, and to the frowning majesty of a place of confinement adjacent to the Cuban capital known as Morro Castle. As a lesson to gentlemen of wounded sensibilities, the Captain-General of Cuba, in 1854, sentenced Señor Sartorius, the then postmaster of Havana, and Señor Gomusio, an officer of the customs at the Cuban capital, to terms of imprisonment in Morro Castle and suspension from duties of their respective offices for their participation as principals in a duel, although both were severely wounded (the weapons used being swords).

Of late years there have been numerous hostile meetings resulting from the turbulent state of politics which has prevailed upon the island for a long time; and not long ago a young Spaniard, named Nicholas Rivero, arrived at Havana, and commenced the publication of a paper called *El Rayo* (*The Thunderbolt*), and defamed the Cubans mercilessly—to such a degree, indeed, that the editor of the *Palenque*, Señor San Miguel, challenged Rivero to meet him in mortal combat. This was on November 3, 1883, says a special despatch from Havana to the New York *Herald;* and on the same evening of the challenge Rivero was sauntering past the Louvre when a boy of nineteen, a hunchback, named Guintana, a Cuban of good family, approached and asked Rivero if he was the author of the insulting article in the *Rayo*, a copy of which the youth held in his hand. Rivero acknowledged the article, whereupon the hunchback sprang upon him, crumpled the paper in his face, and

knocked him over against one of the tables. With Rivero was Palacios, a tall, strong young Spaniard. Palacios was what Mark Twain would call the fighting editor of the *Rayo*. At Guintana's assault a tumult immediately arose in the café, the *habitués* of which are more or less acquainted with each other. They gathered around the combatants. Palacios raised his cane to strike the boy, when he was seized by the neck by a Cuban officer named Angel Soler. Calling Palacios a coward, Soler thrust him aside. Intense excitement followed. The scene ended by a challenge there and then between Palacios and Soler. It was to be no child's play—passions had risen too high for that. Palacios was famed for being a good swordsman, a dead shot, and with a nerve of iron. "These Cubans want me to kill two or three of them," he laughed at night, "in order to teach them manners." Soler had only recently entered the army, and was still in training. Both were of about the same age — twenty-eight — and of like physique. Soler's seconds were instructed to accept no terms less than a duel to the death, and, in order to bring that about, to agree, if need be, to whatever terms Palacios' seconds chose to make. Soler, having the choice of weapons, chose pistols at ten paces, the principals to advance five and fire. This was objected to on the other side as simple murder. Terms were then allowed Palacios, who chose swords. Soler insisted that they should be double-edged and pointed, and after some demur those terms were finally accepted. Next morning at six the duel was to be fought at La Chorrera, a small town along the coast, three or four miles outside Havana. The principals rose at five, and, with doctor and seconds, met,

prepared to take their fatal journey. A terrific rain poured down, and Heaven seemed to intervene in the sad folly. But they were bent on battle; so the party adjourned to the Payret Theatre, right in the heart of the city, just off the Prado. The Payret was the finest theatre in Havana. A year ago part of the roof fell in through the accumulation of rain on its flat surface, and the place is now in ruins. It is being rebuilt, and the doors are barricaded. They forced open one of the doors and entered the artists' dressing-room. The preliminaries were brief. The keen-pointed blades were drawn, and the duel began. Palacios, being the more skilled swordsman and confident of victory, attacked the other in a fury, and from the first forced the fighting. Soler, cool and wary, and knowing his man, acted wholly on the defensive. His failure to end the matter as briefly as he had expected seemed to exasperate Palacios. He pressed his adversary desperately, but was met with a firm defence. Not a word was spoken nor a sound heard, save the rush of the rain without and the clish-clash of the steel. Palacios redoubled his efforts. A parry on Soler's part knocked his adversary's weapon wide aside. A swift, straight thrust followed instantaneously before the other could recover his guard, and through the left side of the throat entered the sharp-pointed blade, severing all the vessels in its passage and issuing clean out at the other side. It was all over. Palacios fell to the floor, past the care of doctor or priest.

The mode among the Japanese may be illustrated by the following example: Two officers belonging to the Emperor's staff met upon the imperial staircase; their swords happened to entangle, and words arose.

Said one to the other, coolly, "It is only an accident, and at best it is only a quarrel between the two swords." "We shall see about that," cried the other, excitedly; and with these words he drew his weapon and plunged it into his breast. The other, impatient to obtain the same advantage, hurried away upon some errand of service which he was slowly performing, and instantly returned to his antagonist, who was already at the point of death. On inquiring if he was still alive, and being informed of the fact, he also plunged his sword into his own body, exclaiming, "You should not have had the start of me if you had not found me engaged in the service of the Prince. I die contented, however, since I have had the glory of convincing you that my sword is as good as yours."

CHAPTER VII.

VARIOUS MODES OF FIGHTING.

Fatal Encounter between Count de Luz and Duke de Guise near Paris—Desperate Fight in Arkansas—Colonel Jonah Barrington's Duel with Gilbert in Ireland—Duelling in the Air—Artillery Duels—Scenes before Richmond, Corinth, Charleston, and Atlanta—Spectacular Duels at Sea—The Kearsarge and Alabama—Bon Homme Richard and Serapis—Huascar and Esmeralda—Miscellaneous Modes of Combat—Tournaments and Jousts—Duels of Fiction and of the Stage.

DUELLING on horseback was not an uncommon mode of combat two or three centuries ago; and especially in Ireland, where there still exist fields (with the old post-holes) upon which "real old Irish gentlemen" have fought many furious battles upon chargers. This mode of hostilities, says Barrington, "provided that combatants should gallop past each other at a distance marked out by posts, which prevented a nearer approach. They were at liberty to fire at each other at any time from the commencement to the end of their course, but they were compelled to do so at a hard gallop, their weapons having been previously charged alike with a certain number of balls, slugs, or whatever was most convenient, as agreed upon. The posts were usually placed eight or nine yards apart, being the nearest points from which the combatants might fire. If neither

party were hit during one course tne comoatants proceeded to a second; and if it was decided to continue the fight after the pistols were discharged, they then either finished with broadswords on horseback or with smallswords on foot."

During the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella, Don Pedro Velasco and Ponce de Leon fought a fatal duel on horseback on a narrow causeway near Madrid, and the former was run through the body with a silver-pointed spear. In 1589 the young Count de Luz, whose father had been killed in a duel by the Duke de Guise, challenged the Duke, and the two noblemen met on horseback near Paris, the Count mounted on a white palfry and De Guise on a black stallion. The combat was of a fierce character, and was concluded by the Duke seizing the sword arm of the Count, forcing it backwards and plunging his own sword clear to its hilt through the neck of his antagonist, who fell from his saddle dead. In 1603 Sir Mathew Brown, of Beachwood Castle (England), and Sir John Townshend, a distinguished member of the first parliament of James I., met at Hounslow Heath, and fought a desperate battle on horseback, during which each inflicted upon the other mortal wounds, Sir Mathew expiring upon the field and his antagonist dying as he was being conveyed to his home. Two young men (cousins), named Austin Guthrie and Franklin Meyers, near Black Creek (Arkansas), who were rivals for the affections of a young lady of the same town, early in the month of August, 1883, at first quarrelled and then proceeded to blows. In a short time afterward they met on horseback, according to agreement, to fight it out; and as soon as they closed they drew their knives

and commenced a contest which lasted ten or twelve minutes, at the end of which time each had been fatally hurt. Both were horribly cut about the head and body, Meyers' left arm having been nearly severed. The combatants evidently fainted, and then fell from their horses; and, although conscious when found, soon afterward expired. One of the most interesting duels of this character was that fought by Colonel Jonah Barrington and a Mr. Gilbert, at Maryborough (Ireland), in 1759, the story of which is felicitously told by Sir Jonah Barrington (a grandson of Mr. Gilbert's antagonist), as follows:

My grandfather and Mr. Gilbert had an irreconcilable grudge; I forget the cause, but I believe it was a very silly one. It increased, however, every day, and the relatives of both parties found it must inevitably end in a combat, which, were it postponed till the sons of each grew up, might be enlarged, perhaps, from an individual into a regular family engagement. It was therefore thought better that the business should be ended at once; and it was decided that they should fight on horseback, on the green of Maryborough; that the ground should be one hundred yards of race, and eight of distance; the weapons of each, two holster-pistols, a broad-bladed but not very long sword (I have often seen my grandfather's) with basket-handle, and a skeen, or long, broad-bladed dagger; the pistols to be charged with one ball and swandrops. The entire country, for miles around, attended to see the combat, which had been six months settled and publicly announced, and the county trumpeter, who attended the judges at the assizes, was on the ground. My grandfather's second was a Mr. Lewis Moore, of Cremorgan, whom I well recollect; Gilbert's was one of his own name and family—a captain of cavalry. All due preliminaries being arranged, the country collected and placed as at a horse-race, and the ground kept free by the gamekeepers and huntsmen mounted, the com-

batants started, and galloped toward each other. Both fired before they reached the nearest spot, and missed. The second course was not so lucky. My grandfather received many of Gilbert's shot full in his face; the swandrops penetrated no deeper than his temple and cheek bones; the large bullet fortunately passed him. The wounds not being dangerous, only enraged old Jonah Barrington; and the other being equally willing to continue the conflict, a fierce battle, hand to hand, ensued; but I should think they did not close *too* nearly, or how could they have escaped with life? My grandfather got three cuts, which he used to exhibit with great glee; one on the thick of the right arm, a second on his bridle-arm, and a third on the inside of the left hand. His hat, which he kept to the day of his death, was also sliced in several places; but both had iron scull-caps under their hats, which probably saved their brains from remaining upon the green of Maryborough. Gilbert had received two pokes from my grandfather on his thigh and his side, but neither dangerous. I fancy he had the best of the battle, being as strong as, and less irritable than, my grandfather, who, I suspect, grew toward the last a little ticklish on the subject—for he rushed headlong at Gilbert, and instead of striking at his person, thrust his broadsword into the horse's body as often as he could, until the beast dropped with his rider underneath him; my grandfather then leaped off his horse, threw away his sword, and putting his skeen, or broad dagger, to the throat of Gilbert, told him to ask his life or die, as he must do either one or the other in half a minute. Gilbert said he would ask his life only upon the terms that, without apology or conversation, they should shake hands heartily and be future friends and companions, and not leave the youths of two old families to revenge their quarrel by slaughtering each other. These terms being quite agreeable to my grandfather, as they breathed good sense, intrepidity, and good heart, he acquiesced; and from that time they were the most intimately attached and joyous friends and companions of the county they resided in.

There have been quite a number of duels fought in the air—all but one, however (that between M. de Grandpre and M. de Pique, near Paris, May 3, 1808, in which the latter was killed), so far as our information goes, having grown out of reconnoissances by military aeronauts, a description of which is presented in Cassell's "Illustrated History of the Franco-German War," as follows:

Few balloon voyages can compare, for exciting and perilous incidents, with one which was performed at the time of the siege of Paris, by the well-known M. Nadar. That gentleman left Tours for Paris with government dispatches at six in the morning. At eleven he was within view of the capital, and, while floating about three thousand metres above Fort Charenton, a second balloon was observed on the horizon. M. Nadar at once displayed the French flag, and the other responded by exhibiting the same colors. Gradually the two balloons approached one another, being drawn in the same direction by the same current of air. When they were separated by only a short distance, several explosions were heard. The strange aeronaut continued to fire shots at M. Nadar's balloon, the Intrepide, which began to descend rapidly. The French flag had by this time been taken in by the other balloon, and the Prussian colors were exhibited instead. Those who were watching the affair from the French below, and who now saw the character and object of the pursuer, cried out that Nadar was lost. But they were mistaken. He had scrambled from the car up the network of the balloon, on the first shot from the enemy, apparently to stop a hole made in the tissue; and he now descended as the balloon righted itself, and, on a quantity of ballast being thrown out, again rose high into the air. Shots were then fired in rapid succession from the Intrepide into the Prussian balloon, which suddenly sank to the earth with headlong rapidity. On reaching the ground a detachment of Uhlans, who had watched the combat from the

plain, picked up the fallen aeronaut, and rode off to the Prussian outposts. M. Nadar then descended in safety at Charenton.

What may properly be termed artillery duels (on land and on sea) are inevitable occurrences, nowadays, during the progress of wars. The engagement of the Federal war vessel *Kearsarge* (Captain Winslow), and the Confederate war steamer *Alabama* (Admiral Semmes), off Cherbourg (France), June 19, 1864, may be referred to, perhaps, as one of the most brilliant and magnificent naval duels between wooden vessels of the present age, both as regards preparation for and performance during action; while a no less conspicuous and much more important "affair" was the "hostile meeting" in Hampton Roads (Virginia), March 9, 1862, of the little Ericsson *Monitor* (Captain Worden) and the formidable Confederate ram *Merrimack* (Captain Buchanan), just a short time after the latter had destroyed the Federal war-vessels *Congress* and *Cumberland.* Undoubtedly the most desperate and bloody encounter which can be referred to was that during the American Revolution between the *Bonhomme Richard* (Paul Jones, of the U. S. Navy), and the *Serapis* (Captain Pearson, of the British Fleet), a part of the engagement being "yard-arm to yard-arm." This was a naval duel in every sense of the word. In this connection may be mentioned the fact that Stephen Decatur, U. S. N., challenged Sir Thomas Hardy, of the British Navy, during the war of 1812, to meet the *United States* and *Macedonian* with the frigates *Endymion* and *Statira,* which Hardy declined, although that officer, in turn, proposed to fight the *Macedonian* with the *Statira,* which proposal, however, was not acceptable to the

gallant Decatur. The most notable as well as the most desperate affair between ironclads was the fight in 1879 between the Peruvian *Huascar* and the Chilian *Admiral Cochrane*, during which the former was whipped and captured. Previous to this engagement the *Huascar* (Don Miguel Grau) had met and sunk the Chilian *Esmeralda* (a wooden vessel commanded by Don Arturo Pratt) in an encounter—off Iquique (Chili), May 21, 1879—the particulars of which have been glowingly described by a number of English and Spanish writers. During the civil war in the United States, artillery duels were very frequent between Federal and Confederate batteries—conspicuously so in Charleston harbor and near Vicksburg; and also in front of Atlanta, Richmond, and Corinth, and at many other strategic points in our country made historic during four years of war by episodes and achievements too numerous to chronicle here. From the time of the Battle of Shiloh (April 6 and 7, 1862, to the night of the evacuation of Corinth (April 30, 1862), and from the date of the Battle of Peach-tree Creek (July 20, 1864), in front of Atlanta, to the Battle of Jonesboro' (August 31, 1864), the writer saw many artillery duels in which two or more batteries would engage each other at a distance of a mile or more apart sometimes for several hours, when otherwise it would be as quiet in camp nearly as upon a Sabbath in some of the most orderly New England villages.

There are many other modes of combat which may be incidentally mentioned, but which hardly come under the head of duelling, however: In Persia men meet in mortal combat armed with maces, and batter away at each other until one or the other is van-

quished. Zulus meet in mortal combat with assegais. The natives of Patagonia fight each other with slings, carrying round stones generally weighing a pound each, which they hurl with tremendous force and with remarkable accuracy. Prize-fighting, or boxing, originated among the Romans, and combatants often met each other wearing gloves loaded with metal, and generally with fatal consequences. In Tuscany, Florence, Sienna, Vicenza, Pisa, and Leghorn, up to a late day, certain classes met either with armed or unarmed fists to settle their disturbances. During the early part of the eighteenth century one Figg taught cudgelling and pugilism in London; and Broughton, who succeeded Figg, educated men for the prize-ring, and is known to-day throughout England as the father of the English school of boxing.

"Purring" (shin-kicking), which originated in Wales, is practised a good deal at the present day among the coal-miners of Pennsylvania. A Philadelphia correspondent of the New York *Sunday Mercury* presented to that paper an extended account of a "purr" which took place at Port Richmond (Penn.), in January, 1883, from which is taken a description of the first two rounds:

At two o'clock the men appeared, wearing Lancashire shoes toed with copper, having submitted their feet for inspection to show that there were no protruding nails, and James gave the word to purr. Grabby advanced cautiously, and appeared to forget about the shoulder-straps until his second reminded him of it. He took hold with apparent unwillingness, and then began the most brutal and savage contest that two men could engage in. For fully five minutes they sparred with their feet in a manner that was simply wonderful. Blows were countered and returned with the

same skill and rapidity as shown by men fighting with their fists. Not once in that time did either man more than touch his opponent's skin. Then McTevish, taking a firmer hold on his opponent's collar, lifted his left foot and, after keeping it poised for a moment, make a straight toe kick for his opponent's right knee. Grabby deftly avoided the blow by spraddling his legs far apart, and with almost inconceivable quickness brought his left foot around and caught McTevish on the outside of the right calf. The flesh was laid open almost to the bone, and the blood spurted out in streams. McTevish never uttered a word. At the same instant that his own leg was cut he gave Grabby what is known as a sole scrape. Beginning at the instep and ending just below the knee-pan, Grabby's left shin was scraped almost clear of skin. Both men were evidently in pain, and angry. They kicked and countered a dozen times again without doing any damage. Then Grabby, by some mishap, lost his hold on his opponent's shoulder-strap. In attempting to grasp it again he lifted his eyes for a moment, and before he could recover himself the calves of both his legs were laid open by a double-foot kick. In return for this he succeeded in delivering a terrific kick on McTevish's knee, causing him to drop to the ground like a log, pulling the other kicker on top of him. The seconds rushed forward and separated the men and took them to their corners to bind up their wounds. The first go or round occupied sixteen minutes. When the call of purr came again the purrers hobbled to the centre and took another hold. They were, indeed, a pitiable-looking pair. McTevish's legs, although bound up in plaster, were bleeding freely, and the exposed places looked like beefsteak. His opponent's shins had been both scraped clean of the flesh, and the blood was oozing out from between the strips of plaster. Without any preliminary sparring Grabby made a vicious straight kick at his opponent's lame knee, bringing him to grass again before he had time to think.

The "forehead fight," a brutal combat inherited from the old Turks, still survives in some districts

among the Tartars of the Crimea. A duel of this savage kind, says some writer, took place a short time ago in a Crimean village. The report of it is given by a physician who was called to attend the defeated combatant. The two foes take their stand at measured distance from each other, with their heads bent forward; then at a given signal they rush at one another, butting forehead against forehead, like two goats. The remainder of the duel is fought wholly with the forehead; neither blows nor kicks are permitted, as the man who uses any weapon except his forehead is disgraced. In the recent duel blood streamed from the forehead of both the semi-savages; nevertheless, they continued butting at each other with ferocious passion, until at length one of them fell exhausted to the earth. He gathered up all his remaining strength to draw his knife from his girdle, and with one determined stroke he cut a wide gash across his throat. The physician states that the act of suicide on the part of the beaten man is to be regarded as a direct consequence of the injury done by the fearful concussion of the brain.

The forehead fight (or butting) is largely practiced by low negroes in America and England, while the higher grade of colored persons settle their differences with the razor. Negro barbers, coachmen, servants, waiters, traders, restaurant-keepers, stevedores, dandies and sports throughout the United States carry the razor as an implement of warfare, just as many white men carry the pistol or knife.

The Chicago *News* lately had an interview with a negro policeman touching the razor as a weapon, thus:

The razor is becoming an obsolete weapon among the black people on the levee, said a colored officer of the Harrison

Street police station. The young bloods have mostly departed from the traditions of the plantation, and now if one of them wants to "get even" with anybody he generally provides himself with a revolver. Of course it doesn't follow that he attempts to do any shooting. Frequently he merely carries it around in his pocket and brags about it, and shows it to his friends in the saloons. After a few days he pawns it or gets arrested for carrying a concealed weapon. No, the old days of carving cutlets out of a man with a razor have nearly gone by. Two or three times a year, maybe, some particularly vicious black man slices somebody with a dozen gashes each a foot long, but that sort of thing isn't considered good form nowadays. How did colored people come to adopt the razor as a weapon? Well, the slaves on the plantations were generally not allowed to own guns or pistols. It was against the law for any one to sell them ammunition. Many of them could get razors easily. They got accustomed to carrying razors, and many of those who moved north, after the war, brought razors in their pockets, sleeves, or stowed away in the legs of their boots. To carry razors had become a sort of a tradition with the bloodthirsty ones. How is an attack made with a razor? Rough-and-tumble, any way to get there. If the man who is attacked doesn't turn and run, he gets slashed in the face and arms, or both. If he tries to run away he is likely to get a rake in the back which will lay open the flesh so wide that the surgeon can look through the man's ribs into his interior like a small boy peeping through the pickets of an orchard fence. A razor is a terrible weapon. I would rather face a revolver than one of them any day.

A late number of the Sioux City *Journal* presents the following description of a duel without arms:

One of the most remarkable fights on record occurred recently between Loveland and Honey Creek, two small stations between Missouri Valley and Council Bluffs, on the Chicago and Northwestern Railroad. Duggan Points and Will Moss engaged in a mortal combat over the rival claims

to a woman. Points was killed, and Moss is supposed to be mortally injured. The fight was without arms, and in the presence of a large number of spectators, who permitted the fearful contest to go on until it terminated in the death of one of the combatants. The particulars of the brutal affair were not fully learned by the parties who brought the news to this city from Missouri Valley. As far as could be ascertained, it appears that about a year ago a young woman named Sallie Craig, living between Loveland and Honey Creek, was the sweetheart and promised bride of William Moss, a young farmer who resided in Loveland. In a few months it was agreed that they should be married. Before the wedding day arrived, however, trouble arose between the lovers over the somewhat too attentive presence of Duggan Points, also a young farmer, who resided near Honey Creek. Moss and the girl quarrelled and separated, and his rival was thereafter for a time her beau. Subsequently the first lover and the girl met again and partially made up their differences. This enraged Points, who had come to regard her as his own, and he sought to pick a quarrel with Moss and in some way get an excuse for putting his hated rival out of the way. The men met on two occasions during the past three months, and each time had a quarrel, and would have fought, but were prevented from doing much damage by the circumstances and parties who separated them. At a dance about ten days ago the rivals again met and came to blows. They were again separated, and the girl was appealed to to determine the question by choosing the one she liked best. She was unwilling to do so, but said she would go with the one who proved himself to be the best man. It was accordingly agreed that a time and place should be fixed, and there the men should fight it out, the one who was whipped to forever relinquish all claims to the hand of the cause of the trouble. The dispute by this time had been so widely talked of by the people of both Loveland and Honey Creek that a natural jealousy between the two places easily caused the citizens of each to take sides. The place of the fight was agreed upon as half way between the respective

residents. A man from Loveland seconded Moss, and Points' brother acted as his second. The fight was not to be conducted according to any specified rules, but in the most approved rough-and-tumble style. About sixty people were on the ground, among whom was the girl over whom the contest was caused, to witness the brutal affair. The seconds stood with cocked revolvers in hand and warned no one to interfere. The men commenced fighting fiercely. They used fists, heels and teeth; and in clinching and tumbling about rolled over a large area of ground. The fight lasted fifty-five minutes, and throughout was one of the most brutal character. It was brought to a fatal conclusion by Points' strength entirely giving way, and then Moss, with the last efforts of his madness, stamped upon his prostrate foe and crushed in his breast and kicked in his head. The spectators at this overpowered the seconds and dragged the men apart. Points was dying when picked up, and expired soon afterward. Moss had been severely bitten by his antagonist, having had two fingers, an ear, and his nose taken off, and was in a deplorable condition from other injuries.

Tournaments (or mock duels) seem to have originated in Germany during the year 819, and were first introduced to dramatically commemorate important royal or military events, but soon degenerated to such an extent that they were rigidly prohibited by Church and State. From 1100 to 1605 the tournament among the French was most popular, although it commenced to decline after the death of Henry II., in 1559. This monarch, who excelled in every exercise of chivalry, was peculiarly fond of tournaments, and gave a splendid succession of them at Paris on the marriage of his daughter to Philip II., King of Spain. The lists extended from the Palace of Tournelles to the Bastile, across the street of St. Antoine. During the first two days the king broke several lances with lords of his

court, in all of which he showed extraordinary vigor and address. On the third day of the tournaments (June 30, 1559), towards the close of the evening, and before the conclusion, Henry betrayed a great inclination to try his prowess against the Count de Montgomeri, Captain of his Life Guards, who had formerly wounded Francis I., and was distinguished for his superior address and tact in combats of this character above any nobleman in the kingdom. Catherine de Medicis entreated the king not to re-enter the lists, but he resisted her solicitations, saying that he would break one lance more in her honor. Montgomeri accepted the challenge with great reluctance; Henry, however, commanded him to obey, and even fought with his vizor raised; but authors are not quite agreed whether it was raised intentionally or flew open by a blow from Montgomeri's lance in an encounter which was so violent that the count's lance broke against the king's helmet. The former then fought with the stump which remained in his hand, and with it had the misfortune to strike the king so violent a blow under the eye as threw him to the ground, and deprived him instantly of both speech and understanding, though he lived eleven days afterward. This sad circumstance occasioned the decline of tournaments in France, while the wounding of Francis de Bassompierre by the Duke of Guise, in 1605, brought about its total suppression. Tournaments were introduced into England during the reign of Stephen, in 1135, and were very popular among English and Scotch noblemen for several hundred years, during which time many illustrious persons lost their lives. It was finally suppressed in England in 1600. Tournaments were very popular in the States

of Maryland, Virginia, and South Carolina as late as 1851, but were never maintained with that recklessness and chivalric display which characterized their existence in European countries. Quite a number of tournaments were given at Santa Monica (Cal.), in 1874–5, similar to those given in Maryland and Virginia twenty-five years before. Jousts differ from tournaments not essentially, except that the latter were always understood to be friendly engagements, or mock duels, while the former were generally hostile encounters by mounted lancers, intent on inflicting serious or mortal wounds.

We cannot dismiss this portion of our subject without referring to the duels of fiction and of the stage—many of which, however, are not purely fictitious, being founded on historical incidents and anecdotes. There is nothing more exciting or delightful in the whole catalogue of Thespian entertainments than a stage duel; from the "blood-and-thunder" broadsword combat in the "French Spy," which so enlivens the "gods," to the artistic encounter with foils in the "Corsican Brothers," which never fails to entrance even the most genteel theatre-goers. Shakespeare, the greatest of all dramatic writers, presents many scenes of mortal combats in his plays; and in our mind's eye we can now see the little sleepy atom of humanity in the old Bowery pit—tired to death, nearly, of the long speeches in Richard III.—entreating the more robust urchin at his side to "Wake me up when Kirby dies." Bulwer's "Claude Melnotte" makes neat but short and entertaining work of the suspecting "Colonel Damas," while Ned Adams' duel in the "Dead Heart" was simply matchless, and was worth sitting the whole play through to see. "Led Astray," "Ca-

milla's Husband," "Frou-Frou," and "Les Horaces" all contain splendid duelling scenes; and those who have witnessed Forrest, Booth, Murdoch, Scott, Perry, Eddy, McDonough, Adams, Sullivan, Kean, Davenport, Wheatley, Fechter—or even Barrett, Keene, or McCullough—in Shakespearean and other stage duels, have received impressions which will forever remain upon their minds. Descriptions and engravings of duels in fictitious works, while they are not, of course, so exciting or so impressive as stage encounters, are generally very delightful reading, and are seldom "skipped." And it is a noteworthy fact that there are but few authors of fiction of note who have not embellished their productions with scenes of mortal combat, of a character purely imaginary or otherwise—conspicuously, Sue, "Sand," "Ouida," Dumas, Mühlbach, Bulwer, Marryatt, Thackeray, D'Israeli, Scott, Lever, Irving, Cooper, James, and many other charming romancers.

"Comedy and Tragedy," the new play which W. S. Gilbert has written for Miss Anderson, is essentially a one-part piece, and is founded on a story which Mr. Gilbert wrote for Routledge's Christmas Annual for the year 1869. The heroine is *Celine*, wife of *Phillip de Quillac*, an actor of the Théâtre Français, in the year 1745. *Celine* was an actress, and captivated the *Duc de Richelieu*, who tries to have her abducted, but fails. The main incidents of the drama turn upon a duel scene. Her husband and *Richelieu* are fighting in the garden while she is entertaining a number of friends with specimens of her powers as an actress. She imitates "comedy" while the clashing of swords is heard in the garden, and suddenly becomes alarmed, fearing that her husband will be

killed. She pleads to them to save her husband. They think she is playing tragedy and applaud her, and the more earnestly and terribly she begs of them to save her husband, the more they applaud her "acting" of tragedy, as they think it is. At last one of the company sees that she is in earnest and opens the door to go to the scene of the fight, when her husband stands before her uninjured, and informs her that the *Duc de Richelieu* is wounded to the death.

CHAPTER VIII.

CLERGYMEN AND WOMEN.

English Clergymen—A Buccaneer Parson and his Duel—Attitudes of Other "Holy Men"—A Brilliant but Unfortunate Preacher—Duelling among Women—Desperate Duel between the Countess of Polignac and Lady de Nesle at Versailles—Two Ladies of Quality Fight at Paris—Other Affairs among Women — Heroism of the Countess de St. Belmont — The Heroic Agnes Hotot—Youthful Affairs—White and Black—Brother and Sister—Men and Women.

To those who have never heard of such a thing, the statement that ministers of the Gospel have indulged in the polite luxury of killing their fellow-beings in duels will cause surprise. But such is the case; and, as late as 1799, the Reverend Henry Bate, an Episcopal minister, had fought and killed three men in duels. He died in 1824, holding a high position in Ely Cathedral, England. A description of this man's life shows him to have been a brilliant but profligate fellow, although a parson. He was a dead shot, but was "winged" at last by Captain Stoney Robinson, who was also dangerously wounded by the unclerical parson—a lady having been the cause of the trouble. In 1815 the Reverend Mr. Bate (or Dudley—as he had taken the name of Dudley in 1784) was made a baronet. Two of his wrangles and duels were over actresses and another on account of articles he had written besmirching the

character of the Countess of Strathmore. In 1782 an Episcopal minister named Bennett Allen challenged and killed a Marylander named Lloyd Dulany. The duel took place in Hyde Park, London, a short time before midnight, and was fought with pistols at eight paces. Dulany fell to the ground and raised himself almost like a flash, and then tottered backward and fell into the arms of his second, Henry Delancy, of Hagerstown (Md.), mortally wounded. The difficulty was caused by the publication of anonymous articles in a London newspaper reflecting upon Dulany and other American loyalists, and a subsequent publication of a card in the same paper calling the writer of the articles a liar, a scoundrel, and a coward. Allen attempted to quit the country the day following the duel, but was arrested, and convicted of manslaughter, and sentenced to six months' imprisonment in Newgate. In 1764 the Reverend Mr. Thomas Hill was challenged by Cornet Gardner, of the "Carabineers," for ungentlemanly conduct, and was killed at the first shot.

Perhaps one of the most interesting anecdotes of these Christian fighters, who seem, at times, to have altogether forgotten the Sermon on the Mount, is the one about Doctor Blackburn, who was, in the early part of his life, an active buccaneer in the West Indies—for even buccaneers could not do without a parson. And during one of their cruises, as the story goes, the first lieutenant, having a dispute with Blackburn, told him that if it were not for his gown he should treat him in a different manner. "Oho!" exclaimed the parson, "that need be no hindrance;" and, stripping off the garment, he added: "Now I am your man!" At this it was agreed that they

should fight on a small island near where their ship lay, and that the one who fell should be rolled into the sea by the survivor, that it might seem as if, while walking on the cliff, he had lost his footing and tumbled in. The lieutenant fell, to all appearance as if shot dead. Blackburn at once rolled the prostrate man down the cliff; but, just as they reached the last shelf of the declivity, the lieutenant recovered sufficiently to cry out, "For God's sake, hold your hand!" "Aha!" said Blackburn, "you called just in time, for in another moment you would have been in the sea." This same parson and buccaneer was afterward made Archbishop of York; and when Sir Charles Wager heard of the promotion he said: "What, my old friend Dr. Blackburn created Archbishop of York? I ought to have been preferred to it before him, for I was the elder buccaneer of the two."

Notwithstanding the many edicts issued by the Catholic Church, Cardinal de Retz once challenged a priest of high birth at the altar. It is said of this "holy man" that he was one of the most noted duellists of the seventeenth century, and was the hero of thirteen hostile meetings, in each of which "there was a lady in the case." Cardinal Norris once accepted a challenge to fight a noted Jesuit named Macedo, in the forest of Boulogne, but the meeting was interfered with by the Pope; and Macedo, it is said, nearly died from grief in consequence. Joachim Murat, afterward King of Naples, and one of the deadest shots that ever lived, fought his first duel while occupying a high ecclesiastical position as the Abbé Murat — the cause of the trouble being a pretty maiden of Toulouse.

The writer has no knowledge of such duelling scenes among American clergymen, although he has met "members of the cloth" who carried pistols and were known as excellent shots. He calls to mind a young Kentuckian, of most profligate habits, who preached at St. Athanasius' Church, in Los Angeles (Cal.), in 1868, who could whip out a six-shooter and knock the spots out of the six of diamonds at twenty yards, or ring the bell at a shooting-gallery with a rifle twelve times in succession. He was a brilliant young minister, but a slave to intoxicants; and died from the effects of intemperance shortly after having retired from the rectorship of a church at Elkhart (Ind.), in 1879. The last words of this gifted minister—uttered while at the very threshold of death—are so full of startling pathos, and so painfully illustrative of the course of so many who have looked too frequently upon the delicious nectar in its blush, that we present it here, trusting that it may not be without its lesson to those who are too heedless of the possible consequences of too much "drink:"

But now the struggle is over. I can survey the field and measure the losses. The demon tore from around me the robes of my sacred office and sent me out churchless and godless, a very hissing and by-word among men. Afterwards I had business, large and lucrative, and my voice was heard in many courts pleading for mercy, justice and right. But the dust soon gathered on my books and no footfall crossed the threshold of the drunkard's office. I had money, ample for all necessities, but it took wings and went to feed the coffers of the devils which possessed me. I had a home adorned with all that wealth and the most exquisite taste could do. The devil crossed its threshold and the light faded from its chambers; the fire went out from the the holiest of altars, and leading me from its portals, de-

spair walked forth with me and sorrow and anguish lingered within. I had children — beautiful, to me, at least, as a dream of the morning—and they had so entwined themselves around their father's heart that no matter where he might wander, ever it came back to them on the wings of a father's undying love. The destroyer took their hands in his and led them away. I had a wife whose charms of mind and person were such that to see her was to remember, and to know her was to love her. For several years we walked the rugged path of life together rejoicing in the sunshine and sorrowing in the shade. The infernal monster would not spare me even this. I had a mother, who for long years had not left her chair, a victim of disease, and her choicest delight was in reflecting that the lesson taught at her knee had taken root in the heart of her youngest born and that he was useful to his fellows and an honor to her who bore him. But the thunderbolt even reached there, and there it did its most cruel work. Other days cured all but this. Ah, me! never a word of reproach from her; only a tender caress, only a shadow of a great unspoken grief gathered over the dear old face; only a trembling hand laid more lovingly upon my head, only a closer clinging to the cross, only a piteous appeal to Heaven if her cup was at last full. And while her boy raged in his wild delirium two thousand miles away, the pitying angels pushed the golden gates ajar, and the mother of the drunkard entered into rest. And thus I stand, a clergyman without a church, a barrister without brief or business, a husband without a wife, a son without a parent, a man with scarcely a friend, a soul without hope—all swallowed up in the maelstrom of drink!

If women, as a general thing, do not countenance and have never countenanced, modern duelling, and are naturally averse to all systems of individual combats—for varied and sometimes heroic reasons—still they have their womanly sympathies at play, either upon one side or the other, in all encounters and con-

troversies where they may be interested, however trivial or majestic the difficulty or its cause. During the existence of judicial duelling in European countries, ladies of rank were always to be found among the respectable spectators, and there have been instances of the presence of women upon hostile fields since the prohibition of judicial duels, particularly in Italy and France. There are also records of hostile encounters between women — conspicuous among which was the duel with pistols between Lady de Nesle and the Countess of Polignac in 1721, in the gardens of Versailles (France). The ladies had indulged in a most disgraceful quarrel two evenings before at a grand *fête* at the Palace, over the Duc de Richelieu—that wondrous character in the history of France—during which Lady de Nesle, losing all control of herself, had sprung like a tigress upon her rival, and attempted to tear a diamond necklace from the Countess's neck. Failing in this, however, she snatched the blush roses from their nest in the snowy bosom, and flung them in the face of her rival. Up to this time, says some English writer, the Countess of Polignac had kept down by a powerful effort the mighty rage which was inwardly consuming her, but this last indignity destroyed even outward calmness; and, casting aside all further reserve, she attacked Lady de Nesle in the same way she herself had been assaulted. In a moment jewels and flowers and ribbons and laces strewed the floor, and there is no telling to what extent the extraordinary exhibition would have gone had not the enraged amazons been separated by the Marquis de Malbuisson and Mademoiselle Nathalie de Condacet. Out of this grew the duel, the Countess of Polignac being the challenging

party. The ladies met at six in the morning, in July, 1721, and fired one shot at each other without effect. Their seconds (the Marquis de Malbuisson and the Comte de Penthievre for Polignac and M. de Remusac and Vicomte D'Allagne for de Nesle) then rushed in to prevent further hostilities; the fair demons, however, would not be appeased, but called for a change of pistols, and again blazed away—this second time with satisfactory effect, for the Marchioness fell dangerously wounded by a bullet in her left side, while the Countess was just quietly touched in an ear.

A duel took place at Paris, January 31, 1772, between Mademoiselle de Guignes and Mademoiselle d'Aiguillon (two ladies of quality), who had quarrelled about precedency at a *soirée*, and retired to a garden adjacent to the scene of disturbance, and fought with knives until both were wounded—the former in the arm and the latter in the neck. It is recorded of Mademoiselle Moussin, a French prima donna, that, after killing three men in duels in the woods near Paris, by sword, she fatally wounded her fencing-master, Serane, and fled to Brussels, where she domiciled with the Elector of Bavaria for a brief period. Lola Montez was also skilful with both pistol and rapier, but it does not appear that she ever engaged in anything of a hostile character above the dignity of a street fight. She once challenged a journalist at Grass Valley, Cal., to meet her with pistols according to prevailing rules governing such meetings; and, upon his refusal to do so, thrashed him with a cowhide upon a public street. In 1845 she was a witness in the trial of Mons. Bouvallon for killing Mons. Dujarier, at Paris, and said, in her testimony: "I was a better shot than Dujarier; and, if

Bouvallon only wanted satisfaction, I would have fought him myself." Dujarier was the friend of Lola Montez, and in his will written the evening before his death he bequeathed the (afterwards) Countess of Lansfeldt one hundred thousand francs. On the 21st of August, 1777, Mademoiselle Leverrier (a young lady of good family), who had been jilted by a navy officer named Duprez, met the latter in the street in Paris, and handed him a pistol and told him to defend himself; at the same time she drew a weapon and shot her false one in the face, while he discharged his pistol in the air. An extract from a Georgia newspaper, published in 1817, says:

> Last week a point of honor was decided between two ladies near the South Carolina line, the cause of the quarrel being the usual one—love. The object of the rival affections of these fair champions was present on the field as the mutual arbiter in the dreadful combat, and he had the grief of beholding one of the suitors for his favor fall dangerously wounded before his eyes. The whole business was managed with all the decorum and inflexibility usually practised on such occasions, and the conqueror was immediately married to the *innocent* second, conformably to the previous conditions of the duel.

A Buffalo (N. Y.) paper of August, 1853, gives an account of an arrest of Catherine Hurley and Jane Hall, "who had met on the toll-bridge on Ohio Street, in the presence of a vast assemblage, to fight a duel with Allen's revolvers." No other accounts of similar performances have come under the observation of the writer.

A very interesting anecdote, however, touching female heroism, may be related of the Countess de St. Belmont: When M. de St. Belmont, who defended a

feeble fortress against the arms of Louis XIV., was taken prisoner, his intrepid wife, Madame la Comtesse de St. Belmont, who was of a most heroic disposition, still remained upon the estates to take care of them. An officer of cavalry having taken up his quarters there without invitation, Madame de St. Belmont sent him a very civil letter of complaint on his ill-behavior, which he treated with contempt. Piqued at this, she resolved he should give her satisfaction, and sent him a challenge, which she signed "Le Chevalier de St. Belmont." The officer at once accepted the challenge, and repaired to the place appointed. Madame de Belmont met him dressed in male attire. They immediately drew their swords, and in a short time the heroine disarmed him, when she said, with a gracious smile: "You thought, sir, that you were fighting the Chevalier de St. Belmont, but you were mistaken; I am Madame de St. Belmont. I return you your sword, sir, and politely beg you to pay proper respect to the request of a lady in future." The heroic woman then took her departure, leaving the vanquished officer covered with shame and confusion.

The most singular combat, says an English writer, by which arms were ever gained, was one which happened in the family of Hotot. The family of Dudley, in Northamptonshire, bears for a crest a woman's head, with a helmet; her hair dishevelled, and her throat-latch loose. The occasion of this crest was singular. In the year 1390, Hotot, having a dispute with one Ringsdale, about the title to a piece of land, they agreed to meet on the disputed ground, and decide it by combat. On the day appointed Hotot was laid up with the gout; rather than he should

suffer in his honor, or lose his land, his daughter Agnes armed herself cap-a-pie, mounted her father's steed, and went to meet Ringsdale at the place appointed. After a stubborn fight she dismounted her adversary, and when he was on the ground she loosened her throat-latch, lifted up her helmet, and let down her hair upon her shoulders. Agnes afterwards married into the Dudley family ; and, in honor of her heroic action, her descendants have always used the above-described crest, with the motto, *Galœa spes salutis.*

Among the youthful "affairs of honor," which have been settled upon the field, are two that deserve mention here : That meeting in England, in 1825, by Cooper (a son of the Earl of Shaftesbury) and Wood (a nephew of the Marquis of Londonderry), who first fought with swords, and then with their fists, until Cooper was killed ; and that affair in Poland, in 1851, between two boys aged respectively thirteen and seventeen, with pistols, in which the former was killed, and the survivor and the two seconds, aged fourteen and fifteen, were arrested, tried, and acquitted.

There came pretty near being a modification of the Virginia code during the political campaign of 1883 in that State, and there would have been, surely, had William Flanagan—one of Senator Mahone's lieutenants—proceeded as promptly to an acceptance of the cartel of defiance sent him by the negro whom he had assaulted as he did to knock said colored man and brother down for expressions of political difference. It has been stated that Senator Mahone, in launching his readjuster craft, took in the Senegambian as a social equal ; and the point is

made, therefore, that the white adherent aforesaid committed political *hari-kari* by declining to meet the colored F. F. V. on the "ground of race, color, and previous condition of servitude." The New York *Times*, of August 29, 1883, discusses this slightly mixed affair felicitously, thus:

The quarrel between Mr. William Flanagan, a candidate for the Virginia Legislature, and a chivalrous colored person whose name is not yet announced, bids fair to modify the Virginia code of honor. Mr. Flanagan, having knocked the colored man down for differing with him in political opinion, was challenged to fight a duel by the aggrieved man and brother. Mr. Flanagan not only refused to fight but appealed to the law for protection. Of course, Mr. Flanagan bases his refusal to give the colored man the satisfaction of a gentleman on the ground that the code is silent in regard to colored challenges, and that hence a challenge sent by a colored man can be ignored. But it is always open to a colored man whose challenge to fight is treated with disdain to *post* his enemy, and it is well agreed among Virginia gentlemen that to be *posted* is worse than death. In case Mr. Flanagan is *posted*, his only course will be to have a *difficulty* with his enemy and shoot him on sight. But where is the difference between a *difficulty* and a *duel*, and how can a man refuse to fight a *duel* with an enemy with whom he does not disdain to have a *difficulty?* If the colored challenger of Mr. Flanagan is arrested, he should at once bring proceedings against Mr. Flanagan under the Civil Rights bill. Mr. Flanagan, in discriminating against his challenger on the ground of color, has clearly violated the principles of the Civil Rights bill, and should be prosecuted to the extent of the law. His conviction would establish the principle that a white man must either accept a colored man's challenge, or abandon duelling altogether—a principle that would very soon render the Virginia duel obsolete.

A despatch from Nashville (Tenn.), of March 7,

1884, gives a description of a fatal duel between a *brother and sister*, with knives, probably the only event of the kind on record:

Meagre details have reached here of a terrible affair which took place last night at Baker Station, seven miles from here, on the Nashville and Southeastern Railroad. The facts as far as learned are that Jack Hirsch, a young man living at that place, had been on bad terms with his sister Rosa for some time. Several nights ago the brother and sister got into a quarrel, when Rosa cut Jack quite severely. This affair was quieted down until last night, when they became involved in another quarrel, and agreed to fight it out with knives to the death. She had a pocketknife and he a caseknife. They fought in a room of the house where they lived until Rosa was cut to death. Her brother then took her out and buried her. Hirsch learned that a neighbor named Horton knew of the tragedy, and said to one of his friends that he wanted to leave before the officers of the law heard of the deed. He went to the station, purchased a ticket for Texas, and left on the first train that passed. The Hirsch family were formerly of this city, where their father was engaged in business.

A North Carolina vendetta is described in a despatch dated Shelby (N. C.), January 7, 1884:

A terrible and fatal knife combat took place about fifteen miles from here this morning. For some years past a vendetta has existed between the Lepaugh and Runyan families, both of which have large connections. Philip Lepaugh was this morning driving his wagon to a saw-mill, when Craige Runyan, accompanied by his father and brother, made an attack upon him. They pulled Lepaugh from his wagon and cut and hacked him with bowie-knives, inflicting some terrible wounds. They left him for dead in the road. As they were fleeing, the wounded man's two sons-in-law came up, and he urged them to follow his murderers and avenge his death. They immediately galloped after and overtook the

Runyan party. A desperate hand-to-hand conflict ensued. G. McSwain and Reuben and Joseph Runyan were soon lying in the road with ghastly wounds. Masters McSwain and Craige Runyan were the last two to stand up, and they cut each other literally in shreds. The former, early in the conflict, had his left eye cut from the socket. Some farmers came up in time to see them grovelling in the road cutting at each other, although they had not strength to stand up.

The following account of a street-duel between a *man and a woman* was telegraphed from Hanford, Tulare County, Cal., on October 30, 1883:

M. H. Stewart, the man who shot three times at his sister-in-law yesterday in Hanford, because he could not extort money from her, is presumably a very bad man. A few weeks ago he was arrested for firing five shots inside his sister-in-law's house, but as there was no evidence to prove that he had shot at any one, he was fined $50 and costs and turned loose. Mrs. M. A. Lyle is a widow with one child, a girl about six years old. She came to Hanford about six weeks ago and opened a millinery and dress-making establishment. She had plenty money, apparently, to pay for all she bought, and to all appearances acted the perfect lady. Stewart came up a few days after, as he claimed, for the purpose of starting a lumber-yard. One evening he went to Mrs. Lyle's house while drunk and noisy. Mrs. Lyle ordered him to leave. This is the night he fired the five shots. When arrested for this he made Constable Beckwith a present of the pistol, stating that he never would carry another. About two weeks ago, being again under the influence of liquor, he used very vile language on referring to Mrs. Lyle, calling her everything but a respectable woman. Some man in the party resented the insult, and pistols were drawn by both, but Stewart was disarmed by bystanders, and the others then quieted down. Yesterday morning Mr. Stewart and a lawyer named Irwin, who, by the way, up to this time was counsel for Mrs. Lyle, called at her house. In answer to their knock, Mrs. Lyle appeared and asked what was wanted. Mr. Irwin said;

"I demand of you fifteen hundred dollars in the name of Mr. Stewart, and if you don't give it up, I will attach everything you have." Looking up at Stewart, Mrs. Lyle asked, "Is that so?" Stewart nodded "yes," at the same time going for his pistol, Mrs. Lyle being ready with her pistol about the same time. Who fired the first shot it is difficult to tell. No two agree about it. Mrs. Lyle says she doesn't know who fired first. Stewart put his pistol close to her head and fired, the ball missing her and going through the rear wall of the house, the powder burning her face. Mrs. Lyle put her pistol directly into Stewart's face and pulled the trigger, but the cartridge would not explode. On pulling the second time her hand was struck down by Irwin, the ball entering the fleshy part of Stewart's leg above the knee. Mrs. Lyle then ran out at the front door and into the street. Stewart followed, braced himself behind and against one of the awning posts, and deliberately fired two shots at her retreating figure. Mrs. Lyle still had her pistol in her hand. Some one called to her to shoot the old villain, when she turned and again levelled her pistol at him. He then started to run down the sidewalk. When opposite Philip & Sweet's store William Camp held a double-barrelled shotgun on him and ordered him to drop his pistol. This he did in a hurry, after which both parties were arrested.

CHAPTER IX.

DUELLING IN THE DARK.

Night Combats — The Campbell-Boyd Encounter—De Richelieu and De Lixen's Midnight Duel—Senator Jackson's Last Affair —Lebrè and Duprez—Aldworth and Buckingham—Fatal Midnight Duel in the Snow in New York—Desperate Fight Between Byron and Chaworth—Henry Grattan and Isaac Corry—Fatal Meetings of British Officers by Candle-light—Exciting Moonlight Encounter in New Mexico—What Came of Expectorating on the Boot of a New Yorker in a Southwestern Town—Modern Moonlight Methods in Virginia—Captain Coote and the Earl of Warwick—Garden Fight Between John Wilkes and Lord Talbot—The Famous Duels of Richard Brinsley Sheridan and Captain Thomas Mathews.

NIGHT combats have been frequent in Europe, and also in the United States. In 1821, in London (Eng.), a barrister, named Christie, and the editor of the *London Magazine*, Mr. Scott, fought a duel, so-called, at Chalk Farm, and the latter was killed. The original trouble occurred between Mr. Scott and Mr. Lockhart, the latter-named gentleman at that time editor of *Blackwood's Magazine;* and, it seems, Scott, who had been challenged by Lockhart, and who had declined to accept, was called upon by Christie, and the two quarrelled, and subsequently agreed to meet the same evening to adjust their difficulties according to the "code of honor." The fight took place at ten o'clock, during the full of the moon, and Scott fell

mortally wounded at the first fire. Christie was arrested and charged with wilful murder by a coroner's jury, but at the trial, a short time afterward, he was acquitted.

In 1721, Captain Chickley and Lieutenant Stanley, while disputing in a mess-room in a town near Dublin (Ireland), agreed to fight with small swords in a dark room the following evening. Stanley was an adroit swordsman, but was run through the body by his antagonist in a few minutes after the commencement of the fight.

Major Campbell and Captain Boyd, officers of the Twenty-first Foot (British army), fought a duel, without seconds, in the parlor of an Irish inn, at Newry, a short time before midnight, in January, 1807. During the dispute Campbell challenged his brother officer to fight at once, but Boyd preferred that the meeting should take place the next day. Campbell then taunted his comrade, and insinuated that he was displaying the white feather. The result was that they left the garrison where they were quartered unaccompanied by friends, and fought as stated—Captain Boyd receiving a mortal wound, from which he died in a day or two. Campbell was convicted of murder the 13th of August following, and executed on October 2. His wife, who belonged to a family of high standing, made a desperate effort to secure royal clemency; but, as is known, without success. Boyd's last words were: "Campbell, you are a bad man; you hurried me in a most wanton way, and have mortally wounded me in a fight of your own making and not according to established rules. I wanted to wait, and have the matter put in the hands of friends, and you would not let me." This terrible

arraignment by the dying man was as effective as the death-warrant, itself, and carried conviction before indictment. In a letter which Campbell left for publication, he said: "I suffer a violent and ignominious death for the benefit of my countrymen, who, by my unhappy exit, shall learn to abhor the too prevalent and too fashionable crime of duelling." The writer once met a gentleman who was present at this execution. Campbell was acknowledged to be one of the handsomest and bravest officers of the Twenty-first British Foot. While of an excitable nature, when angered, it is said of him that he was generally far more amiable and much less disagreeable than Boyd, although they had long been on terms of mutual dislike of each other. The night before the execution Mrs. Campbell had managed to perfect methods of escape, as it was pretty generally understood that, although no royal mercy could be extended, no particular means of vigilance had been adopted. His noble wife, who had planned the escape, reminded him of his heroic conduct in Egypt, of his family name, and of the unheeded recommendation of mercy by the jury which pronounced the fatal words. But he only replied: "The greatest struggle of all is to leave you, my darling ; but I am still a soldier, and shall meet my fate like a man." And so he refused to further dishonor himself, although the guard was asleep, the doors of the jail were unlocked, and horses and confederates were close at hand. He passed the following morning in prayer, and at the proper time ascended the stairs of the execution room with a firm step and without escort. There stood before him nineteen thousand sympathizing men with heads uncovered ; and among them the Fusileers, with

whom he had intrepidly charged the enemy upon the burning sands of Egypt. The hum of a single bee might have been heard in that respectful crowd, as Campbell addressed it. "Pray for me," was all the poor soldier said; and, while the diapason of an impressive "Amen" went up unbroken by a single other utterance, or even whisper, the unfortunate man let fall his own cambric handkerchief as a signal that he was "ready," and simultaneously he dropped through the dreadful trap and went off on that uncertain pilgrimage to the unknown beyond.

The notorious Duc de Richelieu, of France, who fought so many successful duels, and who seemed to wield a magician's sword, met the Prince de Lixen—whom he had purposely insulted on account of the hatred entertained for the latter by Madame du Rosière—near the trenches of Philipsbourg, in 1719, at midnight, during a storm, by the light of torches held by brother officers. As the story goes, De Lixen, who was a General in the French army (and a very tall man), had had a horse shot from under him during an engagement; and seeing a pony near, jumped upon him and rode into the presence of De Richelieu (who was also a General of that time), who burst into a loud laugh, and exclaimed: "No wonder we lost the day, when we have mountebanks for generals. Behold the horsemanship of the great Prince de Lixen, who keeps his feet close to the ground for fear of falling from his saddle." The Prince heard De Richelieu's voice and laugh, and too well knew what it meant, and the source of its inspiration. "I'll insult the villain in no uncertain way upon the first opportunity," murmured De Lixen. The next day, De Richelieu, whose command had

been the last to retreat from Philipsbourg, came into the presence of Prince de Conti (the commanding officer), with dishevelled hair, powder-stained face, and deranged toilet. His rival took this occasion to carry out his quiet threat of the day preceding, and said, sarcastically: "It is a matter of much surprise that the Duc de Richelieu should come into the presence of gentlemen with the hair and dress of a masquerader." "I did not retreat so hurriedly from the field as some of those officers who appear here in toilettes more elaborately prepared, your highness," exclaimed De Richelieu; and then, turning to De Lixen, he continued: "I shall now go and purify myself, Prince, and in an hour you shall hear from me." And so he did, in the shape of a challenge, which was accepted; after which, arrangements were made and agreed upon that the two gentlemen should meet each other in the trenches at midnight. They met and crossed swords at exactly twelve, and in ten minutes the magical weapon of De Richelieu had flashed through the heart of his twentieth victim, and the survivor, stooping over the dead Prince, said: "Let us carefully bear his noble body with all honor to camp. It is the fortune of war, gentlemen, and may be our turn next." In a short time afterward De Richelieu went to Paris to acquaint his *inamorata* with the intelligence that he had removed one of her troubles from the world forever. But what was his astonishment to discover that the frail and faithless Madame du Rosière had fled with an English nobleman to London.

Some few years ago, Major Ben Perley Poore, then Washington correspondent of the Boston *Journal*,

sent that paper the following account of a midnight duel upon an island in the Savannah river:

Among the many bloody duels on record as having been fought by Congressmen was one in which James Jackson, of Georgia, who had been and who was afterward a United States Senator, was the challenged party. He was an Englishman by birth, but he went to Savannah when a lad, studied law, was a leading Freemason, and fought gallantly in the Revolutionary War. He killed Lieutenant-Governor Wells, of Georgia, in 1780 in a duel, and was engaged in several other "affairs of honor," until he finally determined to accept a challenge on such terms as would make it his last duel. So, upon his next challenge, which was from Colonel R. Watkins, also of Georgia, he prescribed as the terms that each party, armed with a double-barrelled gun loaded with buckshot and with a hunting-knife, should row himself in a skiff to designated points on opposite sides of the Savannah river. When the city clock struck twelve each should row his skiff to a small island in the middle of the river, which was wooded and covered with underbrush. On arriving at the island each was to moor his skiff, stand by it for ten minutes, and then go about on the island until the meeting took place. The seconds waited on the main land until after one o'clock, when they heard three gunshots and loud and angry cries. Then all was still. At daylight, as had been agreed upon, the seconds went to the island and found Jackson lying on the ground insensible from the loss of blood, and his antagonist lying across him, dead. Jackson recovered, but would never relate his experience on that night, nor was he ever challenged again. He died in Washington city while serving his second term as United States Senator, March 19, 1806.

In 1728, a young gentleman named Benjamin Woodbridge was killed in a duel with swords, late at night, on Boston Common, by Henry

Phillips, after a short combat. Phillips, who was not hurt, made his escape from the city the next day, and later turned up in France, where he died in 1729.

Eugene Bonnemere, in his "Historie des Paysans," tells the story of how a peasant, by the name of Lebré, who lived in the south of France, got more than even with a sergeant of the Royal Guard (which was quartered near Lebré's cabin). It was toward the end of the seventeenth century; and the sergeant, presuming upon his gallantry and manly beauty, and knowing the proverbial weakness of some women for even non-commissioned officers of his profession, took occasion to pay marked attention to Lebré's young and pretty wife; which, while being strictly agreeable to dainty Mrs. L., was highly unsatisfactory to the incensed husband; who, at last, gave Mr. Sergeant Duprez a piece of proper advice, and was promptly knocked down for his pains. Lebré at once challenged his antagonist, who declined to recognize a common peasant as his equal; and, shutting Lebré out of his own cottage, took immediate possession of it and its pretty matron. In a day or two, the sergeant quit the place for good, and Lebré returned, sold all his effects, packed the erring madame off to her father's, enlisted in the army, and was seen no more in that neighborhood for upwards of eight years. He fought through two campaigns bravely but without a scratch, and by gradual promotion reached the rank of sergeant. "Aha!" cried Lebré, joyfully, at the end of six years' service, "Sergeant Duprez, Sergeant Lebré is your equal! I shall seek you out, you villain, and punish you for the wrongs I suffered at

your hands six years ago." Lebré was two years in finding this man. And when he did find him, they were at the point of sitting down at the same dinner-table, with a dozen other officers of about uniform rank. As soon as the repast was over, Lebré arose; and, addressing Duprez, inquired: "Suppose, sir, a man should give you a blow, what would you do?" "I would return it and challenge him to fight," responded Duprez. "Take that, then," exclaimed Lebré, dealing his old enemy a tremendous blow, which staggered him considerably; and, then, addressing himself to his other comrades, he recapitulated the story of how Duprez had knocked him down for defending his wife, and thereafter refused to fight him on the ground that he was not Duprez's equal. "Now, Sergeant Duprez," ejaculated that fellow's assailant, turning round and facing his enemy, "you and I are equal. I have returned the blow you gave me eight years ago, and now challenge you to fight for your life." And as quick as lightning the two sergeants drew their weapons, and Duprez was killed in three minutes, the duel taking place by candle-light.

In 1719, in London (Eng.), Captain William Aldworth, of the army, and Owen Buckingham, member of Parliament, met, and dined, and quarrelled, and fought, all in one evening. It was so dark that they could not see each other, and they were so thoroughly-well intoxicated that it did not make much difference whether they did or did not see each other; but, all the same, there was one less member of Parliament the following morning, for Buckingham was found by some friends shortly after the fight, pierced to the heart with his antagonist's ra-

pier, and Aldworth near by very drunk and covered with wounds.

University Place, New York (N. Y.), was the scene of a fatal duel, one cold, snowy night in the winter of 1804, the parties to the combat being William Coleman, editor of the New York *Evening Post* (an organ of the Federalists), and Captain Thompson, Harbor-Master of the Port of New York. Thompson, who had made quite an effort to provoke Coleman, remarked freely that he had no fight in him, and that if slapped well on one side of his face, he would only be too happy to present the other side for similar treatment. Coleman, after making sure that Thompson had used the language attributed to him, challenged the offender, who accepted, designated pistols as weapons, and named eleven o'clock as time of meeting, and at or near University Place the scene of battle. Each party had surgeons and seconds, and agreed, as it was snowing at the time, to fire at each other at twelve yards. Both fired the third time, when Thompson was heard to exclaim: "My God! I have got it!" and, reeling sideways, fell mortally wounded into the snow, and died a short time after having been conveyed to his residence. The dying man made a statement in the presence of a number of friends to the effect that the duel and his death were the consequences of his own quarrelsome character and rashness, and his last words were forgiveness of Coleman, who, he believed, had no intent to kill.

In 1765, while dining at the "Star and Garter," Pall Mall, London (Eng.), with a Mr. Chaworth, a famous duellist, William (the fifth Lord) Byron—great uncle of the author of "Childe Harold"—

quarrelled with his friend regarding the manner of preserving game, and also concerning the game-laws; and the two retired to an adjoining room and fought by the light of a tallow candle. Byron entered the apartment first; and, as Chaworth was closing the door, turning his head round, he beheld his antagonist's sword half drawn; and, whipping his own weapon out, he made a quick lunge at his opponent, and ran his sword through Byron's waistcoat; but, as Chaworth thought, through his body. His lordship closed, and, shortening his sword, stabbed Chaworth in the stomach, making a wound fourteen inches deep, from which Mr. C. died the next morning. English accounts have always differed as to which gentleman challenged the other, and also of subsequent proceedings concerning the shocking affair. The best authority says that Byron was arrested and tried before his peers in Westminster Hall, and that he read his defence, plead his peerage, and by his privilege escaped burning in the hand. Another account states that he was convicted of manslaughter by a vote of one hundred and twenty-four out of one hundred and thirty-one, and sentenced to the payment of fine and one day's imprisonment. Public opinion frowned upon him ever afterward, and he was pointed at as a murderer even in his self-exile. It is an interesting fact that the poet fell desperately in love with Mary Chaworth, the pretty daughter of his uncle's antagonist, who led him on to some extent, and then married another.

In 1800, Henry Grattan and Isaac Corry, members of the Irish Parliament, indulged in vehement debate over the question whether Ireland was to dwindle into a province or retain her name among nations,

during which Corry said that Grattan, instead of enjoying the confidence of his countrymen, should be standing at the criminal bar to answer for treason—to which the great Irish orator replied, concluding as follows: "The gentleman has calumniated me to-night in Parliament; he will calumniate me to-morrow in the King's courts; but, had he said, or dared to have insinuated, one half as much elsewhere, the indignant spirit of an honest man would have answered the vile and venal slanderer with a blow." The parties left the house immediately with friends, although it was quite dark, and repaired to the nearest duelling ground and fought with pistols at twelve paces, Corry having his left arm shattered at the first shot.

As late as 1853 Captain Phillips, of the British Army, in garrison at Bombay (India), took offence at Lieutenant Sheppard, of the same garrison, for trivial words, and the two officers indulged in voluminous correspondence, which resulted in a hostile meeting at night by the light of a single candle held by a native domestic in the service of Phillips, who was shot dead at the first fire. Sheppard was court-martialed and dismissed from the army, and afterward tried upon the charge of murder and convicted of manslaughter.

Captain Rutherford and Surgeon Cahill, of the British Army—officers in the same regiment, on garrison duty in Scotland—in 1811, quarrelled over the trivial matter of Cahill carrying a file of London papers from the mess-room to his quarters, which was, really, contrary to garrison regulations. One word brought on another, when Rutherford, greatly enraged, challenged the surgeon to mortal combat,

which the latter accepted, and named the same evening and a neighboring quarry as the time and place for the hostile engagement. The principals met promptly at the quarry at the appointed hour, accompanied by seconds, and Rutherford received a mortal wound. The survivor was subsequently tried and acquitted.

In the early part of 1883 there took place a characteristic encounter at Chama (New Mexico), the result of which produced much rejoicing among that element of border civilization which is rarely satisfied with one "man for breakfast," thus: Charles Keiser and Will Whitson were young men of Chama, and bosom friends. Whitson, who was known as "Tex," held the office of Town Marshal; and, seeing Keiser carrying a pistol in violation of local ordinances, deemed it his duty, notwithstanding their friendship, to disarm him. Keiser resented this, and refused to surrender his pistol; thereupon a quarrel ensued, and Tex proposed that they should fight a duel then and there. It was eleven o'clock at night, but clear. Keiser accepted the challenge, and, separating ten paces, they began to fire at each other. In less than a quarter of an hour both were dead. The manner in which they received their injuries was in itself singular. At the first fire Keiser shot Tex through the heart. As Tex stumbled and fell he fired four times in quick succession, and one of the balls passed completely through Keiser's body. "They were both noble fellows," gently remarked a melancholy ruffian present, as he sent a leaden messenger of salutation through the plug hat of the newest English arrival at Chama. "Yes, sir; them boys have started many a cemetery of their own, and shan't

want for a decent funeral; so I'll take it upon myself to appoint"—but the Briton with the narrow-brimmed nail-keg hat had quietly disappeared.

Some years ago, in one of the southwestern States, a "native and to the manner born," named Gamble, while forming one of a group describing a semi-circle in front of an evening fire at an only town tavern, took occasion to vulgarly expectorate upon the well-polished boot of a stranger, named Schuyler, who had just arrived from New York. With the superior blood of the old General in his veins, the insulted man jumped up (as also did Gamble), and, in great anger, asked the fellow if he had purposely spat upon his boot; to which the latter replied that Schuyler had guessed it the first time; and, said Gamble, "If you don't like it I'll spit in your face." As quick as lightning Schuyler dealt the funny man a blow, and then the two closed, and "rough-and-tumbled" until the landlord suggested that they go into a dark room and fight it out with knives. "That suits me to death!" shouted Gamble. "All right, sir," replied Schuyler. They were then locked up in a dark room, where they fought with knives and pistols for nearly fifteen minutes, when all of a sudden the fighting ceased and the apartment became quiet. The landlord then opened the door and found the two men prostrate together, Schuyler underneath. Both were covered with blood from head to foot. Gamble was quite dead, and Schuyler was supposed to be dying. The crowd quickly got the latter out into the air, applied restoratives and bandages, and in a few weeks he had fully recovered. The statement need hardly be made that thereafter in a certain southwestern town expectoration was discharged in

cataracts all round Schuyler's boots, but never a sprinkle upon them. In describing this affair, some years afterward, Schuyler says that he had been pretty well used up by Gamble, but the latter got down upon him to see if he was dead, when he grabbed him and held him in that position with one hand and with his legs, and with his other hand drove the murderous blade clean into the fellow's heart.

As late as October 5, 1883, two Virginians settled an affair of honor by moonlight, according to a dispatch from Fincastle (Va.), of the above date, which described the circumstances of the meeting and the meeting itself as follows: "George Thomas and Algerman Battleheim fought a duel near here this evening in a lonely spot known as Stony Battery. Thomas was armed with a doubled-barreled shotgun, loaded with heavy shot, and Battleheim with a six-shooter Colt's revolver. Battleheim, up to two weeks ago, had been a constant visitor at Thomas' residence, and rumors had been industriously circulated that he was in love with his friend's wife; and Thomas, after carefully watching the couple for several days, ascertained, as he thought, that Battleheim had perfected a plot to entice Mrs. Thomas away. The next morning Thomas' wife was missing, and was not seen for two days. After the first day Battleheim made his appearance, and Thomas charged him with having enticed his wife away. Battleheim indignantly denied the charge, and said he meant to hold Thomas responsible for his damaging accusation. They parted, and the next day the wife returned to her husband. Battleheim, however, demanded satisfaction of Thomas, and the latter

agreed to meet him in the evening, without seconds. Their singular choice of weapons was not in strict accordance with the code, but it was held that, while Thomas had only two barrels loaded with shot, they were capable of doing more damage than six barrels loaded with single balls, and so it proved. At the first fire, distance thirty paces, Thomas sent the full charge of shot into Battleheim's face; and the latter fell mortally wounded, after having fired wildly a second time."

Most readers of English literature are familiar with the story of the duel between Captain Coote and the Earl of Warwick. Each principal had two seconds, and the duel was fought at night in Hyde Park in 1699. All the parties were intoxicated at the time, and the six combatants slashed at each other until Coote was killed. Lord Mohun and the Earl of Warwick were arrested and charged with murder, but were acquitted.

John Wilkes, the famous English politician and writer, fought his first duel after dark in the garden of an inn near London, with Lord Talbot, in 1761. It seems that Talbot, who was to be present at the coronation of George III., as Lord Steward, had trained his horse to step backward, so that, at the ceremony, the animal should face, with his rider, his Majesty as he retired from Westminster Hall. Unfortunately, however, this particular mode of training had been too severe, and Talbot's horse entered the hall tail first, despite every effort made by his mortified rider to reverse his position. This was too good a thing for the *North Briton* to let go unnoticed, and Wilkes made the most of it in an amusing way, which led to a correspondence and a duel, as stated.

After an exchange of shots the parties (and their friends) repaired to the inn, formally made up with each other, ordered edibles and choice wines and made a night of it.

One of the most noted duels of this character was that in which Richard Brinsley Sheridan (poet, dramatist, orator and statesman), upon whom Providence had showered so many gifts, was engaged at an early period of his eventful life. Sheridan, as is well known to many, when about twenty years of age, was peculiarly fond of the society of men and women of taste and learning, and soon gave proofs that he was inferior to none of his companions in wit and argument. At this age he had recourse to his literary talents for pecuniary supplies, and directed a good deal of his attention to the drama and its literature; and it was during this time that he saw and loved Miss Alicia Linley, a "lady no less admirable for the elegant accomplishments of her sex and the affecting simplicity of her conversation than for the charms of her person and the fascinating powers of her voice. She was the principal performer in the oratorios at Drury-Lane Theatre. The strains which she called forth were the happiest combinations of nature and art. Her accents were so melodious and captivating, and their passage to the heart so sudden and irresistible, that listening Envy would have dropped her snakes, and stern-eyed Fury's self have melted at the sounds. Her father, Mr. Linley, the eminent composer, was not at first propitious to the young man's passion, and Mr. Sheridan had many rivals to overcome in his attempts to gain the lady's affection. His perseverance, however, increased with the difficulties that

presented themselves, and his courage and resolution were displayed in vindicating Miss Linley's reputation from a calumnious report which had been basely thrown out against it." About this time (1772), Captain Thomas Mathews, a gentleman well known in the fashionable circles of Bath (England), and a married man, pursued Miss Linley with dishonorable purposes, to the great distress and terror of the young lady, who acquainted Mr. Sheridan with her troubles, and soon afterward departed for a convent in France, accompanied by her honorable friend, with whom she married, however, upon their arrival at Calais. Captain Mathews became actually furious at this state of affairs, and caused a paragraph to be placed in one of the Bath papers, derogatory to the character of the bride, and was challenged by Charles Francis Sheridan, a brother of Richard, who had also been greatly in love with the sweet singer of Drury-Lane. In a few days Mr. Sheridan returned to London with his bride, and insisted on fighting Mathews himself. He thereupon sent a challenge, which was accepted, and the two rivals met, Mr. Sheridan accompanied by a Mr. Ewart, and Mathews by Captain Knight. They fought with swords in the parlor of a public house in London by lights held by Charles Sheridan until Mathews was disarmed, and (according to many authorities, among them Mr. Sheridan), begged his life. Mr. S. granted his request upon the condition that he should sign a retraction of the falsehood he had published (which Mathews did), and then started for Bath to give the apology the same newspaper notoriety enjoyed by the slanderous paragraph previously published by Captain Mathews. This

so incensed the latter that he repaired to Bath and challenged Sheridan, who accepted, and a second fight took place at Kingsdown, four miles from Bath, before daylight, Mr. Sheridan being attended by Mr. Paumier and Captain Mathews by Mr. Barnett. This was a most ferocious fight. The combatants first discharged their pistols without effect, and then went at each other with swords, which were broken at the first lunge. They then fought with the broken parts, until each received many wounds, Sheridan some very dangerous ones. They at last fell to the ground and fought until separated, Mr. Sheridan being borne from the field with a portion of his antagonist's weapon sticking through an ear, his breast-bone touched, his whole body covered with wounds and blood, and his face nearly beaten to a jelly with the hilt of Mathews' sword. After recovering from his injuries, Mr. Sheridan returned to London and was re-married to his wife (in their presence and with the consent of Mr. and Mrs. Linley), Mrs. Sheridan never again appearing as a public performer. Mr. Sheridan was perhaps the most matchlessly-endowed man who ever lived. His magnificent and wonderful genius and brilliant and commanding talent, and unrivalled powers of oratorical excellence, were only a few of his distinguishing traits. Yet he died partly from the effects of enormous excesses; and it was only by the firmness and humanity of his physicians that obdurate creditors were prevented from dragging him from his house to a death-bed in jail—this in July, 1816.

CHAPTER X.

NOTED EUROPEAN DUELS.

The Famous Judicial Combat between La Chastaignerie and Jarnac—Savage Encounter between Sir Edward Sackville and Lord Bruce—The Fatal Meeting of the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun—Famous Duel between Lord Camelford and Captain Best—An Unfortunate Affair resulting from a Mistaken Sense of Honor—The Grey-Egerton Duel—Grey demands a Second Shot and receives a Bullet in the Heart—Wellington and Winchelsea—Two Furious and Fatal French Duels—Fatal Combat with Billiard-Balls — Punctiliousness personified — Beaumont and Manuel—She kissed them both at the Door just as if Nothing unusual had happened—What resulted from wringing a Meddlesome Lady's Nose—"Je vous demande ma vie"—Fatal Meetings of British Officers—An Exciting Affair at Madrid—Description of Pierre Soulé's Duel by a Participant.

In an incidental way mention has been made of the noted duel which took place between Guy Chabot de Jarnac and La Chastaignerie, which was fought on the 10th of June, 1547, and was the last judicial combat witnessed in France; for, on the day succeeding the death of the latter, Henry II. issued an edict prohibiting such combats; it having been pretty well demonstrated that Providence generally seemed to be on the side of the most skillful or muscular combatant, and that the ends of justice were often defeated by the inferior swordsmanship of parties known to have been innocent of charges of

crimes preferred against them by men of doubtful character, but who were proficient in the use of the implements of the lists. La Chastaignerie was a favorite of the King, and at that time the most excellent and expert swordsman in France. He was the very picture of manly beauty, being tall and well formed, and but twenty-eight years of age. His heart was the heart of a villian, however; and, in order to besmirch the character of Jarnac, who had been a great favorite with Francis I., he circulated the detrimental report that his rival had been on terms of criminal intimacy with his mother-in-law. Jarnac pleaded with Francis to permit him to "preserve the right" by a resort to the judicial combat, which the King refused—in all probability out of consideration of La Chastaignerie's proficiency with the sword. Jarnac, however, as soon as Henry became King, renewed his entreaties, which in due time were acceded to, and a day was at last set for the combat. The royal family, and great crowds of the nobility, together with officers of the court and army, were in attendance at St. Germain-en-Laye. It was a dazzling spectacle; and the day appointed had been made beautiful by a warm sun which had coaxed out the buds of roses into flowers which exhaled sweet fragrance and filled the air with perfume. Jarnac was also about twenty-eight. His features were regular and handsome, but so deadly pale as to seem like stone. He was as calm as a Madonna, and looked out modestly from his lustrous eyes into the insolent face of his arrogant and unrelenting foe. When the word was given to "Let the combatants go!" La Chastaignerie rushed viciously toward Jarnac, who at first placed himself on the defensive. In

a few moments, however, the combatants attacked each other savagely, and soon both had received desperate cuts in their arms. Then they stood off from each other for a brief space of breathing-time, and then La Chastaignerie attempted a murderous lunge, when Jarnac cut the ham of one of his legs, which dazed the wretch for a moment, and sent a thrill through the crowd. In another minute, and while La Chastaignerie was again attempting a second desperate lunge, Jarnac cut the ham of his other leg, and the famous courtier fell to the ground. It was the most sensational spectacle of the kind ever seen in France; and a great murmur went through the vast assemblage when the cleverest swordsman and wrestler of the age was sent so ignominiously to grass. "Confess yourself a liar, and restore to me my honor, and live!" shouted Jarnac; but the fallen courtier remained silent. Jarnac then addressed the King: "I beseech your majesty to accept the life of this man for God's sake and for love's. I do not wish to have his blood on my soul. I fought for the restoration of that honor of which he has robbed me." The King at first declined, but at last consented to accept the boon of La Chastaignerie's life. Meanwhile the poor creature moved round on his knees, and cut wildly and impotently at the object before him, but in a short time fell over and bled to death. Jarnac absolutely declined all privileges of triumphal pageant and procession, and advised that the body be committed to respectful interment. "I have triumphed over my false accuser; I gained all I fought for—the full vindication of my honor and reputation; I am satisfied," said Jarnac to the King; and the latter replied, "You fought like Cæsar and

speak like Aristotle." So stung with defeat and humiliation was La Chastaignerie, even when bleeding to death, that he refused to submit to any operations of surgery, and tore off the few bandages with which his wounds had been bound.

A memorable meeting was that of Lord Bruce and Sir Edward Sackville, partly on account of its sanguinary character, and partly on account of the prominence of the parties engaged in it. The duel took place at Bergen-op-Zoom, in the Netherlands; and there is to-day a spot about a mile and a half from the Antwerp gate of Bergen which goes by the name of Bruce-land. The duel took place in 1613, and was a most desperate affair. Lord Clarendon, Burke and other writers have described it as terribly fierce, during which Bruce was mortally wounded and Sackville desperately hurt. No writers agree as to the cause of the duel, and Clarendon says nothing respecting its origin. Sir Robert Preston states that "The cause of the quarrel has remained wholly undetected, notwithstanding successive investigations at different periods." The parties fought on the Continent, so as not to incur the King's displeasure. Lord Leicester, after much investigation, was unable to discover the cause of the duel; but Chambers states that Bruce, while one day paying his addresses to Sackville's sister (Lady Clementina), was rudely assaulted by Sackville, who came into their presence greatly disordered by liquor or wine; and that, while Bruce made every effort to keep the matter from the public, Sackville acted in a contrary way, and subsequently gave Bruce a blow, on a crowded street, at which a challenge was sent to the transgressor. "We met," says Sackville, in a letter which he wrote

to a friend from Louvain, September 8, 1613, "in a meadow, ankle-deep in water at the least; and, bidding farewell to our doublets, in our shirts began to charge each other; having afore commanded our surgeons to withdraw themselves a pretty distance from us; conjuring them, besides, as they respected our favors, or their safeties, not to stir, but suffer us to execute our pleasure; we being fully resolved to dispatch each other by what means we could." Sackville's letter then presents the following description of the fight:

I made a thrust at my enemy, but was short; and, in drawing back my arm, I received a great wound thereon, which I interpreted as a reward for my short shooting; but in my revenge I pressed into him, though I then missed him also, and received a wound in my right pap, which passed level through my body, and almost to my back. And there we wrestled for the two greatest and dearest prizes we could ever expect trial for—honor and life. In which struggling, my hand, having but an ordinary glove upon it, lost one of her servants, though the meanest. But at last breathless, yet keeping our hold, there passed on both sides propositions of quitting each other's swords. But when amity was dead confidence could not live, and who should quit first was the question, which on neither part either would perform; and re-striving again afresh, with a kick and a wrench, I freed my long captive weapon, which, incontinently levying at his throat, being master still of his, I demanded if he would ask his life, or yield his sword, both which, though in that imminent danger, he bravely denied to do. Myself being wounded, and feeling loss of blood, having three conduits running on me, which began to make me faint, and he courageously persisting not to accede to either of my propositions, through remembrance of his former bloody desire, and feeling of my present estate, I struck at his heart, but, with his avoiding, missed my aim, yet

passed through the body, and, drawing out my sword, repassed it again through another place, when he cried: "Oh! I am slain!" seconding his speech with all the force he had to cast me. But being too weak, after I had defended his assault, I easily became master of him, laying him on his back. When being upon him, I re-demanded if he would request his life; but it seemed he prized it not at so dear a rate to be beholden for it, bravely replying, "He scorned it." Which answer of his was so noble and worthy, as I protest I could not find in my heart to offer him any more violence, only keeping him down until at length his surgeon, afar off, cried, "He would immediately die if his wounds were not stopped." Whereupon I asked him if he desired his surgeon should come, which he accepted of; and so, being drawn away, I never offered to take his sword, accounting it inhuman to rob a dead man, for so I held him to be. This thus ended, I retired to my surgeon, in whose arms, after I had remained awhile, for want of blood I lost my sight, and withal, as I then thought, my life also. But strong water and his diligence quickly recovered me; when I escaped a great danger; for my Lord's surgeon, when nobody dreamt of it, came full at me with his Lord's sword, and had not mine with my sword interposed himself, I had been slain by those base hands; although my Lord Bruce, weltering in his blood, and past all expectation of life, conformable to all his former carriage, which was undoubtedly noble, cried out, "Rascal, hold thy hand!"

One of the most noted duels ever fought in England was that between the Duke of Hamilton and Lord Mohun, in Hyde Park, London, with small swords, on the 15th of November, 1712. Mohun was at one time as great a scamp as ever lived, and had been concerned in several fatal encounters and was twice tried for murder. After having been acquitted of the assassination of Mr. Montford, an actor, "he expressed his confusion for the many scandals he

had brought upon his degree, as a peer," says Noble, "and promised to behave himself so for the future as not to give further scandal; and he afterwards applied himself to pursuits becoming his station, and in the House of Peers often distinguished himself by judicious speeches. He afterward accompanied the Earl of Macclesfield to Hanover, and lived with great sobriety." Shortly after this, Macclesfield died and left Mohun a large estate. Later, Macclesfield's bachelor brother dying, a dispute arose about the property between the Duke of Hamilton (who had married Elizabeth, sole heir of said property) and Lord Mohun (who also had claims upon the estate), and during their presence at an examination before a Master of Chancery, Hamilton reflected upon Mr Whitworth, who had been steward in the Macclesfield family, and said that "he had neither truth nor justice in him;" to which Mohun replied that "he had as much as his grace." On the following day Lieutenant-General Maccartney conveyed a challenge from the Duke to Mohun, and on the next morning (Sunday) the two gentlemen met, and each killed the other, after a prolonged and savage fight. Colonel Hamilton, the Duke's second (and cousin), who was severely wounded by Mohun's second, made oath, according to some accounts, that the Duke of Hamilton received his mortal wound from General Maccartney; which was partly corroborated by one of the surgeons, who declared that Hamilton could not have received his death-thrust from Mohun. Maccartney at once quit the country, but afterward returned, and was tried for murder and acquitted, and was discharged of the manslaughter by burning with a cold iron to prevent an appeal of murder.

Of modern English duels, none, perhaps, was more causeless, or more replete in distressing detail and circumstance, than the fatal encounter between Captain Best, of the British army, and Lord Thomas Camelford. The duel took place near Holland House, London, March 10, 1804. Camelford and Best had always been close friends, and both were very fond of women and wine and cards. Early in the month above named they had spent a few hours one evening at Hammond's, a noted gaming-place, when Camelford retired and left his companion at play with one Symons, who had already commenced to fleece Best through the medium of marked cards. The Captain shortly afterward caught the sharper just as he was about to introduce some extra cards from within a sleeve of his coat; and, jumping up, seized Symons by the throat, and hurled him violently to the floor, and then kicked his face into a jelly, and otherwise so bruised the cheat that his wife hardly recognized him when they met. Mrs. Symons became pallid with anger and disappointment, and promised her husband that he should be avenged. "Leave the fellow to me!" the mad woman exclaimed, "and I will see to it that he gets his deserts." So she sat down, quietly, with hell's own fury delineated in her face, and wrote to Camelford, as follows: "I beg you to be strictly on your guard in your future dealings and associations with Captain Best, who speaks of your lordship in disrespectful and disdainful terms, especially when he is beside himself with wine." "There," she murmured, after folding and addressing the note, "is *your* death-warrant, my noble Captain; and I smile while contemplating the consequences." In due time the letter

reached Camelford; and, upon his next meeting with Best, he declined to accept his friend's hand, and said: "Pardon me, Captain, if I inform you that our acquaintance must terminate. It has lasted too long, already." "Your lordship has the most perfect liberty to do as he deems best; but, pardon me, my lord, if I ask you to assign a reason for such action?" interrogated the other, calmly. "Speaking of me disrespectfully and disdainfully behind my back seem to me to be reasons abundant." "And, pray, sir, who is your informant?" "I do not care to make that known." "O, of course not." "Sir, what do you mean?" "I mean, sir, that your conduct is ungentlemanly and dishonorable—do you understand that, my lord?" "I understand you to be a liar and a scoundrel, Captain Best, and I want nothing more whatever to do with you." "That is perfectly satisfactory, sir, except that I shall hold you responsible for your language. Some one has been slandering me and making a fool of you." But Camelford had strode away. In the meantime Best made some effort to solve the cause of his friend's misconduct, never for a moment dreaming of Symons or his vindictive wife. It was soon settled that they should fight with pistols, as both were excellent shots. When they appeared upon the field, each accompanied by two seconds, Best said: "It is scarcely probable, my lord, that both of us can leave here alive. You have undoubtedly been imposed upon; and for that reason I am even now willing to receive an explanation of your action, notwithstanding the gravity of the insult. We have long been good friends, and I am anxious to make a last effort towards reconciliation." "I decline to

retract a word; it is too late. We came here for another purpose, and I am ready," replied Camelford. They then took their positions at fifteen paces; and, at the drop of a white handkerchief held by one of the seconds (who had taken up his position midway between them, but out of range), and the words "One—two—three—fire !" both gentlemen discharged their weapons simultaneously; Camelford dropping to the earth mortally wounded and Best escaping unhurt. The dying man then raised himself upon his right hand, and motioned for his adversary to approach, when he whispered: "You have killed me, Best; but the fault is wholly mine, and I relieve you of all blame. Shake hands with me, and forgive me, and then fly and save yourself from arrest." Best and his seconds then mounted their horses and rode to Hounslow; and Camelford's seconds, becoming demoralized, also fled, leaving their principal to die alone on the field.

A mistaken sense of honor prevented Lord Camelford from accepting terms of reconciliation; for, as the reader is aware, the slightest explanation would have been the means of an adjustment that would have been strictly honorable to both parties. These reflections may serve to introduce another affair which ought never to have taken place—the duel between Captain Stackpole, of the British frigate *Statira*, and Lieutenant Cecil, of the *Argo*. A naval officer once inquired of Lieutenant Cecil if he knew Captain Stackpole; to which he replied that he did, and that he had the highest opinion of him as an intrepid officer and skilful seaman; adding, however, that he believed him capable of occasionally *drawing a long bow*. This remark at last reached the ears of

Stackpole, who, after satisfying himself that Cecil had made use of such words, declared that he would hold the lieutenant to an account for them when and wherever he met him. It was so far fortunate that they did not meet for four years; but the opportunity at last arrived, when the *Statira* was lying in the harbor of Port Royal (Jamaica), and the *Argo*, of which Lieutenant Cecil was senior officer, happened to enter that port. Immediately on Captain Stackpole being made aware of the circumstance he sent Lieutenant White on board the *Argo*, with a message to Cecil demanding an immediate meeting or a suitable apology for the slanderous words he had used. Lieutenant Cecil did not remember just exactly what he had said; but, as they had been quoted by a brother officer, he could not, as a man of honor, act otherwise than avow them; and, as to an apology, he wished Captain Stackpole to understand that, under all the circumstances, while he should have no objection in apologizing to any other officer in his majesty's navy, he could not do so to the Captain of the *Statira*, who was known throughout the service as an excellent shot. In consequence of this reply the parties met at a place called Park Henderson on the following morning, April 28, 1814, and took their ground at ten paces. They both fired at the same time, and Stackpole was instantly killed, never even uttering a groan.

The duel between Colonel Grey and Major Egerton, of the British army, was fought at Putney Heath, in the year 1761. Egerton, while returning from the theatre one evening with a lady, was run into carelessly by Grey, who was somewhat under the influence of liquor. Egerton, in his excitement

applied the term "stupid booby" to Grey, who attempted to draw his sword. Seeing this, Egerton, instead of hurrying away with his lady, imprudently knocked the tipsy officer down, and received a challenge the following morning, which he promptly accepted. The next afternoon they met, each with two seconds, who quietly measured off the distance, which was ten paces. The principals then confronted each other with pistols, and both fired simultaneously without effect. The seconds then attempted to end the meeting, but Grey demanded another shot. Captain Clifford, one of the seconds of the latter, again gave the signal, and Grey fell dead and Egerton received a wound in the side.

In 1829, in England, the Earl of Winchelsea was challenged by the Duke of Wellington, and the distinguished gentlemen met with pistols. The Duke fired first without injuring the Earl, who discharged his weapon in the air, and subsequently acknowledged, through his second, that he had made expressions against the Duke which were not warranted by facts, which he greatly regretted, and for which he would amply apologize.

A violent polemic had lasted for a long time between two Bonapartist journals of Paris (*le Petit Caporal* and *le Combat*), which resulted in a duel between the two editors-in-chief (Dichard, of the *Petit Caporal*, and De Massas, of the *Combat*). The police, however, interfered with the first meeting, and the fight was therefore further continued in the columns of the two papers; until, finally, it was agreed that Paul de Cassagnac and Cuneo d'Ornano should be called as arbiters. These gentlemen declared that a duel was necessary, and so Dichard and Massas met again

September 3, 1882, in a private park at Nogent on the Marne. Monsieur de Massas at once attacked his adversary with vigor, and wounded him three times (in his head, on the shoulder, and in the hand), whereupon Dichard rushed desperately upon and stabbed Massas through his lungs, who staggered and fell on his back. Friends immediately hastened to the side of the wounded man; and the doctor, upon examining the wound, perceived that no blood was flowing —"the surest sign of death," he said. The internal hemorrhage was not long in doing its worst; for, in a few moments, without saying another word, De Massas made the sign of the cross and expired. The remains were taken to his residence at Colombes, near Paris, where his mourning widow and her four children are living at present. Dichard's wounds did not prove to be serious or severe. De Massas was but thirty-three years of age. He had been an officer in the Third Infantry regiment of the Marine, and had distinguished himself during the war of 1870.

In an avenue of the forest of Planoise, at a short distance from Autun, two men met on the 18th of May, 1883, with swords in their hands, and exchanged a few strokes. Suddenly the seconds heard a cry and saw one of the combatants fall to the ground. They hastened to his support; but, in four hours afterward, the wounded man was dead. In explanation, it may be stated that M. Asselin, of the Department of the Saône and Loire, was the possessor of a very rich estate; and, having been invested with the title of Lieutenant of Game-Hunting, he assumed the privilege of operating over a vast domain for the purpose of ridding the neigboring country of various kinds of destructive game. Monsieur de Saint Victor—fifty

years old and without a fortune—had been an officer of the Cuirassiers. After quitting service he had accepted an offer of his cousins (the Talleyrand-Perigords) to act as superintendent of their large estates in the Department of the Saône and Loire. Saint Victor did not approve at all of the frequent presence on the latter-named estates of Monsieur Asselin; and, therefore, directed his employees to quietly and carefully watch the movements of this gentleman when on hunting expeditions which took him over the Talleyrand property. It was not long before Asselin had organized a boar-hunting expedition, at which one of Saint Victor's vigilant guards presented a complaint to the effect that Asselin had exceeded his powers by not announcing his visit previously, as required by the law. And Monsieur de Saint Victor, while he did not intend to proceed legally, transmitted a letter to Monsieur Asselin, in which he approved of the action of his subaltern. A lively discussion followed, of course; and, after an exchange of several letters between the two gentlemen, Asselin despatched two of his friends to De Saint Victor with authority to effect terms of permanent settlement. The latter, on his part, selected two friends, and a duel was quickly agreed upon; and De Saint Victor (who had been an officer of cavalry) chose the saber as a weapon, expressing the hope "that the duel would have a good ending." "Is it a duel for life and death that he wants?" interrogated Asselin, who was an expert only with pistols and the sword, but not with the saber. "Oui, Monsieur." At which Asselin rushed furiously upon De Saint Victor and gave him a stab of such force that his weapon went clean through the intestines and out by the spinal

cord, causing almost instant death. "I am dying," murmured De Saint Victor; "call my wife and a priest." He was then taken to a house at Fragny, and Madame de Saint Victor was sent for, and arrived just in time to receive the last breath of her husband. The survivor only received a slight cut or two on the hand and cheek.

On the 4th of September, 1843, in the commune of Maisonfort, France, two young men named Lenfant and Melfant, quarrelled while playing at billiards, and agreed, at last, to settle their disturbance by a duel with billiard balls; after which they drew lots to see which one should get the red ball and throw first. Melfant won the red ball and the first throw, and the two at once took their positions in a garden at a measured distance of twelve paces from each other. Melfant, when the signal was given to throw, made several motions, saying to his adversary, "I am going to kill you at the first throw." And then he hurled the ivory sphere with deadly aim and effect, for it struck Lenfant in the middle of the forehead, and he dropped dead without uttering a word. The survivor was arrested and tried for wilful murder, and convicted of manslaughter.

Lord Shelburne (with Lord Frederick Cavendish as his second) and Colonel Fullerton (accompanied by Lord Balcarras) met in Hyde Park, March 22, 1780, and fought with pistols at twelve paces. After the parties had taken their ground Colonel Fullerton desired Lord Shelburne to fire first, which he declined to do. The seconds then commanded Fullerton to fire, which he did, and missed. Then Shelburne fired and missed. Fullerton then fired a second shot and hit his antagonist in the right groin. Mr. Shelburne,

however, declined to give up his pistol to his second, saying, "I have not yet fired a second time." Mr. Fullerton, at this, returned to his place, which he had left with a view of assisting his lordship, and commanded Mr. Shelburne to fire. The latter cried out, "No, sir; I hope you don't think I would fire again at you;" and his lordship then discharged his weapon in the air. The seconds then asked Shelburne if he had any difficulty in declaring he meant nothing personal to the Colonel, and he replied, "This is no time for explanation, as the affair has taken another course. Although I am wounded, I am able to go on if Colonel Fullerton feels any resentment." The latter declared that he was incapable of harboring any such sentiment. "Besides," added Fullerton, "as your lordship is wounded, and you have fired in the air, it is impossible for me to go on." Both were members of Parliament at the time, and Fullerton had been commissioned a Lieutenant-Colonel in the army and had been a member of the English Embassy at the Court of France. The cause of the duel was an attack upon Fullerton by Shelburne, who intimated that the Colonel and his regiment were as ready to act against the liberties of England as against her enemies.

A duel of much the same character took place in Hyde Park between William Adam and Charles James Fox, Members of Parliament, in 1789. General Fitzpatrick acted as second for Mr. Fox, and Major Humbertson for Mr. Adam. The latter fired first and wounded Fox, who fired without effect. The seconds then interfered and asked Mr. Adam if he was satisfied, who replied, "Will Mr. Fox declare he meant no personal attack upon my character?" Upon which the latter said, "This is no place for

apologies—go on." Mr. Adam then fired his second pistol without effect, and Mr. Fox discharged his remaining weapon in the air, and declared that, as the affair was ended, he had no difficulty in stating that he meant no more personal affront to Mr. Adam than he did to either of the other gentlemen present. Mr. Adam then advanced and replied, "Sir, you have behaved like a man of honor." Mr. Fox then said that he believed himself wounded, which was a fact. It is a curious circumstance that Adam wounded his antagonist with the same pistol with which Fullerton used in his duel with Shelburne a few months before, and that both gentlemen were hit in the groin. Mr. Fox, in speaking of the duel afterward, maintained the same opinion he had expressed in interrupting Colonel Fullerton in his invective against Lord Shelburne—that "if it were once admitted as a principle that a personal affront was offered to gentlemen whenever their names and conduct were mentioned, the most essential of all the rights of Parliament would be lost, and there would be an end to all freedom of debate."

Manuel and Beaumont were wealthy bankers and stockbrokers of Paris. Mrs. Manuel, who was young and beautiful, had fallen in love with Beaumont. Of this fact Manuel was first notified by one of those cunning devils—an anonymous correspondent. Thereupon he watched the erring couple, and soon learned the worst. He immediately quarrelled with and challenged Beaumont, and they soon afterward met with pistols, and Manuel was shot dead. This affair took place in the Bois de Boulogne in 1821. Previous to the fatal meeting, Manuel, who was an excellent man, besought his erring wife to abandon

Beaumont. "For the sake of our six children," entreated the frantic husband, "give up this base man. If you are lost to all honor, yourself, spare our dear little ones the further taints of your dishonor and disgrace." But the guilty creature turned a deaf ear to these, the last words of her husband. In a short time after the killing of Manuel, Beaumont abandoned Mrs. M., of course. Both gentlemen were possessors of great wealth.

An exciting duel took place during the reign of Henry the Third of France between two officers named Devèze and Soeilles. The latter had been discovered to be on too intimate terms with the wife of Devèze, who challenged his brother-officer and shot him in the shoulder. After his recovery Soeilles challenged Devèze, who accepted, fired first, and then turned and showed his heels. Soeilles afterward betrayed Devèze's sister, and was waylaid and killed by Devèze as soon as he was made aware of the fact; while the latter was in turn murdered by a cousin of Soeilles named D'Aubinac.

La Fontaine, who had a very pretty wife, became jealous of a young officer, whose really honorable intentions were too marked to please a certain gentleman of the Iago stamp—and who, in reality, was at the bottom of the whole affair, and who was quite willing to see either the old philosopher or the young ensign or both put out of the way—and a duel was the consequence. La Fontaine was disarmed, artistically, when he invited his antagonist home, where the madame met them at the door, and kissed them, as was her custom often before they fought.

On March 19, 1778, the Count d'Artois (the youngest brother of the French King) and the Duke

of Bourbon (a son of the Prince of Condé) fought with swords, near Paris; and, after a furious encounter, d'Artois was wounded in the arm. This duel grew out of an affair at a masquerade, at which the Duchess of Bourbon lifted the mask of the Count —who was *incognito* with a dismissed lady of honor (Madame de Cavillaç)—and had her nose vigorously wrung for her pains, to the great confusion of all present. The young Count was afterwards exiled by the King, notwithstanding the injuries he had received in his duel with the husband of the meddlesome Madame la Duchesse de Bourbonne—who was, in fact, greatly infatuated with the young Count, and was naturally enough turbulent with jealousy and rage at the presence together of d'Artois and the bewitching De Cavillac.

On the 17th of November, 1778, at Bath (England), Count Rice and Viscount du Barry quarrelled at the home of the latter, and agreed to settle their disturbance just outside of the city the next morning at daylight. Early the following day the principals met according to agreement, accompanied by seconds and a surgeon, provided with pistols and swords. As soon as they arrived, the ground was marked out by the seconds, and the principals took their places. Viscount du Barry fired first and lodged his bullet in Rice's thigh, the ball from the Count's weapon taking effect in Du Barry's breast; at the second shot they both fired together, but their pistols "flashed in the pan." They then threw away their pistols and advanced toward each other with their drawn swords, when, all of a sudden, Du Barry fell, saying: "*Je vous demand ma vie*" (I ask you for my life); to which Rice replied; "*Je vous la donne*" (I give it to you);

and in a few seconds Du Barry expired. Rice was at once conveyed to his own home, where he lay in great agony for a long time, but finally recovered. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict of manslaughter, but at the trial Rice was acquitted.

On July 1, 1843, Lieutenant-Colonel David Lynar Fawcett, of the Fifty-fifth Regiment (British) Foot, was killed by Lieutenant Alexander Thompson of the Royal Horse-Guards. The two officers had married sisters, and the settlement of some property which had fallen to the ladies had been left to Thompson, whose manner of proceeding had not been satisfactory to Fawcett. The latter not only gave the lieutenant a vigorous piece of his mind concerning the matter in trust, but ordered him out of his (Fawcett's) house—this, on the 30th of June, 1843. "You shall hear from me, sir, for this, immediately," exclaimed Thompson, as he departed. "And you will not have to wait long for a reply, rest assured," rejoined Fawcett. They fought with pistols at Camden Town the following morning, and Fawcett received a mortal wound in the side at the first fire, and died in three days. On the 4th of May, 1790, Mr. Power, son of Richard Power, fought with Captain Grumbleton, of the Thirteenth Dragoons, in the county of Waterford (Ireland). The weapons were pistols, at twelve paces, and Mr. Power fell mortally wounded at the first fire, and died while being taken home.

On the 4th of September, 1783, Colonel Cosmo Gordon and Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas met at Hyde Park and fought with pistols. The terms were that they should, after receiving their weapons, advance and fire when they pleased. When within about eight yards the Colonel fired without effect,

but was wounded by his antagonist in the thigh. They fired the second time without effect; but at the third fire Thomas fell mortally wounded, and died while being taken from the field. On the seventeenth of the following month of the same year, Captain Munro, of the Sixteenth Regiment of Dragoons, and Mr. Green met with their seconds near Battersea bridge and fired at each other three times, when Green was wounded in the side. The seconds then asked Mr. Green if he was satisfied, and he replied that he was not unless Mr. Munro was willing to make a public apology; which the latter declined to do. "Then one of us must die," exclaimed Green; and they again fired, Mr. Munro receiving a bullet in the knee and Mr. Green one in the heart.

An exciting event transpired at Madrid in 1855; many accounts of which (some of them very contradictory) were published at the time in English, French, and American newspapers. It seems that at a *soirée* given at Madrid by Marquis de Turgot (the French ambassador), at which were present Pierre Soulé (Minister from the United States to Spain) and his wife, the latter was likened to Margaret of Burgundy, in the hearing of her son, Neville Soulé, by the Duke d'Alba. The next day the latter was challenged by young Soulé, and upon the following morning the parties met and fought with swords for more than half an hour, when the Duke was wounded in the neck; after which their seconds (Colonel Milans del Bosch and Secretary Perry for Mr. Soulé, and the Count of Punonrostro and General de la Concha for the Duke) brought about a termination. That same day it became very generally reported thoughout genteel society in Madrid that the French ambassa-

dor himself had first made use of the insulting expression; and he was promptly challenged by the American Minister, which challenge was accepted by the Marquis, who designated pistols as weapons. Mr. Soulé was attended by M. Picon and General Valdes, and de Turgot by Lord Howden and General Caillier. They fought at ten paces and fired once without effect. At the second fire the French ambassador was severely wounded in the left leg near the knee, and fell to the ground. While being taken to his carriage the Marquis stated that he had never used the expression, or any insulting remarks whatever, regarding Mrs. Soulé, as reported. The New York *Home Journal* of January 18, 1884, contained a description of the foregoing duel contributed by Mr. A. L. Taveau, an eye-witness, as follows:

Upon arriving at Madrid, in the month of December, 1854, I repaired to the elegant palace of the American Embassy with letters of introduction. But I had scarcely seen the major-domo disappear up the massive marble stairway with my missive, when, in a few moments, one of the most remarkable men I ever saw came descending to meet me. With both hands extended for a cordial shake of the hand, and returning me, at the same time, my document, he exclaimed, "Take this back, my friend, you come from a State of gentlemen—a gentleman from South Carolina needs no letters of introduction to Pierre Soulé;" and shaking my hand very cordially with both of his, led me into his private cabinet. His *tout ensemble* was so striking that the whole man was instantly photographed on my mind; and I do not know how better to draw his portrait than to say that I could almost imagine myself standing in the presence of Napoleon Bonaparte. Nor was it a personal resemblance alone; but his whole manner, together with his rapid and eloquent speech, recalled to mind all that his biographers tell us of

the emperor. The next day found me installed in his cabinet as private secretary: "I want you," said he, "to receive my letters, read them over, and give me the important points of each; and I will instruct you what to reply." Such a position was a very important advantage to me, as it immediately introduced me to court, and gave me the entrée to all the best salons. It was thus that I was enabled to hear everybody talk about the famous duels, and ascertain the facts connected with them. It was during Mr. Pierce's administration that the subject of the annexation of Cuba to the United States was the all-engrossing topic of the day; and Mr. Soulé, who had warmly supported the idea in Congress, was appointed by Mr. Pierce as Minister to Spain. This appointment was so distasteful to France that Mr. Soulé, on entering that kingdom, *en route* to Spain, was subjected to much annoyance, and slighted by the government of Napoleon III. It was not long after the minister's arrival in Madrid that it was made known to him, in various ways, by the minions of Louis Napoleon, that his presence, as ambassador, was distasteful. This culminated in an affront offered to Madame Soulé by the French Minister, Monsieur de Turgot, at a ball given at his own palace, to which, of course, the American Minister and family were invited. When the Soulés arrived, the marquis, with the Duke of Alva and others, were standing at the entrance-door of the ball-room. The Soulés paid their compliments of salutation to the host, and passed on. One gentleman remarked both upon the beauty of Madame Soulé and her rich attire. "Dou you think so?" replied the marquis, "well, I do not share in your admiration of this woman, for she strongly reminds me of Margaret of Burgundy." So shocked were the Soulés' friends at such an insulting remark by the host himself, of so estimable a lady, that Mr. Soulé was promptly informed of it. Walking deliberately toward the marquis, he hunched him in the side with his elbow, and, giving him a significant look from his splendid, but now fiery eyes, quietly remarked: "I have heard, sir, of your indecent remark; you shall also hear from me to-morrow;" and,

rejoining his family, the Soulés immediately retired. In the meantime it began to be whispered about that the remark had originated with the Duke of Alva. He, being a younger man, Mr. Soulé's son, Nelville Soulé, promptly sent him a challenge next day. This the duke at first declined, on the plea that he was not the author of the insulting remarks. But a telegram soon came from France announcing to him that, unless he accepted the challenge, he was no more to call himself the brother-in-law of the emperor—the Duchesse of Alva and Eugénie, the empress, being sisters. This settled the matter at once. The challenge was accepted, and the duke being the challenged party, exercised the privilege of the choice of weapons. Being one of the best swordsmen in Spain, he chose broadswords as the weapons for the combat. This was awkward for young Soulé, who had never handled a sword in his life. Nevertheless, the choice was accepted and an instructor procured. Only one lesson, however, was the professor allowed to give, for he was a Frenchman, and was promptly warned of his likelihood of being sent to Caen, if he persisted. With one lesson did the young champion of America enter the lists, and so lustily did his sinewy arm sway the falchion, that the duke shortly became demoralized, and, after receiving a wound in the neck, from which sangre azul (blue blood) poured very freely, the fight was arrested by their mutual seconds, and satisfaction declared given and received. This being ended, Mr. Soulé then challenged the French Minister, M. de Turgot, to combat also. The challenge was promptly accepted, and pistols chosen. The hostile parties met outside the city, in an open field, bounded on one side by a high wall, adown which, was afterward remarked, descended a line, in front of which Mr. Soulé was unwittingly posted. Upon shots being exchanged, the marquis fell prostrate to the ground—Mr. Soulé unhurt remained immovable as a "Stonewall"—and it was found that Mr. Soulé's ball had inflicted a very painful, if not dangerous wound in the marquis' hip. The fight was declared ended, and once more the "star spangled banner waved over the free and the brave," at the American embassy, where it

continued to float, unmolested or insulted again by any power until Mr. Soulé's return to America. So far from these duels causing the Soulé's to become unpopular with the Madrilenos, they became the cynosure of all eyes, and received the most marked attention from the whole royal family. The writer of this, having remained in Madrid the whole winter, was thus enabled, personally, to see not only what popularity the Soulés had gained by their courage, but, also, that los Etados Unidos (the United States) were more respected than ever.

CHAPTER XI.

EUROPEAN DUELS—CONTINUED.

The Fatal Meeting between Colonel Montgomery and Captain Macnamara—Two Sanguinary Affairs—Lord Macartney's Two Duels—A Number of Memorable Combats—The Foolish Apothecary—How Aldworth Obtained Satisfaction—A Number of Fatal Duels—Fatal Quarrel between English Officers concerning Americans—Alphonse de Lamartine's Duel—M. Pierre Bonaparte's Affairs of Honor—Other Quarrels among Distinguished Persons—The Fatal Duel between Signors Levito and Nicotera, the Picturesque Italian Conspirator, at Rome—Aurélian Scholl, the Witty Chroniqueur, and Count Albert de Dion settle their Long-standing Difficulty with Swords at the Race-course of Longchamps—Signor Rossi's Duel at Casala and its Consequences.

THE fatal duel between Colonel Montgomery, of the British army, and Captain Macnamara, of the British navy, in 1803, may be presented as one of the most melancholy events in all the annals of duelling. Both officers had distinguished themselves in hard-fought battles, and both were under thirty years of age. They were one day riding in Hyde Park, accompanied by their dogs. The latter quarrelled, during which the two officers got into an angry altercation, which ended by Montgomery presenting Macnamara his card of address. In three hours afterward the two gentlemen met at Primrose Hill—Montgomery being attended by Sir William Kier, and Macnamara by Captain Barry. They fought with

pistols, at twelve paces, and at the first fire Montgomery received Macnamara's bullet in the heart, and the latter received his antagonist's missile in the hip. Colonel Montgomery was taken from the field dead, and Captain Macnamara was shortly afterward tried at the Old Bailey on a charge of murder, and acquitted. During the trial the survivor read a paper in his defence, which concluded as follows :

The origin of the difference, as you see it in the evidence, was insignificant. The heat of two persons, each defending an animal under his protection, was natural, and could not have led to any serious consequences. It was not the deceased's defending his own dog, nor his threatening to destroy mine, that led me to the fatal catastrophe; it was the defiance which most unhappily accompanied what was said. Words receive their interpretation from the avowed intention of the speaker. The offence was forced upon me by the declaration that he invited me to be offended, and challenged me to vindicate the offence by calling upon him for satisfaction. "If you are offended with what has passed, you know where to find me." These words, unfortunately repeated and reiterated, have over and over, and over again, been considered by criminal courts of justice as sufficient to support an indictment for a challenge. The judgments of courts are founded upon the universal understandings and feelings of mankind, and common candor must admit that an officer, however desirous to avoid a quarrel, cannot refuse to understand what even the grave judges of the law must interpret as a provocation and a defiance. I declare, therefore, most solemnly against the deceased; nothing, indeed, but insanity could have led me to expose my own life to such immense peril, under the impulse of passion from so inadequate a cause as the evidence before you exhibits, when separated from the defiance which was the fatal source of mischief, and I could well have overlooked that too if the world, in its present state, could have overlooked it also. I

went into the field, therefore, with no determination or desire to take the life of my opponent, or to expose my own. I went there in hopes of receiving some soothing satisfaction for what would otherwise have exposed me in the general feelings and opinions of the world. The deceased was a man of popular manners, as I have heard, and with a very general acquaintance. I, on the other hand, was in a manner a stranger in this great town, having been devoted from my infancy to the duties of my profession in distant seas. If, under these circumstances, the words which the deceased intended to be offensive, and which he repeatedly invited to be resented, had been passed by, and submitted to, they would have passed from mouth to mouth, have been ever exaggerated at every repetition, and my honor must have been lost. Gentlemen, I am a captain in the British navy. My character you can only hear from others; but to maintain my character and station, I must be respected. When called upon to lead others into honorable danger, I must not be supposed to be a man who had sought safety by submitting to what custom has taught others to consider as a disgrace. I am not presuming to urge anything against the laws of God or of this land. I know that, in the eye of religion and reason, obedience to the law, though against the general feelings of the world, is the first duty, and ought to be the rule of action. But in putting a construction upon my motives, so as to ascertain the quality of my actions, you will make allowances for my situation. It is impossible to define in terms the proper feelings of a gentleman; but their existence have supported this happy country many ages, and she might perish if they were lost. Gentlemen, I will detain you no longer; I will bring before you many honorable persons who will speak what they know of me in my profession, and in private life, which will the better enable you to judge whether what I have offered in my defence may safely be received by you as truth. Gentlemen, I submit myself entirely to your judgment. I hope to obtain my liberty through your verdict; and to employ it with honor in the defence of the liberties of my country.

In 1721, in Lincoln's Inn Fields (England), Mr. Fulford and Captain Cusack met with swords, attended by two seconds on each side. A description of this duel, in an old English magazine, concludes as follows: "It had lasted but a few minutes, when Fulford had the imprudence to raise his arm and expose his chest; the Captain's sword glided swiftly below it, and pierced him to the heart. Fulford fell back and died without a groan." The same magazine presents a graphic description of the duel (in 1589) between Henry of Essex (who bore the royal standard of Henry II. when that monarch invaded Wales) and Robert de Montford—who commenced their fight on horseback, and followed it up on foot—which concludes: "The encounter was desperate; and, so equal were the parties to the struggle, that it was uncertain to give the chance to either. At last, with a more than human strength, and with a false parry on the side of Essex, de Montford hurled his adversary to the ground, and with a quick and sudden motion, drove his sword into the neck of Essex."

Lord Macartney and Mr. Sadlier had an altercation at the Council Board at Bombay on March 16, 1784, and afterwards fought with pistols, Macartney receiving a dangerous wound, from which he recovered, however. On the 8th of June, 1786, Macartney met General Stuart near Kensington, and fought with pistols at twelve short paces. When they were about to fire Stuart told Macartney that his pistol was not cocked, at which his lordship thanked the General, and cocked. Macartney was wounded at the first fire, and the seconds at once declared that the matter must rest. But Stuart exclaimed: "This is no sat-

isfaction;" and asked Macartney if he was not able to fire again. His lordship replied: "With pleasure;" and urged Colonel Fullerton (his second) to permit him to proceed. Colonel Gordon (Stuart's second) informed the General that his antagonist was wounded and could not proceed; who replied: "Then I must defer it till another occasion." To which Macartney added: "If that is the case we had better proceed again, now." But the seconds put an end to all further conversation between the parties, and his lordship was removed from the field in an easy carriage to his home.

In 1794, in England, Lord Tankerville and Edward Bouverie, Member of Parliament, met with pistols, and the latter was killed. In 1740, in England, General Braddock (who afterward died in America) and Colonel Gumley, officers of the British army, fought with swords, and Braddock was disarmed, but uninjured, although he refused to beg for his life. In 1699, in England, Colonel Oliver le Neve and Sir Henry Buckinghamshire, Member of Parliament, met with swords, and the latter was mortally wounded. In 1809, in England, Lord Castlereagh and George Canning (then Foreign Secretary) met with pistols on Putney Heath, and at the second shot Canning received a thigh wound, after which the seconds of the two statesmen put a stop to the combat. In 1841, in England, Captain Harvey G. Tuckett and James Thomas Cardigan met with pistols on Wimbledon Common, and the former was severely wounded at the second shot.

On May 1, 1760, at Manchester (England), while Major Glover, of the Lincolnshire militia, was passing pompously along, a Mr. Jackson (an apothecary)

dashed out of his store and tapped the militiaman playfully on his back. Subsequently the two met, and Glover touched the frolicsome compounder of nauseating preparations perceptibly with a switch; at which the apothecary flew into a rage, and challenged the militiaman to meet him at once in mortal combat. The latter was greatly surprised, apologized for what might have seemed insulting, and declared that what he had done was only meant as a joke. But the apothecary would listen to nothing short of a hostile meeting; so the two at last went into a neighboring coffee-house, and in a very few moments Jackson received satisfaction by being run through with Glover's sword; and just before he died, the foolish apothecary declared that everything connected with his death was his own fault.

In 1714, in England, Colonel Chudworth, of the British army, insulted William Aldworth, Member of Parliament, by calling him a Jacobite. The latter challenged Chudworth, and a meeting was arranged to take place at Marylebone Fields, at which Aldworth was killed; weapons, swords. In August, 1790, M. de Cazales and M. Barnave, two French lawyers, fought with pistols near Paris, and the former was wounded in the leg. In 1790 Barnave fought a duel with Viscount de Noailles with pistols, but neither received serious injuries. Oliver St. John, of the house of Bolingbroke, and Captain Best, of the Queen's Guards, fought with swords in 1589, in England, and Best was killed. In 1760, in England, James Stewart and the Duke of Bolton met at Marylebone Fields with swords. Bolton had wounded his antagonist, and while making a desperate pass fell and broke his leg, and was unable to rise. "Get up

or beg for your life!" cried Stewart. "Never!" exclaimed the Duke. And thus the combat ended.

On June 1, 1790, Mr. Macduff captain's clerk of the British sloop-of-war *Racehorse*, and midshipman Prince, of the same vessel, fought in England, and the latter was killed at the first fire. On the 3d of July of the same year Mr. John Alcock and Mr. Sewell met with pistols at Guilford (England), and fired at each other once without effect. They then fired a second time, when Sewell's pistol went off accidentally, and the bullet went through his own foot, while the ball from his antagonist's weapon passed through the skirt of his coat. The seconds then arranged the matter with satisfaction to both parties. On the 6th day of the same month Lieutenants Cowper and Dyer, of the Fifty-Sixth Regiment of English Foot, met near Dublin, and the latter was severely wounded at the first shot. On the 20th of the same month, same year, Mr. Stephens, a young gentleman of twenty years of age (and only surviving son of Philip Stephens, of the Admiralty), and Mr. Anderson, an attorney, met at Margate (England), and exchanged shots without effect. The seconds then interposed, but Stephens insisted on an apology from his adversary. Mr. Anderson replied that he could not apologize for words he had never used. Whereupon Stephens demanded another shot, and received his antagonist's bullet in the head and fell dead. On August 3, 1772, near Paris, between Marquis de Fleur and Captain Cardineaux, in which the latter was killed and the former wounded in the arm ; weapons, pistols. On the 16th of May, 1767, at Marseilles (France), between Signor Romanza (a Corsican) and the Duke of Triffonier. The latter had made

derogatory remarks about the British nation and its sovereign, to which Romanza responded by saying that the British nation was a nation of men, and that the King was the best monarch in Europe; for which declaration Triffonier challenged the Corsican, and received a mortal wound; weapons, pistols. On the 3d of August, 1769, at Plymouth (England), two English officers (a captain and a lieutenant of marines) went out with each other to dine, during which they got into an intoxicated condition, and afterward quarrelled and fougnt each other, the lieutenant being killed; weapons, swords. In August, 1769, in Dunmore Park, near Kilkenny (Ireland), a second duel took place between James Agar and Henry Flood (the former having been wounded in the arm in the first affair), in which Agar was shot through the heart. The second quarrel grew out of a controversy over the loss of a case of duelling pistols. Agar fired first, and then took up a second weapon, and cried out to Flood, who was about to discharge his pistol in the air: "Fire, you scoundrel, fire!" And Flood did fire, and Agar never knew what killed him.

In August, 1779, Major Ackland and Lieutenant Lloyd, of the British army, fought near London, with pistols, and the former was killed. Lloyd had charged the American people with ingratitude and cowardice, and Ackland, in defending the Americans, gave Lloyd the lie, which resulted as aforesaid. On the 11th of September, 1765, two gentlemen, who had long been intimate friends, quarrelled and fought with swords near Kensington (England), and both were severely wounded. One of the combatants, after arriving upon the field, drew from his pocket his will,

in which he had bequeathed to his antagonist £1000; and which he declared he would not take back. The duel was proceeded with, however.

In Hyde Park, in 1748, Captains Innes and Clarke, officers in the British navy, fought with pistols, and the former was mortally wounded. The survivor was afterward tried and convicted of murder, but was pardoned by the King. The same year Mr. Ball, an attorney, fought the Earl of Kilkenny with pistols, in Ireland, and the latter was wounded twice. In 1825, Alphonse de Lamartine, the celebrated French poet, and Colonel Pepe, an officer in the Italian army, fought near Florence (Italy), and Lamartine was seriously wounded. In 1794 Colonel Roper and Lieutenant Purefoy, officers of the same regiment in the British army, met near London with pistols, and Roper was shot through the heart. In 1850, M. Valentine and M. Clary, members of the Chamber of Deputies, fought with swords near Brussels, and the former was dangerously wounded.

On the 24th of November, 1849, M. Pierre Bonaparte fought M. Rovigo (whose face he had slapped publicly) with sabres, in the Bois de Boulogne, and was wounded. A day or two afterward he exchanged shots with Adrian de la Valette, a Parisian journalist, in the woods near Paris, without injury to either. In 1851 M. Pierre Bonaparte and the Count Nienkerke met with swords in the Bois de Boulogne, and the latter was sevely wounded in the thigh.

On the 24th of February, 1832, in Paris, Charles Leon, a natural son of Napoleon, dined with M. de Rosambert, and met, at dinner, Captain Hesse. During the evening play was introduced, and Leon lost eighteen thousand francs; after which, he quar-

relled with Hesse, and the two arranged for a duel, which was fought in the woods upon the following morning, and Hesse was mortally wounded. On the 19th of March, 1830, Captain Smith, of the Thirty-second Foot, British army, and Standish Stamer O'Grady—accompanied respectively by Captain Markham and Lieutenant Macnamara—met with pistols near Dublin, and O'Grady was shot dead. Subsequently Captains Smith and Markham were arrested and tried for murder, and convicted of manslaughter and sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment in Kilmainham jail. Smith, after listening to the sentence, cried out, "My God! my God! I am disgraced forever!" and fell into Markham's arms.

In 1835 Morgan O'Connell, Member of Parliament, and Lord Alvanley fought in Hyde Park with pistols, and fired at each other three times without effect. In 1853 M. Charles Moncelet and M. Emile Angier met near Paris and settled their difficulty by firing at each other once without effect. In 1731 Lord Hervey and William Pulteney fought with swords near Bath, and the former was slightly wounded. In 1822 the Duke of Bedford and the Duke of Buckingham met in Hyde Park with pistols. The Duke of Buckingham fired without effect, and his antagonist discharged his pistol in the air. In 1849 M. Berard and M. Brives, members of the Chamber of Deputies, met near Paris with pistols, and satisfied honor after one shot from Brives; Berard's weapon missing fire. In 1833, in England, Sir John Jeffcott and Captain Hennis fought with pistols, and the latter was mortally wounded. In 1835, after a quarrel in the Cortez, Señor Mendizabal, Prime Minister of Spain, and

Señor Isturitz, fought with pistols near Madrid, and exchanged shots without effect.

On the 7th of December, 1883, Signors Levito and Nicotera met with sabres near the iron bridge which spans the Tiber, at Rome; and, after a desperate encounter, the former was dangerously wounded in the heart. The seconds then endeavored to terminate the affair, when Levito suddenly rushed forward, snatched Nicotera's sabre away and slashed the unarmed man a deadly blow over his head and neck, from which he died in a short time afterward. The New York *Times*, in noticing this affair, said:

The killing of Baron Nicotera, although it took place in a duel, was a murder, or rather a bloody butchery, for his antagonist killed him in a way which involved a total disregard of the "code," and which will probably result in the homicide's trial and condemnation by a criminal court. The death of Nicotera is an event of no little political importance. He led a small party in Parliament which was absolutely devoted to his interests, and his hold on his Calabrian constituents, being purely personal, could not be shaken, whatever political somersaults he might have made. Nominally a leader of the Left, he fought for his own advantage, and his readiness either to ally himself with any party that would purchase his services or to attack any Ministry or measure, made him a factor in politics that no party or statesman could entirely ignore. There is no principle nor programme that loses by his death, but the complete extinction of the Nicotera group which it necessarily involves will simplify the problem of parliamentary government. Nicotera was a picturesque figure in the rapidly diminishing ranks of the Italian revolutionary patriots. He belonged to the era—now happily closed—of Italian conspirators. During the greater part of his turbulent life he was always conspiring or fighting against tyranny, and he began this course so young that by the time he

was twenty he was an exile from Naples and had been wounded by a French bullet while fighting for the Roman Republic of '48. Twenty years more were passed by him in the underground work of the Italian secret societies, and at to death and afterward to the galleys for life, for having made one of an armed band sent out by Mazzini to face almost certain death by landing in Southern Italy and attempting to incite an insurrection against the king. Liberated by the Sicilian revolt, Nicotera was sent by Bertani to head an expedition against Rome. The expedition was ostensibly a Garibaldian movement, but was undertaken without the knowledge of Garibaldi, and was afterward denounced by him as a specimen of the folly of republican *doctrinaires*. It was broken up by the Sardinian Government, and Nicotera thereupon joined Garibaldi in South Italy. At Aspromonte he was with the simple-minded hero whom Rattazzi had lured into loyal rebellion; for there is now no question that Garibaldi was made to believe that in engaging in the Aspromonte campaign he was really obeying the wishes of Victor Emmanuel. Such a man—able, fearless, trained to conflict with authority—was not the man to suddenly develop into a statesman. Nicotera was a guerrilla in politics as he had been in war, and he never learned that there could be virtue in obedience to law. As Minister of the Interior his manipulation of elections was more reckless and shameless than anything of the kind ever perpetrated by an imperialist Prefect in the early days of the last French Empire, and it stained his reputation ineffaceably. Had he lived, he could have had no reasonable prospect of ever again entering an Italian Cabinet. His political career after his withdrawal from office was that of a clever, unscrupulous trickster, and with the growth of true parliamentary government his influence as the leader of a group would have steadily diminished. There was one touch of chivalry in the veteran conspirator. The magic of the beautiful Italian queen made him, republican as he was, thoroughly loyal to the throne; and that

the queen could have exerted this influence over such a man without the loss of dignity or the slightest breath of suspicion is not the least of her claims to the respect and love of her people. The conspirators with whom Nicotera belonged, and of a certain class of whom he was a type, will soon have passed out of the political life of Italy. In their day they did good service, and those whose freedom was in large measure won by the bravery and sufferings of these men can well afford to pardon the offences that die with them. With all his faults Nicotera never hesitated to brave the gallows and to face the bullets of the enemies of Italian freedom. He was useless and out of place as a law-maker; but before the Italian Parliament was born he had worthily filled a place among the soldiers of freedom. Italy will be less heroic when the men of Mazzinian conspiracies and red-shirt campaigns are gone; but the cause of good government loses nothing by the death of the bold, restless, and reckless Calabrian Baron.

A special cablegram to the New York *Herald* from Paris, dated the 10th of January, 1884, presented the following spirited description of the duel between two famous Parisians, as follows:

The duel between M. Aurélien Scholl, the witty *chroniqueur* of the *Evénement*, and Count Albert de Dion, a prominent ornament of the gayest coterie of Parisian society, took place at noon yesterday. To-day it exclusively absorbs the attention of Paris. The cause of the duel originated four years ago, and is too complicated to be unravelled in a telegraphic summary. Readers of the *Herald* will doubtless recall the scene at the famous restaurant Bignon in 1880, when the Count de Dion threw a bottle of champagne at M. Scholl's head and otherwise roughly handled him. The Count de Dion was for this assault locked up in jail for two months. When the Count de Dion came out M. Scholl's two seconds waited upon him. The Count de Dion was most eager to fight, but in Belgium, not in France, as the

cumulative punishment for a duel on top of an assault and battery would be too serious a matter. M. Scholl, on the other hand, refused to go to Belgium. Hence the *status quo* was maintained until last week, when the Count de Dion fought a duel with M. de Bryas. This duel fanned into activity the latent fire of M. Scholl concerning the imbroglio with the Count de Dion, and on Tuesday M. Scholl published in the *Evénement* a sarcastic appreciation, of the Count de Dion, headed "A Surprise." The Count de Dion never reads the *Evénement*, but the next day (yesterday) his friend M. Sohège showed him M. Scholl's provoking sarcasm. The Count de Dion did not allow the grass to grow under his feet, and ten minutes after reading the article he sent the General Prince de Bauffremont and Commandant Franchet d'Esperet as seconds to demand reparation of M. Scholl, who referred those gentlemen to his own seconds, MM. Robert Mitchell and Adolphe Tavernier. The following is the narrative of the details of the duel as related to your correspondent by one of the four seconds who officiated on the occasion: The duel took place at noon near the grand stand of the race-course of Longchamps. We wanted it to take place in the *pesage*, but when we arrived with our principals the keepers said that the proprietors of the race-course would not allow any duelling to take place on their property. So we were obliged to go further. We halted finally in one of the retired and picturesque promenades of the Bois. M. Tavernier tossed up a louis for the choice of position. Prince Bauffremont cried "Head!" and won. M. Tavernier then tossed up again a louis for the choice of weapons. Prince Bauffremont cried "Head!" and again won. The Count de Dion then selected his position and chose his own weapons, a magnificent pair of swords with costly steel guards ornamented with his initials and the coronet of the count embossed in solid gold. M. Tavernier, to whom we delegated the direction of the combat, put the adversaries in position and engaged their swords. At the command, "*Allez, Messieurs!*" the two combatants took ground *en*

rompant. Then M. Scholl attacked furiously with right points and thrusts. The Count de Dion all the while smiled most ironically and parried M. Scholl's attacks with highly finished but rather fantastic play, frequently tantalizing his adversary by raising his sword quite out of position of guard, for an instant completely exposing himself. M. Scholl made play at the chest, the Count de Dion at the stomach. At the expiration of four minutes M. Tavernier, believing that the Count de Dion was wounded in the wrist, stopped the combat, but it was merely the Count de Dion's shirt sleeve which had been torn. At the second engagement the adversaries ceased to *rompre* and the play was more earnest. M. Scholl continued to attack vigorously and nearly succeeded in wounding the Count de Dion, but the latter very adroitly sprang back, missing the point by a hair's breadth. The combat continued in the most spirited manner imaginable. M. Scholl kept advancing and making play at the Count de Dion's chest, followed by a well-executed *dégagement dans la ligne basse.* The Count de Dion always responded by the *riposte en seconde* after each passage. Finally, by a beautiful *riposte du tac au tac* the Count de Dion wounded M. Scholl in the side, his sword entering between the eighth and ninth ribs. The sword bending, broke at twenty centimetres from its point, the broken piece remaining in the wound. M. Scholl stepped back, saying "*Je laisse.*" We seconds all approached, anxious to see if the wound was dangerous. M. Scholl smiled, and said, "I have had worse wounds than this," referring to a severe wound in the chest received from M. Paul de Cassagnac. "That's what comes of being so near-sighted," continued M. Scholl. Your correspondent here asked—"What was the real feeling of the adversaries before and after the combat?" The second answered—"They both did their best to kill each other." "Was there a reconciliation?" "No; but before the combat we seconds insisted that our respective principals should formally agree that this duel would finally settle the quarrel." "Is M. Scholl's wound serious?" "No; he went at five o'clock to Tortoni's

as usual, and then went to his editorial chair in the *Evénement.*"

Rossi was playing *Hamlet* one night at Casala, when a party of young Italians of both sexes, who had dined too copiously, spoke so loud that the actor was obliged to stop. "I'll keep quiet until you do," said the tragedian, quietly folding his arms. The public applauded and demanded the expulsion of the disturbers, but after the performance Signor Rossi found a card left with the stage doorkeeper. The owner of it insisted upon satisfaction for the insult. Signor Rossi pulled a long face. He did not mind a duel, but he was expected next night at Milan and was bound to start at eight o'clock in the morning. He went straight to the residence of the challenger, whom he found engaged in trying his skill with a pair of pistols on an iron plate fixed against the wall. He explained the situation to him. "The rumor of a duel between us has already gone abroad; the gendarmerie are sure to prevent us in the morning. I have a very spacious apartment at the hotel. Will you come and settle our quarrel there? We are not likely to be disturbed, especially if we can manage to slip in unnoticed." So said, so done. They repaired to Signor Rossi's hotel; the conditions had been arranged; and they were just about to begin when there was a knock at the door. It was the host, who, seeing a light so late, feared that his visitor was ill, and would not accept his assurance to the contrary for an answer. "There is but one way out of the difficulty —we must blow out the candles and take aim by the glow of our cigarettes we are going to light." The condition was accepted; Signor Rossi hit his adversary in the shoulder, but the discharge awakened the

whole house. The tragedian had got from the frying-pan into the fire, for he was conducted to the *juge de paix*. In vain did he consult his watch; the hands pointed to seven. To make matters worse, the magistrate received him with a crushing speech. "You deserve five years' imprisonment," he began. "But now that the man of the law has spoken," he continued, suddenly changing his tone, "the playgoer must add a last word. I was at the theatre last night; you acted like a god and you did very well to chastise this good-for-nothing. I know that you are expected in Milan, and take this ring as a remembrance of how I look upon your conduct."

CHAPTER XII.

EUROPEAN DUELS—CONTINUED.

A Fight to the Death—The Fatal Duel between O'Connell and D'Esterre—A Combat with Cavalry Sabres—Harry Bellasses and Tom Porter—An Old-Time Duel—All about the Countess of Yarmouth—Aston and Fitzgerald—A Number of Fatal Duels—Fighting Musicians—A Fatal Encounter with Scissors—Killed and Left in the Street—Midshipmen Armstrong and Long—General Pepe and Caraocosa—Duels from Trivial Causes—A Disrespectful Frenchman Neatly Dispatched—The Desperate Encounter between Valois and Bezarier—A Spectacular Combat and its Tragic Result—Two Desperate Affairs—Extraordinary and Fatal Duel—Atrocities of the Field.

DURING an animated discussion between Lieutenants Zigang and Suprin, of the One Hundred and Thirteenth (French) Infantry, concerning military matters, early in September, 1881, at Paris, the former gave his brother officer the lie, and was dealt a violent blow in the face in return. A duel was the consequence; and the parties met, with pistols, on the twelfth of the month, at Saules, between the rivers Sanitas and Loire. The combatants confronted each other at thirty paces, and at the signal both fired and both fell—Zigang hit in the hip and his antagonist in the breast. They were then conveyed to the hospital, where Suprin died in a few days.

When Henry III. was king of France there were among his courtiers two gentlemen who were noted

as masters of the sword—Caylus and D'Entraquet. During a night's dissipation, in which his majesty was a jolly participant, Caylus and D'Entraquet quarrelled over cards, and the latter accused the former of cheating, and threw his glove in Caylus' face. Caylus sprang upon D'Entraquet like a tiger and seized him by the throat, but in an instant the two courtiers were separated by friends. "I'll have your life for this!" cried Caylus, in great rage. "Well said, sir—to Fourelles, then, at once," responded D'Entraquet. Arrangements were quickly made for a meeting at Fourelles early upon the following day, with two seconds on each side. Morning came (writes a contributor to an English magazine), and no sooner had the seconds arranged all the preliminaries than the principals confronted each other and their shining blades glided into collision. For some moments neither gained any advantage. Then every movement was cautious, for each wished to learn the skill and power of his opponent. Caylus was the first to break ground. He made a rapid parry, and lunged like lightning at his opponent. A thrust so quick and true that only by a desperate backward spring did the latter escape. Again the swords crossed, and steel played along steel till Caylus, seeing an opportunity, made a leap and thrust, and his sword was beaten down when only within an inch of his enemy's heart. It was clearly evident now that Caylus was by far the most expert swordsman of the two, and nothing but D'Entraquet's strength of wrist had saved him from receiving a deadly wound. That strength stood him in good stead, and he was determined to exert it to the utmost. D'Entraquet now pressed his antagonist heavily and closely, thrust following thrust in rapid

succession. Soon the strength of Caylus began to fail him, and his defence grew weaker as D'Entraquet, seeming to gather strength, pressed him hotly. The seconds resolved to interpose. "Enough," they cried. "Honor is satisfied, what more would you have?" D'Entraquet seemed inclined to listen to this suggestion; not so Caylus. He smiled, and waved the seconds back with a gesture of contempt. "Our quarrel cannot be so easily appeased. Fall back! we fight to the death!" he cried. "Be it so," said D'Entraquet; "your blood be on your own head, not mine." And bearing down the point of his antagonist's sword with a straight thrust, delivered with all his strength, he drove the cold steel through the breast of his enemy with such force that the point came out at his back. That thrust was a fatal one. Caylus stood for one brief second, and then dropped dead.

There are Irish writers who have stated that the Count d'Esterre was imported for the sole purpose of killing the famous Daniel O'Connell. Be this as it may, it was not long after d'Esterre became a member of the corporation of Dublin that the illustrious Irishman referred to that body as "a beggarly corporation." This was the Count's opportunity; and he quickly embraced it by sending O'Connell a challenge. This was duly accepted, although O'Connell declared that the meeting was party subterfuge to cut him off. The Count was known to be a dead shot, while no one would have wagered a shilling on O'Connell, who had never fought a duel, and who was at best an indifferent marksman. After taking their stand, and getting the signal, the parties fired so nearly together that it seemed like one report, and d'Esterre fell mortally wounded, while O'Connell escaped unhurt. This

took place at Bishop's Court, in 1815. In 1829, while Sir Robert Peel was Secretary for Ireland, O'Connell called the distinguished statesman the "son of a cotton-jenny," which resulted in an agreement for a meeting, which was prevented by the proper authorities. Subsequently the parties made preparations to depart for France, but the "Irish Liberator" was arrested while on his way from Dublin and held on bail not to fight.

In 1852, in Paris, M. Laury and M. Vieyra quarrelled in a billiard saloon, and agreed to settle their grievance at sunrise the following morning at a stated place in the woods near the city, the weapons to be: first, pistols, at twelve paces; and then, second (if neither was hit), to advance with cavalry sabres. After arriving upon the ground, it was arranged that the combatants should proceed at once with their sabres, as the reports of firearms might bring the authorities (who were on the track of the parties) quickly to the scene of action. The duel lasted twenty minutes, when Vieyra was severely wounded in the breast.

A singular duel was that in London, in 1677, between Sir Henry Bellasses and Thomas Porter. Like Camelford and Best, Harry Bellasses and Tom Porter were genial fellows, and fond of the good things of the world. They met, with some other fellows, one evening, and dined at Jack Castle's, in Spring Garden. Slight intoxication soon followed, and Bellasses and Porter had words, during which the former gave the latter a light slap upon the face. At this, one of the company, who were all by this time nearly intoxicated, sprang up at once, crying: "Tom, I wouldn't stand a blow." "Nor will I!" cried Tom Porter, staggering

to his feet. "Sir Harry, a word with you. Bellasses looked at him aghast. "What, Tom!" said he, "are you going to quarrel?" "No. Quarrel!" he cried, "I am not going to quarrel. I have quarrelled—follow me." "I will not fight you!" Sir Henry replied; and making for the door he rushed into the street. A coach was passing, into which he leaped, and, just as Tom Porter came rushing out urged on by the words of his friends, he cried: "Up the Strand, and then to Covent Garden." "Ha, ha!" cried Tom Porter, now maddened by drink and excitement. "Did you hear? He is going round by Covent Garden. We can cut across and meet him." In the still small hours of the morning, just before the market became alive with people, Tom Porter met the coach, and, calling out, "Coward," and stopping it faced Sir Henry and challenged him to fight a duel. "You are mad, Tom!" he cried, drawing his sword as Porter flung his coat and vest to the ground; "but as you will it, be it so." The duel, founded on nothing, and urged on by foolish men, was not many minutes in duration, and presently Tom Porter's sword ran into the breast of his bosom friend, who fell, bathed in blood, to the ground. In an instant, when he beheld the form of his comrade fall death-struck to the earth, Porter saw his crime, and fell on his knees weeping at the side of his friend. "Forgive me—I was mad, Harry," he cried, in broken accents. "Away, Tom; save yourself," cried Bellasses. "I forgive you. Fools have wrought this between us." And dragged away by his friends Tom Porter was placed in a coach, forced down to Dover and away to France.

During the reign of Henry the Second, of France, there was a famous duel between Baron des Guerres

and Seigneur Fondelles, in which the former was defeated and badly wounded. They fought with swords, and both received many desperate cuts. There were many thousands of people present, and during the progress of the combat a scaffold fell containing spectators, *and a number of ladies were seriously injured.*

In 1750, two German noblemen, named Swiegel and Freychappel, who were visiting England, fell desperately in love with the beautiful Countess of Yarmouth (then a mistress of George II.), and, becoming greatly enraged with each other, in consequence, repaired to Hyde Park one morning with swords for the purpose of settling their differences in the premises of love. The combat lasted nearly an hour, during the progress of which both were many times wounded. Freychappel, at last, while rushing furiously upon his antagonist, slipped and fell, and was instantly run through and killed.

On the 29th of June, 1790, Captain Harvey Aston and Lieutenant Fitzgerald, of the Sixtieth Regiment of (English) Foot, who had quarrelled a long time before at Ranelagh, met in a field at Chalk-lodge farm, near Hampstead, at the break of day, with pistols; Aston being seconded by Lord Fitzroy, and Fitzgerald by Mr. Wood. They fought at ten paces; and Fitzgerald, having the first fire, rested his pistol on his left arm, and took an aim which sent a bullet through his antagonist's neck. On receiving the wound, Aston called to his antagonist, without firing: "Are you satisfied?" The answer returned was: "I am satisfied." Mr. Aston was then assisted to his carriage suffering greatly from his wound, which was a very severe one. On the 28th of June, 1796, Lord Valentia and Henry Gawler met in a field three miles

from Hamburgh, and Valentia was wounded in the breast at the first fire, while his lordship's bullet passed through the hat of his antagonist. On the 10th of August, 1796, two Americans named William Carpenter and John Pride fought in Hyde Park, London, and the former was shot through the body and died the next day. The coroner's jury rendered a verdict of wilful murder, but Pride was acquitted upon trial.

On January 12, 1818, near Chalk-farm, Mr. O'Callaghan and Lieutenant Bayley, of the Fifty-eighth British Foot; they fought with pistols, and Bayley was mortally wounded. O'Callaghan and the two seconds were charged with murder by a coroner's jury, and at their trial were convicted of manslaughter. In the duel between Redmond Byrne and Thomas O'Connor, near Cork (Ireland), in July, 1820, a spectator at a distance of a quarter of a mile received one of the shots in the arm, while neither of the principals was hurt. On December 13, 1817, in Northwood Park, Isle of Wight, John Sutton and Major Lockyer; the former was killed at the first fire. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against Lockyer and the two seconds, all of whom fled the country. On July 19, 1813, near Parkhurst Barracks (England), Edward McGuire and Lieutenant Blundell; they fought with pistols, and Blundell was killed. McGuire and the seconds were convicted of murder and sentenced to death, but the sentence was commuted to imprisonment. In 1728, in England, Captain Peppard, of the British army, and Mr. Hayes, an attorney, met at Hyde Park, with swords, and Hayes was killed. In 1748, in Hyde Park, Messrs. Morgan and Hamilton, with swords;

the latter killed. On November 13, 1779, in England, Mr. Donovan and Captain Hanson; the latter killed. In Paris, in 1862, the Duc de Grammont Caderousse and Mr. Dillon, a journalist; the latter killed. In 1788, in England, Mr. McKeon and George Nugent Reynolds, in which the latter was killed and the former convicted of murder. In England, in 1802, Right Honorable George Ogle and Bernard Coyle; the latter slightly wounded at the eighth shot. In 1861, in Berlin, General de Manteuffel and M. Twesten, with pistols, at eleven paces. At the first shot the General was grazed in the head, and at the second his antagonist was wounded in the wrist. These gentlemen held prominent positions under the King, who was highly indignant over their offence.

In 1711, in England, Mr. Thornhill and Sir Cholmeley Dering; they fought with pistols, and the Baronet was killed at the first fire. In France, in 1851, M. Chavoix and M. Dupont; they fought with swords, and the latter was slain. In 1752, in England, Lord Lempster and Captain Grey, of the British army, with swords; Lempster was run through the body and died while being taken to his carriage. In 1851, in England, Viscount Malden and Captain Hawkins, with pistols; the officer fired and missed, and his lordship discharged his weapon in the air. In 1854, in France, M. Alphonse and M. Isidore, with swords; Isidore was severely wounded. In 1495, the Emperor Maximilian, of Germany, and Claude de Batre, with swords; the latter was defeated. In 1789, at Wimbledon, the Duke of York (afterward George the Fourth) and Colonel Lenox (afterward the Duke of Richmond), with pistols. The latter fired first and disarranged a lock of his noble

antagonist's hair, and the Duke of York discharged his pistol in the air. Theophilus Swift, an Irish attorney, upon learning of the meeting, although unacquainted with Colonel Lenox, declared that the latter ought to be challenged and made to fight until some one killed him for having dared to fire upon a son of the King; and he issued a cartel of defiance accordingly. Lenox accepted the challenge, the parties met, and Swift was shot through the body at the first fire. In 1647, in Scotland, Donald McCallum and Colkitto Alister, with swords; McCallum was desperately wounded and died the following day. In 1714, in Ireland, Cornet Castine and Dudley Moore, with swords; Moore was killed. In 1764, in England, the Duke of Pecquigny and M. Virette, with swords; the former was badly wounded. In 1503, in Spain, the Chevalier Bayard and Alonzo de Sotomayor. Bayard issued the challenge, and the parties met with swords and daggers, and after a desperate struggle the Spaniard was killed.

Ole Bull, one of the greatest violinists that ever lived, fought and killed a fellow musician in Paris in 1837. Jullien, the eminent musical director, just before sailing for America, in 1853, fought a duel near Paris, and was run through the body and taken off the field for dead. In 1851, at Versailles, Prince Charles Bonaparte and Count Rossi, with pistols; neither hit. In 1660, in England, Sir William Gray and the Earl of Southesk, with swords; the former killed. James Bruce, the distinguished traveller, fought a duel with a gentleman at Brussels, and wounded his adversary several times, in 1757; weapons, swords. The first Sir Colin Campbell was killed by the Lord of Lorn, in Scotland, in 1291. Sir

James Johnston and Lord Maxwell, in Scotland, in 1613; the former slain. In Ireland, in 1808, Mr. Alcock and Mr. Colclough; they fought with pistols, and Colclough was shot dead at the first fire.

On February 26, 1812, in Ireland, O. Joynt and P. McKim; they fought with pistols, and the latter was killed at the first fire. On January 3, 1806, near Nottingham (England), Ensigns Brown and Butler, of the British army; Brown was shot through the heart and Butler fled the country. On May 5, 1807, at Combe Wood, near Wimbledom Common, James Paull and Sir Francis Burdette; they fought with pistols, and Burdette was severely wounded in the thigh at the second shot. On June 8, 1807, on the Strand, at Ferrybank, near Wexford (Ireland), Thomas McCoard and Standish Lowquay; the latter wounded in the groin at the second shot. In September, 1820, two young gentlemen named Fenshaw and Hartinger fought with pistols on the Ascot-heath race-course (England), and at the third fire both fell dangerously wounded. On April 14, 1813, two French prisoners-of-war on board the English prisonship *Sampson* fought with scissors tied to ends of brush handles, and battled desperately for an hour, when one of them fell dead, while the survivor was cut in forty places.

On the 21st of September, 1806, in Hyde Park, Baron Hornpesch and Mr. Richardson; the latter was shot dead at the first fire. On the 12th of October, of the same year, Midshipman Armstrong, of the *Prince of Wales*, and Midshipman Long, of the *Resistance*, quarrelled at dinner, at Plymouth, and went out and fought with pistols, and Long was killed and left in the street, where he was found by the Port Ad-

miral about ten o'clock. Armstrong was charged with murder by the coroner's jury, and sent to jail in chains. In 1823, in England, near Kew bridge, General Pepe and General Carascosa; they fought with swords, and Carascosa was severely wounded in the right shoulder. In 1851, near Bologne, John Petit and George Roussell; they fired twice without effect, but at the third shot the former was killed.

In 1743, in Italy, two Italian noblemen (the Marquis Bagnesi and Marquis Strozzi) fought with swords, and both were badly wounded. The duel grew out of a quarrel over a small gambling debt. A still more trivial cause for a duel was that of Mr. MacDonnell, who got enraged at Lieutenant McLeod, at a ball, in Scotland, in 1790, because the latter "gave him an impertinent look;" and for this MacDonnell struck the officer with a cane and drove him out of the room. McLeod at once challenged the offender, and the parties met, near Edinburgh, with pistols, the following morning. Before taking their places, MacDonnell said to McLeod: "Lieutenant, I am fully convinced that I was in the wrong last night, and I am willing to make a proper apology." McLeod turned to his second, who claimed that MacDonnell should also submit to the same punishment that he had inflicted upon McLeod, which terms were not acceded to; after which they fired at each other, and the officer was killed. MacDonnell was at once arrested and tried on a charge of murder, but was acquitted.

Wraxhall, in his "Memoirs," relates a very interesting account of a duel which took place in Germany, while the Earl of Stair commanded the British army in that country, in which Lord Mark Kerr (Stair's

nephew) neatly disposed of an ungentlemanly Frenchman. The quarrel grew out of misconduct at a dinner on the part of a French officer, thus:

A difference of opinion having arisen during the repast, on some point which was maintained by one of the French officers with great pertinacity, Lord Mark Kerr, in a very gentle tone of voice, ventured to set him right on the matter of fact. But the Frenchman, unconscious of his quality, and perhaps thinking that a frame so delicate did not enclose a high spirit, contradicted him in the most gross terms, such as are neither used nor submitted to among gentlemen. The circumstance took place so near to Lord Stair as unavoidably to attract his attention. No notice whatever was taken of it at the time, and after dinner the company adjourned to another tent, where coffee was served. Lord Mark coming in about a quarter of an hour later than the others, Lord Stair no sooner observed him, than, calling him aside: "Nephew," said he, "I think it impossible for you to pass by the affront that you have received from the French officer at my table. You must demand satisfaction, however much I regret the necessity of it." "O, my lord," answered Lord Mark, with his characteristic gentleness of manner, 'you need not be under any uneasiness on that subject. We have already fought. I ran him through the body. He died on the spot, and they are at this moment about to bury him. I knew too well what I owed myself, and I was too well convinced of your lordship's way of thinking to lose a moment in calling the officer to account.

One of the most memorable, as well as one of the most desperate, duels in the annals of France took place in Paris during the reign of Henry the Fourth between Lagarde Valois (a gambler, roué, and swash-buckler) and Constant Bezarier. The former had stabbed a lad named Chrêtien, whom he had attempted to rob, at a restaurant; and during the melée Bezarier, a friend of the young nobleman,

precipitated himself into the room, just as Valois was making his exit. Despatching a domestic for a surgeon, Bezarier took off Chrêtien's hat, with its rich ostrich plume, and attaching a slip of paper to it, with the words, "Thou thrice-accursed coward, Valois, meet me, Bezarier, and wear this hat, if thou darest," he sent it by his own servant to Valois' lodgings, and then looked carefully to his sword and dagger, and left for the "Three Brothers," the residence of his friend Chrêtien. He had only proceeded, however, as far as the Church of the Sacred Heart when he saw approaching him Valois himself, with the identical hat on his head. It was a lonely road, and there was ample room there for two desperate men bent on fighting a duel to the death. In an instant their swords were drawn, and they sternly saluted each other. The next and the blades crossed. For some minutes each man feinted and lunged in turn, and did his utmost to discover the strength of his adversary's resources. Then there was a quick pass or two, then an involuntary pause. "We meet sooner than I expected," said Valois, his face aglow with the delight of battle. "I knew the Sieur Bezarier would keep his promise to meet me, but I did not expect to see him again before sunset." "You are a liar and a cur," retorted Bezarier, sternly, "and may think yourself fortunate that I condescend to cross swords with you. Shake not your head in that way, man; I know you! Him you did breakfast with, and ply with wine, and afterwards rob, he was my friend, and I am about to be his avenger. Therefore, make your peace with Heaven, for short is the shrift I shall allow you." "Fool!" retorted Valois, white with rage. "Who are you, that, on the repute of a few chance

encounters with obscure men, would face the best swordsman in Paris? I hurl your defiance back in your teeth. Have at you, now!" With that he raised his sword, and with a quick and nimble rush broke over Bezarier's guard, and wounded him in the forehead. "How like you that?" he demanded. Bezarier made no answer, but quietly wiping the blood from his face, smiled disdainfully, and advanced to the attack. Again the swords crossed. In mere skill and dexterity the combatants were pretty evenly balanced, but Valois was the most active and by far the stronger of the two. Twice had the point of his sword swept like lightning within an inch of Bezarier's heart, and only by the merest good fortune did the latter escape untouched. But his coolness and resolution, his patience and pertinacity, never left him. Even these tokens of his adversary's superiority failed to provoke him to be indiscreet. He parried Valois' impetuous outsets with a calm courage that left nothing to be desired. For the third time they closed. Though Bezarier was bleeding freely from the wound he had received, he bated no jot of his vigilance—eye, foot and hand were equally firm and true. Evidently it was his design to tire out Valois before he attempted any serious effort on his own account. Of this Valois soon became aware, and his curses were frequent and deep. Once more he made a savage rush, and though Bezarier parried it, the exertion seemed to tire him, and he hung longer on the other's blade than was altogether safe. Valois noticed it. Quick as thought he disengaged, and with a straight and deadly thrust run Bezarier through the body. The latter staggered, but stood his ground without fall-

ing. "That is for the hat!" cried Valois, mockingly. And again he came on. Two quick feints, two nimble parries, and once more Valois pierced his enemy. "For the feather, fair sir!" he said. No reply. Mute and grim, deadly pale, and bleeding profusely, Bezarier fought on. The tenacity of the man was wonderful. There were no signs of yielding about him, and it was evident that he would surrender only with his life. Another minute, and Valois for the third time in succession broke down his opponent's guard, and, as his sword went through him, exclaimed exultingly: "And that is for the loop!" Then Bezarier drew himself together, and spitting out the blood from his mouth, drew his dagger, and leapt like a tiger at Valois' throat. Taken wholly by surprise at the unlooked-for display of phenomenal vigor, the latter lost his footing, and fell heavily to the ground. That fall doomed him to sure death. Bezarier planted his knee upon his chest, and held him down powerless. Then he stabbed Valois in throat and breast, and forehead, again and again—fourteen gaping wounds in all. Then Bezarier rose, and spurning the body of his dead enemy with his foot, walked quietly back to the inn. And, it may be stated, in conclusion, that, although Bezarier was run through the body three times, he lived for nearly forty years afterward.

On the third of May, 1808, took place the spectacular duel between M. de Grandpré and M. de Pigne, in balloons, above Paris. An immense crowd of people had assembled in a field near the Tuileries. Each principal was accompanied by one second; the weapons were blunderbusses, and the terms were to fight at will. The ascent took place before noon;

and when at a height of about nine hundred feet, and within less than eighty yards of each other, De Pigne opened fire, the masses below sent up a great shout. But De Pigne missed, while De Grandpré blazed away. Another shout; and then all was still; for De Pigne's balloon had collapsed, the basket had turned over and let its occupants out, and they came down through the air heads foremost, and were dashed to pieces upon the same housetop.

Another strange duel was this: Captain Raoul de Vere and Colonel Barbier-Dufai, of Paris, during a quarrel, agreed to settle the matter by getting into a coach with daggers in their right hands, and with their left arms tied, and fighting while the carriage was being driven twice around the Place du Carrousel by their seconds. Raoul was killed and Barbier-Dufai was mortally wounded.

In England, in 1608, Edward Morgan killed John Egerton, although the latter had in a former duel spared Morgan's life. In 1580, in France, the Viscount Turenne was challenged by two brothers, named Duras and Rosan, whom he fought. The latter, however, took many advantages unfairly, and the Viscount was wounded in twenty-two places, but lived. During the early part of the seventeenth century two English physicians named Bennett and Williams fought in Hyde Park with swords and pistols. They first exchanged shots, in which both were hit, and then fell to with their swords. Bennett, at last, fell, mortally wounded, but cried out: "Merciful God Almighty! give me a little more strength!" at the same time giving his antagonist a cut that brought him down also; in this condition they fought for nearly fifteen minutes, then both expired.

Of all the duels which have been fought in deference to the modern principle of honor, none that we have ever read of is more affecting or more sanguinary and deadly than that between his Grace the Duke of B. and Lord B.; a manuscript description of which was found in the library of Mr. Goodwin, author of the life of Henry VIII.—during whose reign the affair is supposed to have happened. The cause of the duel was an affront given the former by the latter at a ball, out of which an agreement was made to fight in Hyde Park at half-past five in the morning of the second day following. The description of the affair is as follows:

His Grace stripped off his coat, which was scarlet, trimmed with broad gold lace, when my Lord B.'s second stepped in to unbutton his waistcoat, on which, with some indignation, his Grace replied: "Do you take me to be a person of so little honor as to defend myself by such base means as hiding a shield under my doublet?" Lieutenant De Lee desired his excuse, adding, he was bound in honor to see justice done to the cause he had espoused. The same ceremony passed upon his Lordship, who had already pulled off his coat, which was crimson, with broad silver lace; and both the combatants being ready, my Lord B. added: "Now, if it please your Grace, come on;" when they instantly both stepped into the circle. His Grace fired and missed; but my Lord B. perhaps from more experience, knew that battles were seldom won by hasty measures, deliberately levelled his, and wounded his antagonist near the throat. They both discharged again, when his Lordship received a slight wound in his turn. On which, they instantly drew their swords, and impetuously charged each other; rather each of them meditating the death of his adversary than his own safety. In the first or second thrust Lord B. entangled the toe of his pump in a tuft of grass, and, in evading a push from his antagonist, fell on his

right side, but supporting himself on his sword hand, by inconceivable dexterity, sprung backwards and evaded the push, apparently aimed at his heart. A little pause intervening here, his Grace's second proposed to his Lordship a reconciliation; but the ardent thirst after each other's blood so overpowered the strongest arguments of reason, that they insisted to execute each other's will, whatever might be the consequences. Nay, the anger of his Grace was raised to such a pitch of revenge, that he, in that critical moment, swore if, for the future, either of the seconds interposed, he would make his way through his body. Thus, after finding all remonstrances of saving them without effect, they retired to their limited distance, and perhaps one of the most extraordinary duels ensued that the records of history can produce, fairly disputed, hand to hand. The parrying after this interval brought on a close lock, which, Monsieur des Barreaux says, nothing but the key of the body can open. In this position they stood for, I dare say, a minute, striving to disengage each other by successive wrenches, in one of which his Grace's sword-point got entangled in the guard of his Lordship's, which, in fact, his Lordship overlooked, so that this disadvantage was recovered by his Grace before the consequence which it might have brought on was executed. At last, in a very strong wrench on both sides, their swords sprung from their hands; I dare say his Lordship's flew six or seven yards upright. This accident, however, did not retard the affair a moment, but both seizing their thistles at the same time, the duel was renewed with as much malevolence as ever. By this time his Lordship had received a thrust through the inner part of his sword arm, passing right forward to the exterior part of the elbow; his, at the same time, passing a little over that of his antagonist; but alertly drawing back, I think, partly before his Grace had recovered his push, run him through the body a little above the right pass. His Lordship's sword being thus engaged, nothing was left for his defence but a naked left arm; and his Grace being in this dangerous situation, yet had fair play at almost any part

of his Lordship's body, who bravely put by several thrusts exactly levelled at his throat, till, at last, having two fingers cut off in defending the pushes, and the rest mangled to a terrible degree, his Grace lodged his sword one rib below his heart, and in this effecting condition they both stood, without either being able to make another push, and each of them by this time was in a manner covered with blood and gore, when both the seconds stepped in, and begged they would consider their situation, and the good of their future state; yet neither would consent to part, till, by the greater loss of blood which his Lordship sustained, he fell down senseless, but in such a position that he drew his sword out of his Grace's body; but recovering himself a little before he was quite down, faltered forward, and falling with his thigh across his sword, snapped it in the middle. His Grace, observing that he was no longer capable of defence, or sensible of danger, immediately broke his own, and fell on his body, with the deepest signs of concern, and both expired before any assistance could be got, though Dr. Fountaine had orders not to be out of the way that morning. Thus fell these two gallant men, whose personal bravery history can scarcely equal, and whose honor nothing but such a cause could stain.

In 1852, near Windsor (England), M. Barthelmy and M. Courtney, two notorious French duellists, met with pistols, at forty paces—to advance ten paces before firing, and then fire twice, and conclude with swords. Courtney fired first and missed (for the first time in nearly a score of duels), when Barthelmy proposed to surrender his right to fire if Courtney would agree to proceed with swords. Courtney declined, however, and Barthelmy presented his weapon, which snapped. He then recapped, and presented again; and again the pistol snapped. It was then agreed that Barthelmy should use Courtney's pistol, which he did with fatal effect. Upon the return of

the weapons to the shop where they were hired, it was found that the "charge" in the "loaded" one consisted of a linen rag, which too plainly and too atrociously explained why Barthelmy's pistol twice snapped.

On the 7th of June, 1769, M. Chelais, a Member of Parliament in France, was challenged by Captain Beguin, an ex-army officer, who covered himself with an armor which broke the sword of his antagonist, whom he stabbed to death, and was afterward arrested, tried, and convicted, and sentenced to be broken upon the wheel.

During the reign of Henry II., Chateauneuf, a young Parisian duellist of nineteen, challenged his guardian, M. Lachesnaye, an old man of eighty, and literally hacked the octogenarian to pieces; while protecting his own person, it was afterward discovered, with a neatly-fitting cuirass. At or about the same time a youth named St. Andre and an old gentleman called Matas fought with swords near Paris, and the former was disarmed but given his life by his humane antagonist; who, while turning toward his horse, was stabbed to death by the infuriated youth. During the reign of Louis XIII. two men of Marseilles agreed to fight each other in a tub with daggers, and both were stabbed to death. Charles Armstrong, of England, after killing his antagonist, was assassinated by the second of the latter. William Barrington, a younger brother of Sir Jonah Barrington, during his duel with Lieutenant McKenzie, in 1777, was shot dead by Captain Gillespie, McKenzie's second. M. Aubarrye, in one of his duels, after being disarmed, stabbed his antagonist with a dagger. Armand Carrel,

after having made a written apology to Emile de Girardin, was slain by the latter in the woods near Paris in 1836. The Prince of Clarence and his two seconds were assassinated by the Duke of Biron and his seconds near Paris, in the sixteenth century. The killing of M. Dulong by Marshal Bugueaud, near Paris, in 1834, was clearly a case of murder. John Felton (a notorious villain), when he challenged the Duke of Buckingham, cut off one of his fingers and sent it with his challenge. It was proven that Major Oneby, who fought William Gower, in Hyde Park, in 1725, committed murder; he was sentenced to be hung, but cheated the executioner by taking his own life.

CHAPTER XIII.

EUROPEAN DUELS—Concluded.

Old-Time Encounters between Highland Cavaliers—The Unfortunate Duel between Lieutenants Riddell and Cunningham—Many Meetings in Europe; also of Europeans in India, Canada, Mexico, the Barbadoes, and at the Cape of Good Hope—Lord Lauderdale and Benedict Arnold—A Number of Judicial Duels—On Account of a Gambling Debt—Challenged for Disrespectful Utterances of the Queen—Lord Malden and the Duke of Norfolk—On the Beach at Sandymount—Sir Philip Francis and Warren Hastings—Fatal Duels in many Lands—The Duke of Martina and Count of Conversano—An Affair of Honor between Gentlemen seated in Chairs—A Number of Desperate Combats—Some Furious Encounters—A Duel on Account of a Dispute at College Fifteen Years Before—Miscellaneous Engagements down to March, 1884.

In 1653, on the arrival of General Middleton, to take chief command of the forces which had been raised in the Highlands of Scotland for the king's service, the Earl of Glencairn, who had previously been their general, invited Middleton, with all his *suite*, to dine with him. Glencairn's quarters was at the Laird of Kettle's house, four miles south from Dornoch. The following account of a remarkable quarrel which occurred after dinner is from a manuscript, written by John Graham, of Deuchrie, who was eye- and ear-witness to all that passed, from first to last:

The grace said and the cloth withdrawn, his lordship called for a glass of wine, and then addressed the general in these words: "My lord general, you see what a gallant army these worthy gentlemen here present, whom I have gathered together, at a time when it could hardly be expected that any number durst meet together; these men have come out to serve his majesty, at the hazard of their lives, and of all that is dear to them; I hope, therefore, you will give them all the encouragement to do their duty that lies in your power." On this, up started Sir George Monro from his seat, and said to Lord Glencairn, "My lord, the men you speak of are nothing but a number of thieves and robbers, and ere long I will bring another sort of men to the field." On which Glengarie started up, thinking himself most concerned; but Lord Glencairn desired him to forbear, saying, "Glengarie, I am more concerned in this affront than you are;" then addressing himself to Munro, said, "You, sir, are a base liar; for they are neither thieves nor robbers, but gallant gentlemen, and good soldiers." General Middleton desired them both to keep the king's peace, saying, "My lord, and you, Sir George, this is not the way to do the king service; you must not fall out among yourselves; therefore, I will have you both to be friends;" and immediately calling for a glass of wine, said, "My Lord Glencairn, I think you did the greatest wrong in giving Sir George the lie; you shall drink to him, and he will pledge you." The noble and good Lord Glencairn accordingly took the glass, as ordered by the general, and drank to Sir George, who, in his old surly humor, muttered some words which were not heard, but did not pledge his lordship. The general gave orders to sound to horse; and Lord Glencairn went out in order to accompany him to the headquarters; but the general would not allow him to go above a mile of the way. His lordship then returned back, having none in his company but Colonel Blackader, and John Graham, of Deuchrie. When arrived, he became exceeding merry, causing the laird's daughter to play on the virginals, and all the servants about the house to dance. Supper being now ready, and on

the table, as my lord was going to sit down one of the servants told him that Alexander Monro, Sir George's brother, was at the door. My lord immediately commanded to let him in, and met him at the hall door, where he saluted him, and made him very welcome, saying, "You see, sir, the meat is on the table, and will spoil if we sit not down to it." He placed Monro at the head of the table, next the laird's daughter. All present were very merry. My lord told Monro he would give him a spring if he would dance; which accordingly he did with the rest, the laird's daughter playing. While the rest were merry, his lordship and Monro slipped aside; they did not speak a dozen words together, as all thought, and after drinking a little longer, Monro departed. My lord then called for a candle, and went to bed. There were two beds in his room, in one of which he lay, and in the other lay Blackader and Deuchrie. The whole family in a little time went to bed. None knew of his lordship's design but one John White, who was his trumpeter and *valet-de-chambre*. The night being very short, and my lord being to meet Monro half-way between his quarters and Dornoch, their meeting was to be as soon as they could perceive daylight: so that his lordship got not two hours' rest before he rose; and, notwithstanding the two aforesaid gentlemen lay in the room with him, he went out and returned from the encounter without the knowledge of any one in the house except John White, his servant, who accompanied him. Monro came, accompanied by his brother. They were both well mounted: each of the parties was to use one pistol; after the discharging of which they were to decide the quarrel with broadswords. Their pistols were fired without doing any execution, and they made up to each other with their broadswords drawn. After a few passes his lordship had the good fortune to give Sir George a sore stroke on the bridle hand; whereupon Sir George cried out to his lordship that he was not able to command his horse, and he hoped he would allow him to fight on foot. My lord replied, "You base carle! I will show you that I will match you either on foot or on horseback." They then both quitted

their horses and furiously attacked each other on foot. At the very first bout, the noble earl gave him so sore a stroke on the brows, about an inch above his eyes, that he could not see for the blood that issued from the wound. His lordship was just going to thrust him through the body; but his man, John White, forced up his sword, saying, "You have enough of him, my lord, you have got the better of him." His lordship was very angry with John, and in a great passion gave him a blow over the shoulder. He then took horse and came back to his quarters. Monro went straight away to the headquarters, and his brother had much ado to get him conveyed there, by reason of the bleeding both of his hand and head. The general being acquainted with this meeting, immediately sent Captain Ochtrie Campbell, with a guard, to secure the Earl of Glencairn in his quarters, which accordingly was done before six in the morning. The general had ordered Captain Campbell to take his lordship's sword from him, and to commit him to arrest in his chamber, taking his parole. This affair happened on Sunday morning. In the week ensuing there fell out an accident which made the breach still wider betwixt his lordship and Monro. One Captain Livingston, who came over with Monro, and a gentleman called James Lindsay, who came over with Lord Napier, had some hot words together. Livingston alleged, Monro was in the right, and Lindsay insisted in the contrary. They challenged each other, and went out early in the morning to the links of Dornoch, where, at the very first bout, Lindsay thrust his sword through Livingston's heart, so that in a short time he expired. Lindsay was afterward shot to death, notwithstanding Lord Glencairn and many other officers did all they could to secure the setting aside of the sentence.

In 1783, in England, Lieutenant Riddell, of the Horse Grenadiers, and Lieutenant Cunningham, of the Scots Grays, quarrelled at play, and Riddell challenged Cunningham, who declined to meet him; but many of the officers often recurring to the circum-

stance, Mr. Cunningham found it necessary, for the full restoration of his honor, to call Mr. Riddell out. This appeal Mr. Riddell considered as out of season, and declined yielding to it until he had consulted his brother officers, who agreed that there was no obligation on him to answer Mr. Cunningham. On learning this determination, Mr. Cunningham, with the view of forcing Mr. Riddell to fight, publicly insulted him. The latter observed that as this was a fresh affront it should not pass unnoticed. He then returned home, and proceeded to make some necessary arrangements, when he received a note from Mr. Cunningham, reminding him of the affront which he had passed upon him, and declaring his readiness to give him satisfaction. This note coming, while the wafer was yet wet, to the hands of Sir James Riddell, who was under some apprehension of his son's situation, opened it, and having read it, closed it, without taking any other notice of its contents than providing the assistance of the most eminent surgeons. The parties met, and eight paces were measured, at which distance they took their ground. They tossed up for the first fire, which Mr. Riddell won. He fired, and shot Mr. Cunningham under the right breast; he reeled back, but did not fall. Mr. Riddell still kept his ground. Mr. Cunningham, after a pause of a few minutes, declared he would not be taken off the field till he had fired at his adversary. He then presented his pistol, and Mr. Riddell was mortally wounded. He died in the course of the evening, a victim, not to the passion, but to the custom of duelling.

On the 18th of July, 1791, at Paris, political animosities sent the Duke de Castries and Monsieur Lameth into the field, and the latter was danger-

ously wounded. On the 19th of July, same year, Messrs. Graham and Julius, attorneys, dined together and quarrelled during a discussion about religion, and settled their differences the next morning upon Blackheath (England) with pistols; Graham (who was an eminent special pleader) being mortally wounded at the first fire. Julius was the challenged party, his second being Mr. Maxwell; while Mr. Ellis acted as second for Mr. Graham. On the 1st of March, 1792, Messrs. Aikin and Kemble, of Drury Lane Theatre, fought near London, the former firing without effect and the latter declining to discharge his weapon. They had no seconds, but Mr. Bannister, a mutual friend, accompanied them, and effected a reconciliation after the first fire.

On the 2d of July, 1792, a hostile meeting took place between Lord Lauderdale and General Benedict Arnold (the latter the notorious American traitor), near Kilburn Wells (England). Arnold fired without effect, and Lauderdale withheld his fire. He said: "I did not come here to fire at the General, nor can I retract any of the offensive expressions. If General Arnold is not satisfied he may fire until he is;" after which, Messrs. Fox and Hawke, the seconds, succeeded in terminating the affair. A day or two before a similar meeting had taken place between the Earl and the Duke of Richmond. On the 8th of November, 1792, M. Charles Lameth, who had been dangerously wounded in a duel about sixteen months before, by the Duke de Castries, met M. de Chauvigny upon the grounds near the residence of M. Lameth, near Paris, and was again wounded. The weapons used were swords, and the seconds were the Duke de Pierine and Count de Chabane for

Chauvigny, and Mr. Maselet and the Duke d'Aiguillon for Monsieur Lameth. In 1827, at Dublin, between Mr. Bric and Mr. Hayes, in which the former was killed; weapons, pistols.

In 878 a judicial duel was fought in France between Ingelgerius and Gontran, with swords, and the latter was killed. The victor was only sixteen years old. After killing Gontran, Ingelgerius cut off his head and presented it to Louis the Second. Another memorable French judicial duel was that between Troussel and Du Gueschin, in which the latter was victorious. During the reign of Charles the Sixth a judicial duel was fought between Sieur Carrouges and Sieur Leguis, in which the latter was defeated and then hanged. In 1509, in Paris, between L'Isle Marivant and Marolles—the former killed. During the reign of Louis the Thirteenth, between the Marquis de Themines and the Marquis de Richelieu (a brother of the great Cardinal), in which de Richelieu was killed. Also between Marquis de Valencay and Marquis de Cavois—the latter killed.

On the 30th of October, 1824, at Bull Inn, Edinburgh, Captain Gourlay and Mr. Westall quarrelled over a gambling debt of seventy guineas, when the latter called the officer a liar and Gourlay struck the offender with a poker; after which they repaired to a field near town and fought with pistols, Gourlay being shot dead at the first fire. On the 21st of February, 1827, in Paris, two medical students named Goulard and Caire quarrelled over a game of billiards, and went to the Bois de Boulogne and fought with pistols, and the former was killed. Caire was arrested upon the following day, tried and convicted of murder, and branded and sentenced to hard labor for

life. On the 8th of June, 1830, in England, Richard William Lambrecht and Oliver Clayton fought with pistols, and the latter was killed. At Boulogne, April 1, 1829, Captain Helsham and Lieutenant Crowther of the British army met with pistols at ten paces, and the latter was killed.

On the 15th of July, 1842, between Hon. Craven Berkeley, M.P., and Captain Boldero, M.P., near Osterly Park, with pistols. The latter was charged with utterances disrespectful of the Queen by Berkeley. The two gentlemen were attended by Hons. W. Ridley Colbourne and W. F. Mackenzie, Members of Parliament, who terminated the meeting after a harmless exchange of shots. On the 17th of December, 1842, between J. P. Stanfield and Sir R. Cardington, near London, with pistols, at twelve paces. The latter was wounded in the arm, while his own bullet passed through the collar of Stanfield's coat. On the 10th of December, 1839, between Lord George Loftus and Lord Harley, at Boulogne; the parties exchanged one shot, without injury to either. On the 13th of June, 1839, between Lord Londonderry and H. Grattan, on Wimbledom Common; Grattan fired and missed, and his lordship discharged his pistol in the air. In 1809, near London, between Captain Cadogan and Lord Paget, who fired once at each other without either sustaining injury.

On the 30th of April, 1796, in England, the Duke of Norfolk and Lord Malden met in a field beyond Paddington and fired once without effect, when a reconciliation was effected by their seconds—Captains Taylor and Wombwell. On June 19, 1794, Mr. Rowlls, a brewer, was killed by Richard England in a duel at Cranford Bridge. The affair grew out of a

disturbance between the two gentlemen at Ascot races a few days before. On the 19th of July, 1796, England was found guilty of manslaughter, and was sentenced to pay a fine of one shilling and to be imprisoned in Newgate for twelve months. In Paris, in 1819, between Theophilus Walsh and Edward Pellew, (officers of the British army), with pistols; Pellew killed. In 1819, in Ireland, between Charles Phillips and Mr. Henriquez; two shots and neither hurt. In 1685, in England, Robert Radcliffe was killed. In 1829, in England, Captain Plowden. In the province of New Brunswick, in 1821, George F. Street and George L. Wetmore; they fought with pistols, at fifteen paces, and Wetmore was mortally wounded at the second shot, the first shot from his antagonist's pistol taking effect in Wetmore's arm. The survivor and his second (Lieutenant R. Davis, of the Seventy-fourth British Foot) were tried for murder and acquitted.

On February 12, 1814, on the beach at Sandymount, near Dublin, Counsellors Hatchell and Morley. The latter fired first and missed, and was then shot dead by his adversary. In May, 1812, two French officers on parole in Reading (England), being unable to get a case of pistols, agreed to fight with a single fowling-piece, first one to take a shot and then the other, at fifty paces. The first shot, however, took effect. On October 7, 1812, Lieutenants Bagnall and Stuart, of the Royal Marines, fought with pistols, near Portsmouth, and Bagnall fell mortally wounded at the second fire. On September 6, 1810, on Wimbledom Common, George Payne and Mr. Clark; they fought with pistols, and Payne was mortally wounded at the first fire. On

March 4, 1811, at Barbadoes, Captain Boardman, of the Sixtieth Foot, and Ensign De Betten, of the Royal West Indies Rangers; at the first fire Boardman received his antagonist's bullet in the heart and fell dead. In January, 1812, two men fought at Bordeaux, and one of them fell dead at the first fire. It was discovered, however, upon examination of the victim, that he had died from either excitement or fright, as he had not been touched by his adversary's bullet.

In 1783, in India, Sir Philip Francis and Warren Hastings, with pistols; the former was dangerously wounded, but recovered. In India, in 1775, General Clavering and Mr. Barnwell; they fought with pistols, and fired once without effect. In 1819, in Canada, Mr. Caldwell and Mr. O'Sullivan fought with pistols, and both were badly wounded at the first fire. In 1720, at or near Hanover, Vice-Admiral Tordenskiold, of Denmark, and Colonel Stahl, of Sweden. The latter had swindled a young officer out of a large sum of money at cards, at which the Admiral gave Stahl a piece of his mind; who, in return, called Tordenskiold a rascally sailor. The latter then drove the Colonel out into the street with a cane, and afterward snatched from the officer the sword he had drawn and broke it over his head. Stahl then challenged the Admiral, who accepted, and was run through the body and killed.

On the 9th of May, 1802, Generals Regnier and Destaing fought in the Bois de Boulogne with pistols, and the latter was killed at the first fire. Destaing had been made a general of division for gallant behavior at the Battle of the Pyramids; and at the Battle of Aboukir he repulsed the first line of the

Turks and drove the latter into the sea. He was the challenging party, but the French Government pensioned his widow. At Rathgar, near Dublin, on the 8th of June, 1802, Sir Richard Musgrave was shot in the thigh by William Todd Jones, the latter having been the challenged party. At the Cape of Good Hope, on the 14th of March, 1802, Lieutenant Rae and Purser Bremen, of his Majesty's ship *Hindostan*, fought with pistols in the East India Company's gardens, and Bremen was killed at the third fire. Sawyer, a captain's clerk of the British war-vessel, *Inflexible*, fought with a marine near Deal (Ireland), on the 9th of October, 1804, and was killed at the first shot. On the 4th of January, 1806, near Liverpool, Colonel Brookes and Major Bolton; the latter killed at the first fire. On the 22d of March, 1860, on Galleywood Common, near Chelmsford (England) Lieutenant Turrens and Surgeon Fisher, both of the Sixth Regiment Foot, with pistols; the former mortally wounded at the first fire. The coroner's jury returned a verdict of wilful murder against Fisher, and he absconded.

In 1784, in England, Count Alfieri and Lord Ligonier, in which the latter was wounded; weapons, swords. In 1664, in Naples, the Duke of Martina and the Count of Conversano, with swords. Previous to the duel the Duke executed a will and made religious preparations for his death, while the Count ordered a magnificent dinner to which he invited a large number of his friends. The Count, however, was killed. In 1809, in England, Viscount Falkland and A. Powell, with swords; the former was mortally wounded. In 1770, in Ireland, Sir Edward Crofton and George French, with pistols; the latter was

killed. In 1825, in France, Count Segur and Baron de Gourgaud, with swords; the former was wounded. In 1809, in England, Lieutenant Sparling and Captain Grayson, with pistols; the latter was killed and the former was tried for the offence and acquitted.

On the 22d of August, 1838, on Wimbledom Common, Francis Lionel Elliott and John Flower Mirfin, in which the latter was killed at the first shot; Elliott then made his escape; but the two seconds (John Young and Henry Webber) were arrested and convicted of manslaughter and sent to Guilford jail for one year. On the 26th of July, 1882, M. Pinac was killed in a duel at Begnires by an Englishman, who had been challenged for writing on the margin of a pamphlet that "Everything concerning the battle of Toulouse within is false. Wellington gained a complete victory, and the French army is indebted to the generosity of Wellington that it was not put to the sword." On the 6th of January, 1882, M. Benjamin Constant and M. Forbin des Issarts, near Paris, seated in chairs, at ten paces, on account of the rheumatism of the former. They fired two shots at each other, when the seconds terminated the affair.

On the 19th of February, 1797, in Phœnix Park, Dublin, Lord Blaney and the Duke de Fitz James, in which the latter was shot in the side. Also in Dublin, on the 12th of December, 1797, between Colonel Fitzgerald and the Earl of Kingston, in which both were slightly wounded. A son of the latter then met Fitzgerald, and after firing once they grappled with each other; and, just as Fitzgerald was in the act of killing young Kingston, the Earl rushed in upon the combatants and shot Fitzgerald through the heart, thereby saving his son's life. The Colonel died

lamented by none, as he had betrayed a daughter of the Earl. Early in 1802 Lieutenant Bailey and Mr. Forbes fought with pistols at Bombay, and the latter was killed at the first fire. Bailey and his second were sent to Botany Bay—the former for fourteen and the latter for seven years. On the 6th of October, 1802, at Quebec, Major Impey and Lieutenant Willis, of the Sixth (British) Foot, quarrelled in the mess-room and fought the next day with pistols, Impey falling mortally wounded at the first fire. On March 1, 1802, at Paris, in the wood of Boulogne, Captain Knoring, a Livonian, was killed at the fourth fire by a Hanoverian gentleman named Brusch. The cause of the duel was a dispute at college fifteen years before.

In July, 1775, at the Cape of Good Hope, Captains Ferguson and Roach, of the East India Company's Land Service, quarrelled at the dinner-table, and shortly afterward retired to the street, and fought it out with swords, Ferguson at last being killed; but not until Roach had received several serious cuts in the head and sustained a dislocation of the left arm. The survivor was tried for murder, but was acquitted at the Cape. He was afterward tried for manslaughter in England, and was again acquitted. In 1618, in England, Edward Percy and Philip Constable met with swords, and after a furious contest the latter was killed. On the 2d of February, 1773, the Earl of Bellamont and Lord Townshend fought at Marylebone Fields, near London. They went to the grounds armed with swords and pistols, but upon their arrival it was decided by their seconds (Hon. Mr. Dille for Bellamont and Lord Ligonier for Townshend) that they should fight with the latter

weapons, and the Earl was dangerously wounded at the first fire. He was in such great agony from the wound, which was in the belly, that he could not ride in his chaise, and was carried to his residence in a chair.

In Ireland, in 1772, Captain Benjamin Barne and Charles Mathews fought with pistols, and Barne was killed at the first fire. In 1849, near Paris, Monsieur Lacombe and Monsieur Charles Blanc fought with swords, and the former was wounded in the arm. In 1822, in Scotland, James Stuart and Sir Alexander Boswell fought with pistols, and Boswell was killed. The survivor was tried for murder, but was acquitted. It was shown at the trial that Stuart's friends made all reasonable efforts to adjust the difficulty, but that the attitude of Boswell made the meeting unavoidable. The second of Mr. Boswell testified that the Earl spurned all overtures tending toward reconciliation or adjustment.

On the 17th of January, 1821, at Calais, between Lieutenant-Colonel Burgos Cumac, of the First (British) Life Guards, and Richard Gough; the parties fired once without effect, and at the second shot Cumac was hit in the leg. On the 13th of February, 1832, on Wimbledom Common, between Major-General Lorenzo Moore and Miles Stapylton —the latter wounded at the first fire. On the 8th of April, 1826, on Wormwood Scrubs, with pistols, Captain Dickson and Colonel Evans (both of the British army); the latter wounded. At Simla (India), in January, 1837, between Lieutenant Frazer, of the Seventh (British) Cavalry, and Lieutenant Rose, of the Eleventh Dragoons—the latter wounded in the thigh. Also, in England: On September 18, 1820,

Mr. Henshaw and Mr. Hartinger—both desperately wounded; on February 12, 1814, Mr. Hatchel and Mr. Morley—the latter slightly wounded; October 7, 1812, Lieutenants Stewart and Bagnal—the latter mortally wounded; February 7, 1815, Colonel Quentin and Colonel Palmer—no fatality; November 19, 1835, Mr. Roebuck, M.P., and Mr. Black, editor of the London *Morning Chronicle*—two shots each and neither hurt; January 22, 1833, Mr. Storey and Mr. Mathias—the latter wounded; on the same day Mr. Maher and Mr. Colles—neither hurt; in December, 1817, Captain Fottrell and Colonel Ross—five shots each, but no fatality; in August, 1827, Rev. Mr. Hodson and Mr. Grady—the latter severely wounded; May 29, 1835, Sir Colquhoun Grant and Lord Seymour—no fatality; May 26, 1836, Mr. Ruthven fought two duels, one with Mr. Scott and one with Mr. Close, wounding the latter. On March 9, 1884, at Antwerp, General David (Commander of the Civic Guards) and Mr. Williams (a broker), with swords—the latter badly wounded. In Paris, December 18, 1883, between Octave Mirabeau and Paul Bonnetain (on account of Marie Colombier's book on Sarah Bernhardt), with swords; Bonnetain wounded twice. At Lisbon, on March 12, 1884, between Viscount Roberdo and Major Serpa Pinto, with swords—the former wounded in five places. On the 3d of March, 1884, near Matamoras (Mexico), Major Lopez Martablo was killed at the first shot by the editor of the Matamoras *Cronista*.

On the 14th of February, 1884, a duel took place in Paris between M. Laguerre and M. Chauriance, (members of the French Chamber of Deputies,) with pistols, and the former was wounded in the knee.

On the 20th of April, 1884, a duel with swords was fought in the Bois de Boulogne between Joseph Casey, a Fenian, and Captain Scully, an Irish-American. Scully had been suspected of being an informer. The duel resulted in Scully being slightly wounded in the neck. His sword was also broken. On the 8th of May, 1884, near the city of Mexico, between Señor Torres (formerly Governor of Sonora) and Señor Garza, with pistols—Torres wounded in the right hand.

CHAPTER XIV.

NOTED AMERICAN DUELS.

The First Fatal Meeting in the United States—A Number of Early Affairs—Gwinnett and McIntosh—Generals Howe and Gadsden—Lee and Laurens—Conway and Cadwallader—De Witt Clinton and Swartwout—Gardenier and Campbell—Finch and White, and many others—What English Rudeness to American Officers Cost—Affairs of British Officers in America—Philip Hamilton's Fatal Duel—A Savage Encounter at Bladensburg between Mason and McCarty—A Number of Desperate Affairs—Prué and Throuet—Philadelphia Physicians Kill Each Other—Dromgoole and Dugger of North Carolina—Stuart and Dade of Virginia—Jones and Anderson of Tennessee—Allston and Reed and Jones and Gronard of Florida—Gist and Fair of Georgia—Lanusse and Marigny of Louisiana—Huger and Rutledge of South Carolina—The First Duel in Kentucky—How Two Prominent Americans Took their Positions with Rifles at Sixty Yards on Account of a Quarrel over Twelve and a Half Cents—Sullivan's Sentiments—Comical Termination of a Seriously Commenced Affair—No Bloodshed but Plenty of Whiskey—"All's Well that Ends Well"—Two Old New York Duels—The Maryland Duelling Family of Wrights—Shooting a Bunch of Keys out of a Man's Pocket.

THE first fatal duel in (what is now) the United States was fought on the Common, in Boston (Massachusetts), between Benjamin Woodbridge and Henry Phillips, on the evening of July 3, 1728. These young gentlemen had quarrelled over cards at the Royal Exchange Tavern, in King Street (now State Street),

Boston; and, under the influence of strong drink, had agreed to settle their differences with their swords in the public grounds above named. They met at a little after eight in the evening, and Woodbridge was mortally wounded, and was found dead on the Common upon the following morning. Both were gentlemen of good social position. Phillips was a brother of Gillam Phillips, who had married Marie, the sister of Peter Faneuil, the builder of Boston's famous hall. The visitor at the metropolis of New England while passing along Tremont Street may stop at the old Granary Burying Ground, between the Tremont House and Park Street Church, and read upon a plain slate stone the following:

Here Lyes Interred The Body of Mr. Benjamin Woodbridge, Son of the Honourable Dudley Woodbridge, Esq., Who Dec'd July ye 3d, 1728, In ye 20th Year of His Age.

In other words, that simple slate slab, with its unostentatious inscription, marks the mound under which were deposited the remains of the first victim of the *code duello* in the English-speaking portion of America. *Requiescat in pace.*

In 1777 Hon. Button Gwinnett, M. C. from Georgia (a signer of the Declaration of Independence), and Lackland McIntosh, an officer in the army of the Revolution, fought with pistols, near Savannah (Georgia), and both were wounded—Gwinnett mortally. On the 13th of August, 1778, Generals Howe and Gadsden fought a duel with pistols, in Georgia, in which the latter was slightly wounded. During the same year Major-General Charles Lee and Colonel John Laurens, aide-de-camp to Washington, fought with pistols, near Philadelphia, and Lee was

wounded. It was in 1778, also, that General Cadwallader fought and dangerously wounded General Conway—both of the Revolutionary Army. The same year Pierre Landais and William Cottineau, Captains in the United States Navy, fought with small swords, in Holland, and the latter was severely wounded. In 1819 Midshipmen Cannon and Pierson, of the United States Navy, met with pistols, near Havana, and the former was killed at the first fire. In 1814 Edward Hopkins, an ensign of infantry, was killed at Bladensburg. Hopkins was a native of Maryland, and was slain within sight of his own home.

Samuel C. Bloomfield, an officer of the army, was killed near Weehawken (New Jersey), in 1814.

William K. Blue, of Virginia, a captain of infantry, was killed in a duel, in 1802, at Fort Washington (Ohio).

In 1786, in South Carolina, Mr. Ladd, a distinguished surgeon, was killed by Mr. Isaacs.

Lieutenant James J. Bowie, U. S. A., was killed in a duel near Lake Pontchartrain, in 1809.

In 1808 Henry Clay and Humphrey Marshall—both members of the legislature of Kentucky at the time—met near Lexington, with pistols, and both were touched at the second fire.

In 1802 Barent Gardenier, M. C. from the Ulster district of New York, was drawn into a duel with George Washington Campbell, M. C. from Tennessee (afterward Minister to Russia), and the two gentlemen met at Bladensburg, and Gardenier was dangerously (it was thought at the time mortally) wounded. Gardenier was a favorite with the Federalists of New York, who re-elected him after his recovery. He edited a New York newspaper a number of years, and

died at Kingston in 1822. His daughter became the wife of Theodore Fay, a prominent journalist. While Campbell was Minister to Russia a daughter was born to him, whom he named Leczinska, and who became the wife of General Ewell, a distinguished officer of the Confederate Army.

In 1803, apparently a combative year, in Virginia, Wyndam Grymes challenged Mr. Terrell; and, in the duel (with pistols) which followed, Mr. Grymes was killed at the second fire. In 1803, in Georgia, Samuel Howard was dangerously wounded by Joseph Welcher at the first fire. In 1803, in Virginia, James Hughes was killed by James Tucker, who was seriously wounded. Paymaster James, U. S. A., was killed near Savannah, in 1815. In 1819 Lieutenant Francis B. White, of the United States Marine Corps, and Lieutentant William B. Finch, of the Navy, after quite a correspondence, met on an island in Boston harbor, with pistols, and White, who was the challenger, was instantly killed at the first fire. In 1803, in the Mediterranean, Lieutenant Osborn, of the United States Marine Corps, and Lieutenant Vandyke, of the United States Navy, fought with pistols, and both were severely wounded at the first fire. In 1786 Colonel Maurice Simons, who had given offence to Major William Clay Snipes by the character of his testimony in a court of justice, was challenged by the latter and killed. Snipes was afterward arrested and tried on a charge of murder, but was convicted of manslaughter. In 1794 Lieutenant Huston and Ensign Bradshaw fought in Pennsylvania, near Lake Erie, and both were killed. In 1803 Dr. James Wyer was killed by Surgeon Sargent at Natchez (Mississippi). Also in Mississippi, in 1812, Captain John Stewart, U. S. A.,

by Henry Mason, at the first fire. In 1810, in Mississippi, Lieutenant Stephen Rose, U. S. A., was killed. In 1809, near Carlisle (Pennsylvania), Cornet Huxton Milton, U. S. A., was mortally wounded. In 1814, near New York, Captain Macomb, U. S. A., was killed by a brother officer at the first fire. In 1802, at Leghorn (Italy), Captain James McKnight, of the United States Marine Corps, and Lieutenant Lawson, of the United States Navy, fought with pistols, and the former was killed. In 1803 Lieutenant Buck, while on duty near Natchez, was challenged by Thomas Moore, of that city, who was killed at the first shot, the weapons being rifles, distance twelve paces.

In 1803, at Malta, Midshipman Joseph Bainbridge, United States Navy, after having been rudely and purposely run against three or four times by one Cochran, the English Secretary at Malta, in the lobby of the theatre, knocked the offender down, and was challenged the same night. Bainbridge, who had never fired at a mark in his life, placed the matter in the hands of Stephen Decatur—then a lieutenant in the American Navy—who, having been informed that Cochran had been practising with a pistol at ten or twelve paces for weeks, named four paces. Cochran's second objected, saying that the distance was simply murderous. Decatur admitted the fact, but declined to modify his terms, and so the combatants met, and the aggressive Englishman was killed at the second fire, while Bainbridge escaped unhurt. A similar affair was the duel at Gibraltar, in 1820, between Lieutenant Downing, of the United States Navy, and Lieutenant Smith, of the British Army, in which Smith, who was the challenging party, was killed.

On the 10th of October, 1777, in New York, Cap-

tain Pennington, of the Coldstream (Foot) Guards, was challenged by Captain Tollemache, of the Royal Navy, for writing a sonnet reflecting upon the wit of the wife of Captain T. The combatants first used pistols, without damage to either, and then fell at each other with swords—Tollemache being killed on on the spot and Pennington sustaining severe wounds. In 1783 General Coffin and Colonel Campbell, also officers of the British Army during the Revolution, fought in New York, and the former was seriously wounded. In 1781 Colonel Stuart, of the British Army, and Captain John Smith, of the American Army, met near Guilford (South Carolina) and fought with sabres; and Smith, after receiving many wounds, brought his weapon down furiously upon his adversary's head, cutting it open down to the spine.

In 1802 Hon. De Witt Clinton and Hon. John Swartwout, of New York, became involved in the same political dispute which brought on the duel between Hamilton and Burr between two and three years later, and met, with pistols, near the city of New York, and exchanged five shots—the fourth and fifth of which took effect upon Mr. Swartwout. Mr. Clinton then declined to fight further or to make an apology. In 1879 a correspondent of the Philadelphia *Times* furnished that paper with the following account of that duel, which was not precisely like any other meeting ever chronicled:

It is a notable fact, however, that the most determined duel of which I have any record was fought in New York State and very near the metropolis of that name. The meeting was between De Witt Clinton and John Swartwout, in 1802. It appears probable that if the dispute in which this duel

originated had taken its natural course the most famous duel in any history—that between Hamilton and Burr—would have been omitted. Clinton and Burr had a very fierce and truculent political dispute, which finally became personal. Before it had fairly come to an issue John Swartwout became involved in it, taking Burr's place. He challenged Clinton, who accepted. On the field Clinton remarked that he wished he had the principal (Burr) before him. If his wish had been gratified there is little doubt that his fatal precision of shot would have put Burr where he could not have killed Hamilton three years later. Mr. Swartwout insisted that he should have an apology, and prepared one that he insisted Mr. Clinton should sign. Mr. Clinton, of course, declined, and the parties went to the field. The duel was such a remarkable one that I present an account given by Mr. N. S. Smith, who was Swartwout's second. He says: The gentlemen took positions and fired without effect. At Mr. Riker's request, I asked Mr. Swartwout if he was satisfied. He answering in the negative, the second shot was fired without effect. I again asked Mr. Swartwout if he was satisfied. He replied, "I am not," and the third shot was exchanged without injury. I then asked Mr. Swartwout, "Are you satisfied, sir?" He replied, "I am not, neither shall I be until the apology is made which I have demanded. Until then we must proceed." I then presented a paper to Mr. Riker for Mr. Clinton's signature, containing the apology demanded, observing that this paper must be signed or we would proceed. Mr. Clinton declared he would sign no paper on the subject, that he had no animosity to Mr. Swartwout; and would willingly shake hands and agree to meet on the score of former friendship. Mr. Swartwout insisted on the signature to the apology, and Mr. Clinton declining, they stood at their posts and fired a fourth shot. Mr. Swartwout was wounded in the left leg, about five inches below the knee. Being asked if he was satisfied, Mr. Swartwout replied: "It is useless to repeat the question. My determination is fixed, and I beg we may proceed." Mr. Clinton repeated that he had no animosity against Mr.

Swartwout; was sorry for what had passed; proposed to advance, shake hands, and bury the past in oblivion. During the conversation the surgeon, kneeling at his side, extracted the ball from Mr. Swartwout's leg. The fifth shot being fired, Mr. Swartwout received a ball in the left leg, about five inches above the ankle, still, however, standing at his post perfectly composed. At the request of Mr. Riker I asked: "Are you satisfied?" He forcibly answered: "No, sir; I am not. Proceed." Mr. Clinton then quit his post, declining the combat, and declared that he would fire no more. Mr. Swartwout expressed himself surprised that Mr. Clinton would neither apologize nor give the satisfaction required, and addressing me, said: "What shall I do, my friend?" I answered: "Mr. Clinton declines making the apology required, refuses taking his position, and positively declares he will fight no more. His second appearing to acquiesce in the disposition of his principal, there is nothing further for you to do now but to have your wounds dressed." The surgeons attending dressed his wounds, and the gentlemen returned in their respective barges to the city.

One of the most distressing among the early American "affairs of honor" was that in which Philip Hamilton (eldest son of General Alexander Hamilton—who was killed by Aaron Burr some thirty months later) lost his life. This young gentleman was only eighteen years of age; had just graduated from Columbia College with high honor, and was a lad of great promise. He was a favorite with all with whom he came in contact, and to a remarkable degree mirrored the brilliant talents, elevated ambition, and arrogant temper of his distinguished parent. On the 4th of July, 1801, Philip stood and listened to an orator who hurled severe invective at his father. A short time afterward young Hamilton and a friend occupied a box at a theatre; and in an adjoining compartment sat G. J. Eaker—

the orator alluded to. Hamilton and his companion at once let fly furious and incessant shafts of ridicule of Eaker's Independence Day pyrotechnics, and were at last summoned to the lobby, where Eaker met them, and, applying an insulting epithet to Hamilton and his friend, seized the former by the nape of the neck and rushed him out into the street. Hamilton's friend sent Eaker a challenge the following day, a duel took place and four shots were exchanged without injury to either. This termination of the affair was so unsatisfactory to Philip Hamilton that he reopened the controversy by sending Eaker a challenge, which was at once accepted. The combatants met on January 10, 1802, at Weehawken (N. J.), and fought with pistols at twelve paces—Hamilton receiving his antagonist's bullet in a vital part, from which he died after an excessive agony of twenty hours. General Hamilton, when apprised of the place of meeting, hurried forward to prevent it, but fainted on the way.

On the 6th of February, 1819, Bladensburg, Md.,—already the *locus in quo* of belligerent meetings—was made additionally famous by the desperate encounter, with muskets, of General Armistead T. Mason and Colonel John M. McCarty (cousins), both of Virginia. The two gentlemen had quarrelled at an election, out of which grew a challenge from McCarty to Mason, who was a United States Senator from Virginia at the time. The former, having substantially prescribed terms and conditions and method of arrangement, met with refusal, although Mason, in his letter of declension, intimated that he would accept a challenge written and sent in proper form. McCarty then "posted" Mason as a coward, and was quickly challenged by the latter, and declined on the ground that

the challenger was wanting in courage and did not "mean business." Here the matter ended for some time, when General Jackson came upon the scene, and it was unexpectedly reopened by Mason sending McCarty a challenge, which the latter declined by proposing that he would submit to one of three things, namely: either that they should leap together from the dome of the Capitol, fight together on a barrel of powder, or meet in a hand-to-hand encounter with dirks. It was at last arranged that they should meet with shotguns, each loaded with a single ball, at four paces. When they were placed in position the muzzles of their weapons nearly touched; and at the word of command both fired together, and Mason fell dead and McCarty was seriously wounded. Mason was a member of that distinguished Virginia family to which belonged James Mason, the Senator, and James Y. Mason, the Minister of the Confederate Government to France, who was taken from an English ship by Commodore Wilkes during the first year of the War of the Rebellion.

In New Orleans, many years ago, two Frenchmen named Pauline Prué and Hippolyte Throuet fought by being placed back to back, at five paces, with instructions to turn at the given word and fire at will. They both turned at the word; and, though Prué's weapon was discharged accidentally, Throuet took deliberate aim and shot his antagonist through the heart. A most sanguinary encounter took place in Philadelphia in June, 1830, between two physicians named Jeffries and Smith. They had arranged to meet with pistols, at eight paces; and, at the first shot, both missed; but at the second Smith had his left arm shattered. The wounded man then de-

manded another shot, and this time Jeffries received Smith's bullet in the thigh. At the fourth fire both fell mortally wounded and died upon the field. When Jeffries was informed that Smith had expired, he said: "Well, I am willing to die, too." And he never spoke afterward. In 1837, in North Carolina, Hon. G. C. Dromgoole, M. C., and Mr. Dugger fought with pistols, at four paces, and the latter was mortally wounded at the first fire. In May, 1820, Richard Stuart and Townsend S. Dade (relatives), of King George County (Virginia), met with double-barrelled shotguns loaded with buckshot. Each received the other's fire —Dade falling dead and Stuart receiving a wound from which he died upon the following day.

In 1837, in Tennessee, Richard M. Jones and Henry W. Anderson met in murderous combat with pistols, at four feet, in which Jones was shot dead; the bullet from the weapon of the latter lodging in the muzzle of Anderson's pistol. In 1823, in Virginia, Colonel Richard Graves sent a cartel of defiance to Captain Lacy, and proposed that two cups should be filled—one with deadly poison and the other with pure water —and that they should draw lots to determine which one should drink the poison; and that the one who should draw the blank should have the choice of cups and swallow the contents of the one selected; and that the other, who must draw the letter P, should be bound upon his honor to swallow the contents of the remaining cup. Lacy replied that he would fight Graves like a gentleman, but declined to drink poison to accommodate any one. Graves then renewed his challenge and proposed that they fight with knives, whereupon he was arrested and afterward tried for his atrocious conduct, but acquitted.

In 1852, in Florida, Colonel Gronard and Major Jones met with bowie knives, and after a desperate encounter in which both were horribly cut, Jones was killed. In 1839, at Tallahassee (Florida), Major Allston challenged General Reed and was killed. Willis Allston, a brother of the deceased, then killed Reed and fled the State. On the 10th of December, 1841, near Brazoria (Texas), the latter got into an altercation with Dr. John Stuart and killed him, at which a party of vigilantes "took out" Allston and perforated him with bullets. In 1832, in Georgia, two young men named Gist and Fair met with pistols, and the latter was killed. Three of Gist's brothers were in attendance with pistols and shotguns, presumably to see fair play. In 1830, at New Orleans, Mr. Lanusse and Mr. Marigny met with swords and pistols, and after firing at each other twice, fell to with their swords, during which both were many times desperately wounded, Marigny dying while being conveyed from the field. In 1853, in the same city, two men named Scott and Travis fought with bowie knives, and both were desperately wounded, Scott dying from the effects of his injuries some months afterward.

Judge Huger, of South Carolina, once challenged Major Rutledge (his brother-in-law), to the great surprise of the latter, who, being an officer of conspicuous honor and courage, felt the necessity of accepting the challenge; but inquired of Mr. Loundes, who bore the challenge, what offence he had given. Mr. Loundes, however, although an intimate friend of the challenging party, declared that he had no knowledge whatever of the cause of the hostile message. The duel took place, nevertheless, and Major Rutledge

was wounded, although no one could ever tell what was the cause of the hostile affair.

The *Southern Bivouac*, early in 1884, presented its readers with the following graphic description of the first duel (so called) in Kentucky:

Previous to the separation of Kentucky from Virginia there were hostile meetings between her citizens, but the combatants were usually plain pioneers, who, knowing little and caring less about the code, settled their difficulties with the weapons with which nature had armed them. They battered and bruised with fists and feet, gouged out eyes with their thumbs, and bit off ears and noses with their teeth, and thus inflicted injuries which the chivalry of a later day pronounced worse than the effects of the fatal steel and deadly lead. The first duel *a la mode* in the State of Kentucky was arranged at Louisville in 1792, and luckily for all concerned, had a comic instead of a tragic termination. The principals and seconds were among the most prominent citizens of that period, whose descendants are yet in our midst, occupying the highest social positions. John Thurston, a son of the celebrated fighting parson of Virginia, who at the beginning of the War of Independence laid aside his sacerdotal gown, put on the uniform of the rebellion, raised a company and led it against the British, was the challenging party. John Harrison, a member of that distinguished family which gave a Governor to Virginia and a President to the United States, who went into the Revolutionary war a private and by brave deeds came out a Major, was the challenged party. Robert Breckinridge, a member of the convention which framed our first Constitution and sat as the first Speaker of our House of Representatives, was the second of Thurston, and Jacobus Sullivan, a fearless pioneer, who would at any time avoid a good dinner for what he called a good fight, was the second of Harrison. In those early days the best citizens of each county were commissioned by the Governors as Justices of the Peace.

Thurston and Harrison had both held this office under Governor Randolph of Virginia, and as soon as Governor Shelby was seated in the Gubernatorial chair of Kentucky he recommissioned them for Jefferson county. It was not long after 'Squire Thurston opened his office in the new State before he was called upon to try an issue between two of his neighbors. It was Thurston's first case under his new commission, and he saw in it the elements of a family quarrel, which indicated that no matter what judgment he might render one of his neighbors would be dissatisfied. He therefore issued the warrant and made it returnable before 'Squire Harrison for trial. Harrison, in trying the case, discovered that it was based on family differences that ought to be adjusted, and as it was his first case also in the new State, he took particular pains to reconcile the parties. He succeeded in bringing the parties to a better understanding, rendered a judgment satisfactory to both, and, being pleased with his own work, charged no fees. Soon after the trial was over Thurston called on Harrison for the twelve and a half cents allowed him by law for issuing the original warrant in the case. Harrison told him he had charged no fees in the case and had not collected the twelve and a half cents. Thurston replied that while it was Harrison's unquestioned right to charge nothing for his own services, yet that right did not extend to the remission of the fees of another for services rendered. Harrison admitted that this was true, but said that if he were to pay the twelve and a half cents it would have to come out of his own pocket, and this he did not intend should be done. One word brought on another until a quarrel ensued, and epithets were exchanged that were easier spoken than borne. They separated full of wrath, with mutual assurances that each might expect to hear further from the other. Thurston hurried from the scene, sent for his friend Breckinridge, detailed the occurrence at Harrison's office, and, without asking the advice of his friend as to what should be done, handed him a peremptory challenge with a request that he bear it immediately to Harrison. Breckinridge did not like the lightning speed

with which things were starting off, but in a kind of mechanical mode bore away the hostile note, and before the sun of the same day was set handed it to Harrison. What Harrison might have done if a little more time had been allowed does not appear, but it is possible if he had not received a challenge he would have sent one. As soon as Harrison received Thurston's note he accepted its terms, and named rifles at sixty yards as the weapons and distance. Then summoning his friend Sullivan to his aid he directed him without delay to arrange with Breckinridge the time and place of meeting. Here Sullivan, like Breckinridge, was hurried along with a rapidity he did not fancy, but knew not how to avoid. The seconds got together the night of the same day of the difficulty, and arranged for the hostile meeting the next afternoon at a small opening in the woods back of the present Broadway. When the place of meeting was reached at the appointed time sixty yards were stepped off by the seconds and the positions of the principals designated. The rifles were then loaded by the seconds—Breckinridge loading one and handing it to Sullivan for Harrison, and Sullivan loading the other and handing it to Breckinridge for Thurston. Everything was conducted with the scrupulous courtesy indicative of the ball-room rather than the duelling-field; and no one would have inferred from the countenances of Thurston and Harrison that anything involving life was in contemplation. The principals having been placed in position and their rifles handed them, the seconds tossed a dollar for the word. Breckinridge won; but instead of turning at once to the principals and giving the word, he asked Sullivan what he thought of the affair, anyhow. Sullivan answered that the movements had been so rapid that he had had no time to think at all, and in turn asked Breckinridge what he thought. Breckinridge replied that he did not like the appearance of things, and feared that the world might misinterpret the facts and assume that two prominent citizens had been hurried into a duel about twelve and a half cents. Sullivan admitted that such might be public opinion, and added that

if the duel should prove fatal it would be too bad for the world to say two such citizens had slain one another for a ninepence. The seconds, therefore, agreed to call the principals together and try to reconcile them. When they got together Breckinridge, in an earnest and feeling manner, stated that he and Sullivan had just talked the matter over, and were agreed that the meeting had been unwisely hurried too far without the advice of friends, chosen for the purpose, having been either asked or given; that the fact of the difficulty having arisen out of the twelve and a half cents allowed a magistrate for issuing a warrant would lead many to say, no matter how unjustly, that the duel was fought for that paltry sum, and that such a reputation would be intolerable for men in their positions. He reminded them that they were both heads of families and civil officers, with other claims than their own upon their lives and reputations; that although the affair had been too rapidly conducted to allow hot blood to cool, there was yet time for reason to resume her sway over passion; and then besought them as old friends, with but a single jar in a life of unusual smoothness, to forget and forgive a single offence, and act toward one another as if nothing to ruffle their former feelings had occurred. If there was any hesitation in the minds of the principals as to the propriety of a reconciliation, after these manly words of Breckinridge, it was not increased by the unexpected speech and queer proposition of Sullivan which followed. As soon as Breckinridge had ceased, Sullivan, without waiting to hear what Harrison or Thurston might say, spoke as follows: "Fellow-citizens, them's my sentiments! It won't do for this fight to go on! The Bargrass people, whar 'Squire Thurston lives, will swar he fit for twelve an' a half cents; and them bad town boys, where 'Squire Harrison lives, when he runs them out of his water-million patch, will call him an 'old fightin' ninepence.' I like a good fight better than a hot toddy of a cold night, but I hate a bad fight worse than a nest of yaller-jackets. There ain't no good in this fight, nohow. I don't like the weepons, nuther. Rifles is all right for Injuns and bars, but

they are awful things turned agin friends. If you had painted yer eyes black with yer fists, or even doubled one another up by kicks in the belly, when you quarrelled, it would have been reg'lar, but to go to borin' holes through one another with rifle balls, like augers through poplar logs, won't do at all. The commandment of the Scripter says: 'Thou shalt not kill,' but it don't say thou shalt not hit with the fist and kick with the foot when a feller makes you mad. I propose, tharfour, that we wind up this fight with a shootin'-match for a gallon of whiskey. Our side agin your side will shoot at a tree the size of a man, sixty yards, at the word, and the shot nearest the centre wins." As soon as Sullivan finished his speech, Thurston and Harrison, who had both been compelled to laugh at its oddity, simultaneously extended to one another the right hand. A hearty shake followed and the difficulty was all over. Nothing now remained to be done on the ground but to have the shooting-match proposed by Sullivan. A beech, about the size of a man, was selected, at sixty yards, and Thurston made the first shot. The tree was hit on the left side, and Harrison acknowledged that, if he had been there, he should have had a stitch in the side. Harrison shot next and hit the tree in the centre. Thurston now acknowledged that if he had been there he should have had a stomach-ache. Breckinridge shot next, and hit midway between the shots of Thurston and Harrison. All now agreed that this was the shot of a mediator, and that it was in its proper place, midway between the other two. Last of all, Sullivan shot, and missed the tree. A hearty laugh followed at the expense of Sullivan, but he said he imagined the tree to be a man shooting at him, and suggested that if the others had shot at men shooting at them their shots might have been different. The ball of Harrison having hit the centre, it was decided that Thurston and Breckinridge must pay for the liquor. Off all started in high good humor for the grocery store of Charles Nabb to get the whiskey. A gallon was measured into a stone jug, and after all had taken a friendly glass the balance was voted to Sullivan for his

remarkable speech and shot. Sullivan bore off the jug in triumph, and would often have gone through the same scene for such a reward. Thurston and Harrison were the good friends in after life that they had been before, and both of them often told and joked of the intended serious meeting that ended so comically.

A New York paper gives the following account of a singular and fatal duel which was fought many years ago in New York by the late Stephen Price, well known in England as a former lessee of Drury Lane Theatre:

Benjamin Price was considered the handsomest of his family, though his brother Stephen was not to be despised, either as regards good looks or abilities. Benjamin one evening had escorted a very pretty woman to the Park Theatre, when, during the performance, a British officer in an adjoining box took the liberty of staring her full in the face. She complained of it to Ben Price, who, on its repetition, seized the offender by the nose with "his finger and thumb and wrung it most effectually." The officer left his box and went to Ben Price's. Ben in answer to a knock opened the door, when the officer, whose name was Green, asked Ben what he meant, remarking at the same time that he meant no insult to the lady. "Oh! very well," replied Ben, "neither did I mean to insult you by what I did." Upon this they shook hands as sworn brothers, and some time afterward Mr. Green went to Canada to join his regiment. The facts of the affair, however, reached Canada before Mr. Green did, and of course got noised about. An officer of his regiment having a pique against him was particularly active in airing the scandal, and brought the matter so strongly before his brother officers that one of them, a Captain Wilson, insisted upon Green being ostracized unless he went back to New York immediately and challenged Price. Green, however, being no shot, he was allowed time to get up his pistol practice to a favorable standard, and

having practised for five hours daily, until he could hit a dollar at ten paces nine times out of ten, then he came to New York and challenged Ben Price. They fought at Hoboken, Price being killed at the first fire. The seconds immediately decamped, while Green, who had obtained leave to go to England on urgent private affairs, took a small boat, crossed the river, and got on board a vessel in the bay ready to sail for the old country. Price's body was found where he had fallen, with a piece of paper attached to the breast, on which were written the following words: "This is Benjamin Price, boarding in Vesey Street, New York; take care of him." The body was brought to the city quietly, and he was buried in New York. The death of Ben Price was, however, but one-half of the tragic transaction that resulted from the pulling of Mr. Green's nose. Some years later Captain Wilson, who has been already referred to, arrived in New York from England on his way to Canada, and put up at the Washington Hotel. There one day at dinner the conversation turned on the death of Ben Price and the manner thereof, when Captain Wilson, who had joined in the conversation, took credit for having been mainly instrumental in bringing about the duel, detailing all the particulars connected therewith. This statement was carried immediately to Stephen Price, who was lying ill of the gout at home. His friends said that he at once implicitly obeyed the instructions of the physician, and, obtaining thereby a short cessation of the gout, was enabled to hobble out of doors, his lower extremities being swathed in flannel. His first course was to seek the Washington Hotel, where his inquiry was: "Is Captain Wilson within?" "He is," said the waiter. "Show me up to his room," said Stephen, and up he was shown accordingly. Hobbling up-stairs with much difficulty, cursing alternately as he went the gout which caused the pain and the Captain who was the cause of his having to hobble with equal vehemence, he at last reached Captain Wilson's room, his feet cased in moccasins and his hand grasping a stick. Captain Wilson rose to receive him, wondering all the time who his lame visitor could

be, but his mind on that point was soon relieved. "Are you Captain Wilson?" said the stranger. "That is my name," replied the Captain. "Then, sir, my name is Stephen Price. You see, sir, I can scarcely put one foot before the other; I am afflicted with the gout. My object in coming here is to insult you. Shall I have to knock you down, or will you consider what I have said a sufficient insult to act accordingly?" "No, sir," replied the Captain, smiling; "I shall consider what you have said quite sufficient, and shall act accordingly. You shall hear from me." In due time there came a message from Captain Wilson to Stephen Price; time, place, and weapons were arranged; and early one morning a boat left New York in which were seated face to face Stephen Price, the Captain, and two friends. They all landed at Bedloe's Island, the principals took their positions, and Captain Wilson fell dead at the first shot. The Captain's body was interred in the vault there, and Price and the two seconds returned to New York. Captain Wilson's friends in America thought he had departed suddenly to Canada, and his friends in England thought he had either died suddenly or had been killed in a duel on his way to join his regiment.

The Baltimore *Sun* of April 23, 1884, tells the following interesting story of a duelling family:

Dr. Robert Wright, whose death at Centreville, Md., in his eighty-seventh year, was announced yesterday, was the son of Solomon Wright, who was a judge of the Maryland Court of Appeals from 1778 to 1801, and the grandson of Solomon Wright, who was a distinguished lawyer, and represented Queen Anne County in the Provincial Assembly as far back as 1709–11. One of Dr. Wright's uncles was Robert Wright, for whom he was named, one of the most successful politicians that the Eastern Shore has ever produced. He was successively a member of the House of Delegates, the State Senate, the United States House of Representatives, and the United States Senate. In 1806 he

was elected Governor of Maryland, and at the time of his death, in 1827, was a judge in the judicial circuit comprising his native county. Dr. Wright was a gentleman of varied information, and a mine of interesting reminisences about men and affairs in his section of the State. Just a year ago he wrote and published an interesting sketch of his family. In this he stated that some of the Wrights had a marked propensity for duelling, and narrated the following anecdotes concerning those of his relatives who became involved in affairs of honor: "Gov. Robert Wright fought a duel with Gen. Lloyd, the former being shot in the wrist, which ended the matter. Robert, son of the Governor, fought with Alexander Stuart, and was shot in the shoulder. Gustavus fought with Benjamin Nicholson. They both expected to be killed, and it is marvellous how they escaped death, as each had two shots and were only stationed six to eight feet apart. At the first shot Nicholson was shot in the hand, and at the second in the side. The wound being considered mortal ended the matter. Nicholson, as brave a man as ever lived, recovered, and was aide to Gen. Z. Pike, and, with Pike and his whole command, was blown up and killed at Little York, now called Toronto, Canada, in the war of 1812. Mr. Wright also had a duel with Capt. Watson, whom he killed. Clinton had a duel with Lieut. Jarman; they had two shots. At the second shot Wright was wounded in the arm. He afterward fought a duel with Major Hook. Wright was shot down at the first shot, and, being unable to stand, proposed to Hook to lie side by side and take another shot. To this both Hook and his second objected, and very properly, but said if they could make Mr. Wright stand they would give him another exchange of shots. Wright put his hand in his pocket, and drawing out an old bandana handkerchief, gave it to his second, telling him to pass it under his arms and draw him up to the limb of a small tree close by. This being done, they had another exchange of shots, when Hook received what was supposed to be a mortal wound, but both he and Wright recovered. Henry R. Pratt (who married one of the

Wrights) had a duel with William Elbert. He shot a bunch of keys out of Elbert's pantaloons pocket, and, both being thereby satisfied, kissed and made up. They afterward became and continued fast friends. Another one of the family was on the eve of a duel with Cadet Lindsey, of Philadelphia, but a timely apology from Lindsey put a stop to it. By way of showing that the Wrights were not quite so bloodthirsty as some have endeavored to make them out, I will say that in every instance, I believe, the Wrights were the challenged parties."

CHAPTER XV.

NOTED AMERICAN DUELS—CONTINUED.

Andrew Jackson's Famous Meeting with Charles Dickinson—"Great God! have I missed him?"—The Iron Will of "Old Hickory"—Sam Houston's Duel with General White—Cumming and McDuffie—The Fatal Crittenden-Conway Duel in Arkansas in 1830—The Dreadful Meeting of Major Riddle and Hon. Spencer Pettis on Bloody Island in 1831—Both Combatants Mortally Wounded at the First Fire—The Weapons used by Riddle and Pettis at present the Property of Innis Hopkins of St. Louis—The Fatal Duel near Vicksburg between Menefee and McClung—A Highly Dramatic Affair—Tragic End of a Poker Game on the Mississippi—James Bowie Surprises a Gang of Sharpers—A Duel upon the Wheel-houses of a Steamboat—What came of a Military Man's Boasting.

THE fatal duel between General Andrew Jackson and Charles Dickinson, which was fought near Adairville (Tennessee), on the 30th of May, 1806, ranks among what are justly termed the noted American duels; not only on account of the distinguished character of the combatants, but because they were incomparably "crack shots," and because each intended to kill the other. Dickinson had invited a challenge from Jackson by aspersing the character or social standing of the wife of the latter. Each undoubtedly expected to receive a mischievous bullet, but hoped, at the same time, to dangerously wound or kill his adversary. It was understood that there would be no

love or sentiment displayed during the hostile meeting, and, of course, no white feather. Both men were notoriously brave and unspeakably angry. Both were experts with rifle and pistol; and Dickinson, while on his way to the rendezvous, amused his associates by displaying his wonderful skill with a pistol. Once, at a distance of twenty-four feet, he fired four balls, each at the word of command, into a space which could be covered by a silver dollar. Several times he cut a string with a bullet from the same distance. It is related that he left a severed cord hanging near a tavern, and said to the landlord as he rode off: "If General Jackson comes along this road, be kind enough to show him that." The meeting took place in the morning, and both parties appeared to be perfectly collected. The arrangement agreed upon was that the pistols were to be held downward until the word was given to fire, then each man was to fire as soon as he pleased. As soon as the word was given Dickinson raised his pistol and fired. A puff of dust flew from the breast of Jackson's coat, and his second saw him raise his left arm and place it tightly across his chest. The General, however, stood firm, while Dickinson recoiled, crying out: "Great God! have I missed him?" A moment after, Jackson took deliberate aim and pulled the trigger, but the weapon stopped at half-cock. He drew it back to its place, took aim a second time, and fired. Dickinson reeled, and his face turned white; and, as his friends hurried toward him, he sunk upon the ground. The murderous missle had passed through the body below the ribs. It was only after this that it was discovered that one of Jackson's shoes was full of blood. On examination, it was found that the bullet from Dick

inson's weapon had hit Jackson in the breast, breaking two ribs, and making a painful but not dangerous wound. Dickinson lived until about nine o'clock in the evening, at which hour he expired, having bled to death. It was on this occasion that Andrew Jackson exhibited his iron will by saying to his second that he would have lived long enough to have killed his antagonist even if he had been shot through the heart. Jackson fought Dickinson for the honor of the woman he loved. A description of this duel lately appeared in the Louisville (Ky.) *Courier-Journal*, which called out a communication from S. Park Baker, of Youngstown (N. Y.), which concluded as follows:

There is one feature about this duel with Dickinson, however, that seems a little peculiar, and that is that General Jackson, who was a very spare man in his person, should have been dressed in a loose-fitting gown or coat, so that his antagonist could not readily tell the location of his body. Dickinson aimed right; and if Jackson's body had been where Dickinson supposed it was, and where, perhaps, the *code duello* would say it ought to have been, there is no just reason to doubt that General Jackson would at that time have "passed in his checks;" for the ball from Dickinson's pistol would have struck his heart beyond any doubt, according to the account of the duel. Now, the criticism and point I make in the character of "Old Hickory," in respect to this duel, is this: Having dressed himself in a manner to deceive Dickinson as to the precise location of his (Jackson's) body, and having received Dickinson's bullet without any serious injury, it was not a just and fair thing in Jackson afterward to take deliberate aim at Dickinson and kill him. No matter what the provocation was on the part of Dickinson which led to the duel, it seems to me that, having resorted to what was then considered an honorable method of settling the difficulty, they were each bound to give the other fair play; and the only excuse or justification I can

find for General Jackson for his deliberate and premeditated killing of Dickinson is the fact that, perhaps, upon general principles, Dickinson ought to have been killed for slandering so upright and honorable a woman as the wife of General Jackson.

Near Nashville (Tenn.) is the "Hermitage," which is approached through a long row of cedars on either hand. Here, says the *Courier-Journal*,

in this quaint old building, main rooms and shed-rooms of brick, with wooden columns and wooden copings in front, resided Colonel Andrew Jackson, adopted grandson of the hero, with his wife and mother and two old negroes, man and wife. He was about sixteen years old when it was purchased by Jackson, nearly sixty years ago. General Jackson and wife sleep side by side in the little garden near the residence, each beneath a broad granite slab. Inscribed in old-fashioned Roman letters are the words on the slab which covers Mrs. Jackson, composed by her devoted husband: "Here lie the remains of Mrs. Rachel Jackson, wife of President Jackson, who died the 22d December, 1828." The old hero had been elected President for his first term, but did not take his seat till March 4th following. The inscription recounts her virtues in words forcible and tender: "A being so gentle and yet so virtuous, vile slander might wound but could not dishonor. Even death, when he tore her from the arms of her husband, could but transport her to the bosom of her God." The day of the funeral, Jackson, feeble and heartbroken, walked slowly behind the coffin, leaning upon a long cane he was accustomed at that time to carry about his farm. As the friends of the dead gathered about to look for the last time upon her face, General Jackson lifted his cane as if appealing to Heaven, and by a look commanding silence, said, slowly and painfully, and with a voice full of bitter tears: "In the presence of this dear saint I can and do forgive all my enemies. But those vile wretches who have slandered her must look to God for

mercy." One of the most beautiful and redeeming traits in all this rugged and heroic nature was the unaltering love and devotion he bore his wife. For seventeen years after her death the memory of this noble woman was cherished, until the summer of 1845, when he was laid to rest beside the only woman he ever loved—loved with a romantic tenderness and strength surpassing the dream of fiction.

General Sam Houston, while M. C. from the Nashville (Tennessee) district, in 1826, fought a duel with General White, which created much excitement throughout the United States at the time. The duel was fought on the farm of H. J. Duncan, in Simpson County, about six miles south of Franklin. It was a curious circumstance—that which brought about this fight: Houston had sent to his constituents a number of documents and some seeds for distribution, which they had failed to receive, and for which failure he blamed Postmaster Curry, of Nashville, whom he denounced as a scoundrel. For this Curry sent Houston a challenge by General White; who declined to receive a cartel "from such a contemptible source." "I am not surprised, sir," said White, addressing himself to Houston, "as no one who knows you expected you would fight." "I will fight you, sir, or any gentleman; but I will not fight a scoundrel like Curry," replied Houston. "I am not sure of that." "Try me." That same day White sent Houston a challenge, which was promptly accepted, and time, place, terms, and conditions named: on the 23d of September, 1826, at sunrise, near the State line; weapons, holster pistols; distance, fifteen feet. The parties met, according to agreement, and White fell dangerously (it was thought at the time mortally) wounded at the first fire. Houston started

for the State line, about two hundred yards distant, when he saw his adversary fall; but, upon hearing White call, returned, and knelt by his side, when the wounded man said: "General, you have killed me." "I am very sorry for you, White," responded Houston, "but you know it was forced upon me." "I know it, and forgive you." White had been shot through just above the hip, and the surgeons, to cleanse the wound of blood, drew one of their old-fashioned silk neckerchiefs through the bullet-hole. Upon the complete recovery of White none were so overcome with joy as the one who had narrowly escaped becoming his executioner.

Colonel Cumming, of Georgia, and Hon. George McDuffie, of South Carolina, met near Sister's Ferry (South Carolina), on the 8th of June, 1822, to settle a political quarrel—which they did by firing at each other once with pistols at twelve paces—Mr. McDuffie receiving his adversary's bullet in the back just below the short ribs. The South Carolinian, while he declared his intention of firing a second shot, was induced by his seconds and the surgeons of both parties to retire from the field, they having assured him that he had received a dangerous wound. McDuffie's pistol was prematurely discharged, its ball striking the ground about midway between the combatants; and, although the distinguished statesman never fully recovered from his severe wound, his Georgia "friends" never let up on him for getting shot in the back.

A remarkable meeting took place in Arkansas in 1830 between General Conway and Colonel Robert Crittenden, in which the former was killed. These two gentlemen were canvassing the (then) Territory

of Arkansas for delegate to Congress. Conway was what was then politically termed a "Jackson man," while Crittenden sailed under Anti-Jackson colors. A correspondent of the New York *Courier and Enquirer*, who was present, tells the story of the duel, as follows:

They met in debate at Little Rock. There was an immense concourse of people in attendance, and party feeling ran very high. The discussion became personal, and Crittenden at the close of his second speech remarked that he "trusted no gentleman would utter words in the heat of debate toward him such as could not be tolerated by the code of honor." Conway retorted in a torrent of bitter invective and personal denunciation. Crittenden briefly and calmly rejoined: "Your language, General Conway, admits of only one answer; and that, you may be sure, I will make right speedily." A hostile message was sent the same day, and the meeting arranged for the following morning. A vast throng had collected to witness the duel, for there had been no attempt made to conceal it. Ben Desha, a son of Governor Desha, of Kentucky, was Crittenden's second, and Colonel Wharton Rector was the second of Conway. There was some delay in settling the preliminaries, at which General Conway became impatient and excited, while Crittenden remained perfectly cool, stretched quietly on a blanket, with his eyes closed, as though he was sleeping. Finally, the principals were called to their positions. The spectators, says an eye-witness, at a glance contrasted their aspect and bearing. Crittenden inherited the noblest of human forms, with fair hair, blue eyes, and a lofty countenance, frank and open in its expression, and wearing the seal of death-defying bravery. He stood cool, collected, and unconcerned, like a rifleman about to fire at a mark. But Conway had a stern face, eyes dark as night, and his look of indubitable courage was perceptibly tinged with revenge. At length Desha gave the word in a voice that rang over the hills like the peal of a trumpet—Fire! One—Two—Three!

At the sound "Fire" Conway raised his weapon and drew the trigger. His bullet grazed Crittenden's breast and cut a button off his coat, without more injury. But Crittenden waited until the last echo of the word "Two," and then his pistol exploded. General Conway dropped to the earth like lead. The ball had pierced his heart. Crittenden died of fever a few years after these events.

On the 27th of August, 1881, Mr. Edward Dobyns, of Fulton (Mo.), addressed the editor of the St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* the following interesting communication:

Just fifty years years ago to-day, August 27, 1831, at three o'clock P.M., Major Biddle, of the United States Army, and the Hon. Spencer Pettis, only member of Congress from Missouri, met on Bloody Island, opposite St. Louis, to settle an affair of honor. They took position at five feet apart and exchanged shots. Both fell mortally wounded, and were borne across the river by their respective friends to their homes. It was my privilege to stand by the bedside of the dying statesman through a night of pain and agony. Never can I forget the look of the young statesman. He turned his head, and looking me in the face, said: "Oh, if I can only survive this." I well knew the meaning of these words. Nor can I forget the majestic form and noble bearing of the late Hon. James H. Peck, then Judge of the United States District Court for the District of Missouri, who passed that memorable night at the bedside of Mr. Pettis, cheering and encouraging him in his last hours;—in this showing his gratitude for kindnesses Mr. Pettis had shown him when he (Judge Peck) had been impeached and tried before the Senate of the United States for alleged charges of oppression of a distinguished lawyer of St. Louis, Colonel Luke E. Lawless. Though an avowed political enemy to the party to which Mr. Pettis belonged, I felt there was a beauty and moral grandeur surrounding the scene, and there was.

Gratitude is one of the noblest instincts of man. Just as death was approaching Mr. Pettis gave a deep moan. Judge Peck said: "Mr. Pettis, you have shown yourself a brave man, now die like a man." Mr. Pettis replied, "Yes, sir." I believe these were his last words. On the morning of August 28, 1831, about ten o'clock, his spirit left its frail tenement and passed away. Major Biddle survived until three o'clock Sunday morning, when his strong constitution and athletic frame yielded to the fatal wound, and his spirit took its flight. Thus ended this tragic affair which has been so much misrepresented.

The pistols used in the Biddle-Pettis duel are at present owned by Innis Hopkins, of St. Louis, having been left him by his father, Colonel Brent Hopkins, who died at Henderson (Kentucky) on the 7th of March, 1884. It has been stated that these same pistols were used by Hamilton and Burr, which is a positive mistake; as the latter are owned by a gentleman of Rochester (N. Y.), and are three inches longer than these used at Bloody Island: they were once the property of Aaron Burr, however, who brought them from England upon his return to his native land. They were manufactured by H. W. Mortimore, of London, gunmaker to his Majesty. The pistol which was used by Pettis may be identified by a long deep notch indented on the handle—the one used by Burr is marked by a cross filed under the lower part of the barrel. The barrels of these pistols are thirteen inches long and carry an ounce ball. They have flint-locks; the pans for the priming are lined with gold, and the touchholes are bushed with the same metal. They are hair-triggers, and shoot with great force and accuracy. The locks are pieces of very superior mechanism. The pair came into the possession of Colonel Brent Hopkins, through

his uncle, Captain Samuel Goode Hopkins, U. S. A., who purchased them from Burr, paying him a large amount for them. The weapons have surely a blood-stained history. They have been used with fatal effect in eleven duels. Pettis killed Biddle with one of them; Edward Towns of Virginia killed a Frenchman near New Orleans; Captain Sam Goode Hopkins killed a Spanish Count near New Madrid (Mo.); Hugh Brent killed a man from Georgia on Diamond Island, below Henderson (Ky.), and they were used several times in Virginia, twice in South Carolina, and more than once in Kentucky, with deadly effect.

McClung and Menefee met near Vicksburg a short time before the Mexican War in the presence of a large number of spectators. The weapons were Mississippi rifles, distance sixty yards. McClung was a dead shot, having never missed his man, while Menefee, who had lately arrived in Mississippi from Kentucky, was no novice with shooting-irons. The description of the duel is thus told by a correspondent:

Sixty yards was the distance chosen, and when the seconds went to measure off the ground it was with great difficulty that the crowd could be forced back so as to allow the fight to go on. The positions were taken and the rifles were placed in the combatants' hands. "Are you ready?" "Ready," both firmly responded. "Fire; one, two"—Here Menefee's rifle exploded, and the bullet whistled by the head of McClung and lodged in a tree that appeared to be on an exact line with the body of the latter. To the surprise of everybody, instead of firing his piece, McClung attempted to break it in half, and with a fierce oath hurled it a distance of twenty feet away, where it alighted upon a pile of sand and stuck, muzzle down, several feet in it. The

seconds soon learned the cause of this strange action—the gun had hung fire. It was rescued, the sand removed from the muzzle, and reloaded. After an interval of ten minutes the combatants resumed their positions, and the crowd gathered around them again. During the interval many bets had been wagered on the result of the duel, the odds being generally in favor of Menefee, who was a popular favorite, and who, moreover, was generally supposed to be more proficient with the rifle. The word was again given. This time McClung's piece was more faithful. Before Menefee's finger had pressed the trigger of the rifle that of McClung had been discharged, and the ball, striking the cock of Menefee's gun, hurled a piece of it deep into the brain of the unfortunate young man, who fell, and died before he could be removed from the field.

In ante-bellum times nowhere on the continent were more exciting scenes witnessed than in the cabins of some of the Mississippi river steamers, and of these none were more dramatic and tragical than the following incident. Gambling, oftentimes for the highest stakes, was universal, particularly on the New Orleans packets, and professional gamblers frequently made these boats their homes. Much has been written concerning the lives and characters of these men, and many are the incidents related in which they bore conspicuous, if not always honorable, parts. Amongst the various gambling scenes that have occurred on western and southern rivers, there is one which should not be forgotten, the more so as one of the principal actors in the event is known throughout the country to have been a man of tried bravery and courage, and his name, James Bowie, is always associated with the idea of fearlessness. In a recent conversation with an old steamboatman, a reporter of the St. Louis *Republican* learned of the

following, which occurred on board the steamer Orleans, Captain Davis—father of Captain John B. Davis, late of the Diamond Jo line—master, in the Fall of 1832. At that time the river steamers were beginning to be infested with organized bands of gamblers, which in a few years embraced in their ranks as allies and confederates many of the barkeepers and other officers of the boats of higher rank, and with their assistance and connivance many a planter was robbed of his all and driven to suicide or murder. In the Fall of the year the merchants and planters of the country along the lower river went East to purchase goods or to collect the proceeds of the year's crop of cotton or sugar, and their arrival at and departure from New York were carefully noted by emissaries of the gamblers. If it was known that they carried back to the West or South any large amount of money, they were watched, and an efficient gang of sharps was placed upon their tracks. In the summer of 1833 a young gentleman of Natchez, who had just been married, made an extended wedding trip to the North, and on his way back home had stopped in New York to collect a number of bills which had been intrusted to him for collection by planters at and near Natchez, and the amount in the aggregate was quite large. Shortly after his arrival in New York the young man was spotted, and his acquaintance made by several of the gambling fraternity, but, though they tried hard to do so, they failed to inveigle him into any of their dens. When he had transacted his business there the young man started for home with his wife, but, knowing of his probable route, a well-organized gang started ahead of him, leaving two of the fraternity to

accompany their intended victim and keep him in sight. Learning at Pittsburg that he would take a steamer there for Louisville, where he would remain a few days, and then take one of the New Orleans packets for Natchez, they joined him on the boat, and on the trip to Louisville card playing was introduced to while away the time. Having been allowed to win small sums, by the time they had reached Louisville the victim imagined he knew all about the game. This game, which at the time referred to was much in vogue, was called 20-card poker, and was played with the tens, jacks, and queens, kings, and aces of the pack, and as but four could play at a time the game was admirably adapted for what is known to the gambling fraternity as "three pluck one." After a pleasant visit in Louisville the young man took passage on the steamer *Orleans* for Natchez. The gentlemen's cabin, where all the card-playing was done, was on the main deck, directly under the ladies' cabin. Instead of the round wheel-houses now seen, the *Orleans*' were square, flat on top, and came up to within two feet of the hurricane deck, and the distance between them was about thirty-five feet. Not long after leaving Louisville card-playing was resumed, and so effectually had the gamblers carried out their scheme that they had won nearly all their victim's money before reaching Vicksburg, and had intended to complete their work before Natchez was reached, a comparatively easy task, as he was drunk and desperate. A few miles above Vicksburg a tall, straight, and dignified gentleman, having much the appearance of a preacher, got aboard the boat, and in a few minutes took a seat near the gamblers, where he could see all that was going on. Several

times during the continuance of the game, and after the tall stranger had come aboard, the young wife of the gamblers' victim had besought him to leave their company, but in vain, so deep was the infatuation of the game, and so strong his belief that he could yet win back the money which he had lost. Play continued into the night, and by 1 o'clock in the morning his money was all won from him, and, rendered desperate by the knowledge that he had been recreant to the trust reposed in him, the victim rose from his seat and rushed wildly to the side of the boat, intent upon self-destruction, but just as he was in the act of springing overboard he was seized by a grip of iron and held, and, his young wife appearing at that time, he was taken to his room by the stranger, who assured her that all would be right if she would only keep her husband in the room until his return. Returning to the cabin, where the gamblers and their friends were standing around the bar drinking, the stranger drew out of his pocket a well-filled wallet, and taking out of it a $100 bank note, asked the barkeeper to change it for him. This the barkeeper could not do, but referred him to the principal gambler, saying: "This gentleman can change it for you." "Oh, yes," he answered at once, "won't you take a drink?" Thanking him, the stranger accepted the invitation, and whilst the change was being made, just touched his glass to his lips. The gamblers had all seen the well-filled wallet, and, as the stranger casually remarked that he stopped at Natchez, they determined to try to catch and fleece him. One of them remarked that he did not care to go to bed, and proposed that another game be played, to which, of course, the others agreed, but, as there

were but three of them who understood the game, and it required four to play it, the stranger was invited to join them, which, after a little hesitation on his part, he assented to. The game began by the stranger being allowed to win several large bets. But he kept his eyes open, and although they did not know it, he was perfectly aware of what was going on. After playing for about an hour, and just as day was breaking, the gamblers concluded to finish by giving the stranger a hand which would induce him to bet largely, and as there were three of them, and he could not call, they felt certain they could force him to put up all he had before they would allow him to have a show. Everything worked as they had anticipated; the man opposite the stranger dealt the cards and the man on his right went $10 blind; the ante was $5. When the cards were dealt the stranger put up $20, and the next man did the same, when the dealer raised him $20, putting up $40. When it came to the turn of the one who made the blind he put up $130, thus raising it $100. The stranger quietly put up the requisite amount, and when the next man bet $100 more, the next man, the dealer, then threw up his hand and drew out. The two remaining gamblers then kept raising the bet whenever it came their turn, the stranger coolly putting up whatever sum was necessary until the total amount on the table was fully $100,000, of which the stranger had contributed one third. Whilst the betting was going on the stranger had kept his eye on the dealer and had, by his watchfulness, prevented any changing of cards. Toward the last he saw a card slipped by the dealer to the man who had made the blind, when, seizing him by the wrist with

one hand, he drew a murderous looking knife with the other and forced the gambler to lay his cards on the table face down. All sprang to their feet and the stranger quietly said that when that hand was raised and it should be found to contain six cards, he would kill the owner; telling the other to show his cards, he threw down his own hand, which consisted of four kings and a ten spot. The baffled gambler, livid with rage and disappointment, swore that the stranger should fight him, demanding, with an oath, to know who he was anyway. Quietly, and as if in the presence of ladies, the stranger answered, "James Bowie." At the sound of that name two of the gamblers quailed, for they knew that the man who bore that name was a terror to even the bravest; but the third, who had never heard of "James Bowie," demanded a duel at once. This was acceded to at once by Bowie, with a smile; pistols—derringers—were the weapons selected, the hurricane-roof the place, and the time at once. Sweeping the whole of the money into his hat, Bowie went to the room where the unhappy wife sat guarding her husband's uneasy slumbers, and, rapping on the door, he handed her, when she had opened it, the hat and its contents, telling her that if he did not come back, two thirds of the money was her husband's and the balance his own. Ascending to the hurricane-roof the principals were placed one upon the top of each wheel-house. This brought them about twelve yards apart, and each was exposed to the other from the knee up. The pistols were handed to them and the gambler's second gave the word, "one, two, three, fire, stop," uttered at intervals of one second each, and they were allowed to fire at any time between

the utterance of the words one and stop. As "one" rang out in the clear morning air both raised their weapons, as "three" was heard the gambler's pistol rang out and before the sound had ceased and whilst the word "fire" was being uttered, Bowie's pistol sounded, and simultaneous with this sound the gambler fell, and giving a convulsive struggle rolled off the wheel-house into the river. Bowie coolly blew the smoke out of his pistol, shut down the pan (the flint-lock was in use at the time), and going down into the ladies' cabin obtained his hat and divided the money which it contained into three portions. Two of these he gave to the young wife and the other he kept, as it was his own money. Having awakened her husband, the fond wife showed him the money, and told him all she knew about the affair, not having heard of the duel. When the husband became acquainted with all the facts, his gratitude to his benefactor was deep and lasting. Not desiring to be made a hero of, Bowie, when the boat reached Rodney, determined to go ashore; and as he was leaving the boat both the husband and wife clung to him as though he was a father leaving them. It was afterward ascertained that the amount which Bowie returned to the wife was within less than $100 of the sum which the gamblers had won from her husband.

A Buffalo (N. Y.) correspondent of the New York *Times* writes as follows, under date of August 11, 1883:

One of the handsomest residences along the Niagara River is that of W. C. Allen, near the head of Grand Island. A portion of his lawn now occupies a spot which should have no little historical interest. The incident giving it that

interest is probably little known outside of local circles, and is now recalled only through the existence of a document which has been preserved in a prominent family now resident at Niagara Falls. This document is as follows:

"A meeting took place between General Smyth and General Porter yesterday afternoon on Grand Island in pursuance of previous arrangements. They met at Dayton's Tavern, and crossed the river with their friends and surgeons. Both gentlemen behaved with the utmost coolness and unconcern. A shot was fired in as intrepid and firm a manner as possible by each gentleman, but without effect. It was then represented by General Smyth's second that General Porter must now be convinced that the charge of cowardice against General Smyth was unfounded, and should in honor be retracted, which, after mutual explanations as to the matters which had given rise to the charge, was accordingly done by him.

"General Smyth then explained that his remarks on General Porter were the result of irritation, and were intended as provocation from having been assailed by General Porter, and that he knew nothing derogatory to General Porter's character as a gentleman and an officer. The hand of reconciliation was then offered and received.

"We congratulate the friends of these gentlemen upon this fortunate termination of a difference arising from too much precipitation, but which has been adjusted in a manner so honorable to both.

"WILLIAM H. WINDER,
"SAMUEL ANGUS.

"BLACK ROCK, Dec. 13, 1812."

In 1810 General Peter B. Porter was a resident of Canandaigua, which was then the most prominent place in western New York, much of which was, in fact, but little more than a wilderness. In the year named he was elected to Congress, but, disliking political life, he retired from it the next year and removed to Black Rock, where he owned large estates, which are now a portion of Buffalo. He resided there at the breaking out of the war of 1812, and as the

Canadian frontier was to be an important strategic point in the contest, all of the militia of western New York was ordered for service at the various points along the frontier. General Porter was appointed to the command of the militia by the Governor of the State, to act in concert with the regular troops, which were placed under command of a Virginian named Alexander Smyth. The latter had no military experience, except in a local way, but he was a man of great assurance, and of a bombastic, vainglorious disposition. Porter's headquarters were at Black Rock, and Smyth's were near by. "Soon after establishing himself at Black Rock," says a gentleman to whom General Porter related the circumstances fifty years ago, "General Smyth issued a long proclamation to his troops, couched in the most extravagant language and filled with boasting prognostications of what he intended to do with the British upon the opening of Spring. The tenor of the proclamation was that if Spring opened early and favorably he would immediately invade Canada, capture all of its strongholds, and put a summary end to the war. This bombastic document made the egotistical Southerner the subject of the greatest ridicule both in and out of camp. It so disgusted General Porter that he charged openly that such language and silly boastfulness could not emanate from a man of courage and bravery. This remark of General Porter was communicated at once to General Smyth, and he sent at once a fiery challenge to General Porter to meet him on the field of honor and test his courage. General Porter was not a duellist nor a believer in duelling, but, holding the position he did, he did not feel that he could decline this challenge, and he promptly accepted it. He selected General William Winder, of the regular army, as his second, and General Smyth chose Adjutant Samuel Angus, of his command. Dayton's Tavern, where the parties met, was then a well-known hostelry of that day, but was long ago torn down. Its site is six miles below Buffalo, on the banks of the Niagara River, and is now occupied by the residence of the John A. Hopkins family. The official report of the duel

reads well, but General Porter always said that General Smyth's bearing and conduct during the affair were in no way calculated to convince any one that he was courageous or in any way fitted for a military command. Smyth gave up his command soon afterwards, and returned to Virginia. He was returned to Congress for his district for several years, where his manners made him the constant butt of his fellow-Congressmen."

CHAPTER XVI.

NOTED AMERICAN DUELS—CONTINUED.

Journalistic Encounters—Editors who have Backed Up their Opinions with Swords, Pistols, Knives, Rifles, Shotguns, Blunderbusses, and Yagers—Fatal Meetings in Virginia—A Bloody Affair at Belle Isle—Messrs. Beirne and Elam's Picturesque Drama—Joaquin Miller's Symposium—Belligerent Mississippi Editors—A Fighting Newspaper and no Mistake—Louisiana Belligerents—Creole Punctiliousness—Duels among California Editors—Gilbert and Denver—John Nugent's Two Duels—Badly Wounded in both—Carter and DeCourcey—Washington and Washburne—Will Hicks Graham's Desperate Duels with Frank Lemon and General William Walker, the Great Filibuster—Calvin B. MacDonald's Graphic Description of the Tevis-Lippincott Duel—The Meeting between Judge Stidger and Colonel Rust—A Clash between Northern and Southern Pluck—Wilson and Beane—James Watson Webb and Thomas F. Marshall—Gibson and Irving, of Tennessee—Bynum and Perry, of South Carolina—James Gordon Bennett and Fred May, of New York—Goodman and Fitch, of Nevada—An Episode of Mobile, after the War—How two Men Fought with Rifles and afterward "Drowned their Sorrows in the Flowing Bowl."

TIME was when the average American editor was liable to be called upon to defend his printed statements upon a hostile field; and it is a noteworthy fact that many an unfortunate scribe has been ceremoniously slain—thus proving conclusively that the pen is not always mightier than the sword. Seriously, the

practice of duelling prevailed to a considerable extent among American journalists in *ante-bellum* days, and especially among the editorial brotherhood in the States lying south of the so-called "Mason and Dixon's line" and in the States and Territories of the "Far West." Many famous meetings have taken place among belligerent members of the Virginia press, one of the most noted being that fatal one a number of years before the Southern Rebellion between Mr. Ritchie (of the Richmond *Enquirer*) and John Hampden Pleasants (of the Richmond *Whig*). Ritchie was the editor of a violent Democratic paper, while Pleasants was an uncompromising Whig. A personal attack in the columns of one paper, responded to by a no less personal answer in the other, resulted in a challenge and a meeting. The scene was Belle Isle, the little islet in the James River, at Richmond. Here, in sight of the city's busy streets, the two editors met and fought. They had each gone to the fray armed with duelling pistols and swords. The conditions of the fight, as agreed upon by their seconds, were that after the first fire with the pistols, if neither should be hurt, they should have recourse to their swords. The swords remained in their scabbards, however, for at the first shot Pleasants fell dead in his tracks. On the 12th of June, 1869, Robert W. Hughes (of the Richmond *State Journal*) and William E. Cameron (of the Richmond *Index*) fought with pistols in North Carolina, and the latter was hit in the breast at the first fire. In March, 1843, Melzer Gardner, editor of the Portsmouth (Va.) *Chronicle*, was killed by a lawyer named Mordecai Cook, Jr., on Ferry Wharf; and on the following day a mob threatened to tear down Cook's house, at

hadn't come after all and let the other fellow have his say and his way, rather than have at the last to plug an ounce bullet in his breast, and send him home a bleeding corpse to his wife and babes. The day after my arrival in Richmond I sent my letters of introduction to the newspaper offices and waited the result. About noon the cards of the two famous duellists came up together. This was delicious. Now I indeed should know all about the singular sensation of standing before a Christian gentleman and looking down the muzzle of his pistol as the moments swelled into hours while waiting the words, "*one, two, three — Fire!*" The handsome young editor of the *Dispatch* put me at ease at once by his quiet and graceful way of bidding me welcome to Richmond. But the other man absorbed all my attention instantly. Desperate? Tall, gaunt, bony and bloodthirsty? Why, God bless your soul, he is the sleekest, sleepiest, best-fed, fattest, best-natured looking editor in the United States. His blue eyes are mild as a child's. He looks and acts in fact like a great big green boy just out of school. And intellectually, he looks as if, like myself, he had never been quite able to enter into familiar relations with the multiplication table, or even any high degree of mental arithmetic. Permit me to say here, by way of parenthesis, so that my friends in California may not be uneasy on my account, that before this sketch is published I shall be on my way either to London or San Francisco. Well, after the ordinary salutations we sat down and, ordered cigars. No; they would not smoke, these young fire-eaters. "I never smoke but one cigar a day and that is at night," calmly said the editor of the *Dispatch*, as he toyed with his cane and glasses. Then I had brandy brought up, as I had been taught to believe that these bloody duellists and Southerners lived on brandy when they could not get blood to drink. No; they would not drink at all. The big, green schoolboy who had stretched so many of his enemies on the grass said he never drank anything stronger than beer, and only a glass or two of that toward the close of the day, when his work was done. I did not

see just then any good opportunity to wedge in an inquiry directly about duels, as the conversations led over the ordinary routes of congratulation and inquiry as to the various features of the South, and so felt a bit disappointed. But when they arose to leave it was to my infinite delight arranged that we should all three, along with an old Californian, also a dead shot and duellist, go out driving under the magnolia trees and through the beautiful and sadly impressive Richmond Cemetery. The first thing these three duellists did was to drive me to the famous club-house here, celebrated not only for its wide-door hospitality, but for many costly and historical pictures. That of Pocahontas seemed to abound everywhere. How many Virginians have descended from Pocahontas it is hard to say. But if any ten other Indians had increased as she is supposed to have increased it is safe to say that the race of savages, so far from perishing from the earth, would to-day, numerically at least, be in the ascendant over the Saxon. At this elegant club my recollection is that these three duellists ordered brandy and seltzer, but as they drank only seltzer they left me nothing but brandy. I had to drink what was left, for no wise man will be particular when alone with three duellists. The conversation as we sat there took a historic turn —the early settlement of Virginia, the great battle just out at the edge of the town at what is still called Bloody Run, the Indians, the generosity of Virginia in giving half a dozen States to the Union and receiving, asking, indeed, not one cent for all that boundless domain. Then we had more brandy and seltzer, divided up as before. By this time I had mustered a little valor and tried to get my shoulder under the conversation and lift it up into the atmosphere of the field of honor, but just then the black boy in buttons called out the carriage at the club-house door, and in a moment more we were driving toward the great cemetery under the beautiful magnolia trees, up the banks of the classic James, overlooking Belle Island. Nearly a mile of the most delightful drive on this earth, so far as scenery goes, peeps through the trees—a drop-curtain for a theatre, in fact, at

almost every turn of the wheel—and we drove through the gate, with its great broken ivy-covered columns.

The Mississippi editors were quite as hostile as the Virginians. In 1838 Dr. James Hagan, of the Vicksburg *Sentinel*, fought with the editor of the Vicksburg *Whig*, and the latter was wounded. In 1843 Hagan was assassinated on a public street in Vicksburg by Daniel W. Adams, who admitted the shooting at the Coroner's inquest, and said that he had killed Hagan on account of an article written by the latter reflecting on Judge George Adams, of Jackson (Mississippi), father of Daniel. In June, 1842, James F. Fall, one of the editors of the *Sentinel*, fought with T. E. Robins, of the Railroad Bank, and was wounded. In May, 1844, Robins again met an editor of the *Sentinel*, James M. Downs, and the latter was wounded. They fought with "yagers," at fifteen paces. Shortly after this affair Captain Walter Hickey, a fresh *Sentinel* editor, had a meeting, with revolvers, with Dr. Macklin, and the latter was mortally wounded. After this duel Hickey came out best in several encounters in and around Vicksburg, but was finally "laid out" in Texas by Joseph Moses, in 1849. In 1845 James Ryan, another *Sentinel* editor, was sent to his last account by R. E. Hammet, of the *Whig*. Still later, an editor of the *Sentinel* named Jenkins was killed by H. A. Crabbe, who was afterward beheaded in Sonora.

In 1851 John William Frost, one of the editors of the New Orleans *Crescent*, and Dr. Thomas Hunt, a distinguished physician of New Orleans, fought near the United States Barracks, below the city, with double-barrelled shotguns, and the editor was mortally wounded at the second shot and died in half an

hour. Dr. Hunt was the challenged party. A few months previous to this fatal affair, Messrs. Walker and Kennedy, both editors of New Orleans papers, had met with pistols at twelve paces, exchanged shots, and retired satisfied. In 1852 E. T. Carroll, editor of the *Crescent*, and J. M. Barbagon, met near Lake Ponchartrain, with rifles, took two shots at each other without effect at forty paces, and then declared their difficulties at an end. In 1853, Mr. Cohen (editor of the New Orleans *Staats Zeitung*) and Dr. Wintzel (of the *Deutsche Zeitung*) met with pistols, and at the first shot Cohen was dangerously wounded. In August, 1843, there was a desperate encounter between J. Hueston, editor of the Baton Rouge (La.) *Gazette*, and Alcée Lambranche, M. C. from that district. The parties met at "The Oaks," with double-barrelled shotguns, loaded with ball, distance forty yards, and Hueston fell mortally wounded at the fourth fire. In 1825 Michael De Armas was a notary and attorney of New Orleans, and a representative of a fine old Spanish family. During his term of office a Mr. Jackson, an editor of a New Orleans paper, criticised De Armas one morning severely. Michael was both a French and Spanish scholar, but spoke very little and read no English. Seventeen years younger than Michael was his brother Felix. The latter read the English as well as the French and Spanish newspapers. Felix perused with horror the article referred to, and in the afternoon called upon Mr. Jackson, and said: "I fear, Mr. Jackson, that you are laboring under some misapprehenson——" "Don't you give yourself any uneasiness, Mr. De Armas; I am laboring under no misapprehension." "But you will permit me——" "No, sir, I will permit——" "I

was mentioned in connection with the Democratic nomination for the Presidency, which prompted the New York *Herald* to reproduce a description of this episode in Denver's life, which it is presumed should or would handicap Denver for such eminent preferment. This article was replied to by Mr. W. A. Cornwall, of San Francisco, as follows, in a communication to that paper:

The San Francisco *Bulletin* republished an article from the *Herald*, in which General James W. Denver is mentioned as an eligible candidate for the Presidency. In it reference is made to the fact that at the time Denver was Secretary of State of California he engaged in a duel with Edward Gilbert, who was then editor of the *Alta California*. The article is prejudicial, because it does not detail the circumstances connected with that fact and the deplorable duel. The incident of which it was the result was an article published in the *Alta California* respecting a family named Donner, which perished en route in its attempt to emigrate overland to California in 1850. The State, learning of the distress of the emigrants, provided means for their relief; and the duty of dispensing it was delegated to the Secretary of State. This was prompt and humane, but it was bitterly criticised and sharply assailed by Gilbert. Denver is a clear-headed, sound man, sensitive and brave. He retorted, and his retort was terrible. Gilbert, who was a member of Colonel Stevenson's New York regiment, challenged Denver, and the parties went upon the field. The weapons were rifles, at short range; and I assert, as a witness, that no man in the tide of all the centuries ever displayed a more dauntless temper than Denver. He knew that Gilbert was a brave soldier, and that he was reckoned to be a deadly shot. Nevertheless, Denver reserved his fire, and purposely threw away his own. Happily, Denver escaped untouched. Every effort was then made by the seconds and by mutual friends for peace; Gilbert was informed that his antagonist wished

to clasp hands, but Gilbert refused the request in terms which showed his friends that he had determined to kill Denver. The principals returned to their positions. "Now," said Denver, in a tone I shall never forget, "I must defend myself;" and at the word Gilbert fell, pierced through the heart. I assert that no man more than Denver disdains this deadly mode of arbitration, but Washington himself would have defended his own life. He offered it, like Denver, to his country. He would have defended it as a trust and legacy from the Creator. He was an impersonation of the great thought, *Dulce et decorum est pro patriâ mori.*

In 1884 General Denver's name was again mentioned in connection with the Presidential nomination, and Judge Edward McGowan, on the 17th of April, 1884, wrote as follows from Washington to the San Francisco *Evening Post:*

In my obituary notice of the late Judge McCorkle I inadvertently referred to the duel between General James Denver, now a resident of this city, and Edward Gilbert, founder of the *Alta California* of your city, which took place over thirty years ago at "The Oaks," forty miles from Sacramento. General Denver will be a candidate for President before the Democratic National Committee, which will meet in Chicago on the 8th of July, and the old story of censure, which was cast upon him by the anti-duellists and the friends of Mr. Gilbert at the time the affair came off, has been revived in certain circles in this city to his great detriment, although he was not altogether to blame for the "taking off" of Mr. Gilbert, as every opportunity was afforded his friends by the friends of General Denver for a settlement of the difficulty without a further resort to arms, after one shot had been exchanged between the parties without either being hit. At the time of the duel General Denver was Secretary of State, under the administration of the late Governor John Bigler. The meeting was caused by

a severe article in the *Alta California*, an opposition press, criticising the conduct of the Governor in appointing General Denver to the head of the expedition over the mountains for the relief of the emigrants. This was at the time a position of the most difficult and responsible character. Denver replied to these strictures in the *Alta* in pretty severe terms, and Mr. Gilbert, being the responsible editor, sent the challenge. General Denver threw his first shot away—being an expert with the rifle, although his opponent was no novice in the use of firearms. After the first fire a proposition was made by the friends of the challenged party to adjust the affair. This the friends of Mr. Gilbert refused to assent to. General Denver then threw off his coat and took his position, making a remark to one of his friends—Dr. Wake Brierly—about "not standing here all day to be shot at." At the second fire Mr. Gilbert fell dead—pierced through the heart by a bullet from his opponent's rifle. Mr. Gilbert himself would not agree to a settlement, fearing he would be compromised. He had had a previous difficulty with John Nugent, editor of the San Francisco *Herald*, and the affair was adjusted without resorting to the field of honor, and it was reported that Mr. Nugent had the best of the settlement. If this were true, it was a wrong settlement. All adjustments of affairs of honor should be made without casting a shadow of doubt upon the standing of either party as a gentleman and man of courage. General Denver was elected to Congress from California, serving in that body in the year 1855–6. His colleague was Colonel Philemon T. Herbert, who since received his death-wound at the battle of Mansfield, Texas, while in command of the Seventh Texas. Denver was also appointed Governor of the Territory of Kansas by President James Buchanan—during "Border Ruffian" days. His predecessors as Governors of that Territory, during the contests of the free-State and pro-slavery men for the supremacy in that Territory in those bloody days of intestinal strife, were Robert J. Walker, Edwin M. Stanton, Colonel John W. Geary, first Mayor of San Francisco, and Wilson Shannon, afterward a resident of

California. All of these men had wrought faithfully, in vain, in the work of pacification, and had either thrown up the task in despair, or had been removed by the President for inefficiency. While Governor of Kansas, Denver held the respect of the free-State men; and the late Albert D. Richardson speaks of him in his well-known work, "Beyond the Mississippi." He says: "Though a Buchanan Democrat, Denver proved more fair and just than any previous Governor of Kansas. During the rebellion he won a Brigadier-Generalship in the Union service, and the thriving metropolis of Colorado still perpetuates his name." He is now President of the Mexican Veteran Association, and did good service among his Congressional friends for the passing of a bill for a pension to the Mexican veterans, which bill the House passed this session.

John Nugent, who died in San Francisco a short time ago, fought two duels—one in 1852, with Alderman Cotter in Contra Costa County, in which he was severely wounded in the left thigh at the second shot; and the other in 1853, near San Francisco, with Alderman Hayes, in which he was again severely wounded at the second fire. The first duel was fought with pistols, at ten paces, and the second with rifles, at twenty paces. Nugent was for many years editor of the San Francisco *Daily Herald*, a noted newspaper in its day.

In 1852 W. H. Carter and Harry De Courcey, editor of the Calaveras *Chronicle*, met in Yolo County with pistols, and the latter was dangerously wounded. Mr. James A. Ayers, State Printer of California under Governor Stoneman, in a contribution to the Sacramento *Bee* of January 1, 1884, writes of De Courcey as follows:

Harry De Courcey was a peculiar character. A man of fine presence and very dressy, he would be noticed in any crowd

for the remarkable likeness he bore in the shape and development of his forehead and in his facial features to the immortal bard of Avon. Harry was, however, more showy than substantial. He was a pretty good paragraphist, but lacked depth of understanding and reach of thought. He was, withal, a great spendthrift, and delighted in display and splurge. With all his faults he was a splendid fellow and a man of nerve. He fought a desperate duel in Washington, Yolo county, in 1852, with one Carter, who sent his bullet clear through De Courcey's abdomen. Fortunately, Harry's second, Ed. Kemble, of the *Alta California*, was a shrewd manager of such affairs, and had had great experience with the *duello*. When Harry asked him to act, he consented to do so on the condition that he would throw himself entirely into his hands. De Courcey agreed, and Kemble shut his man up in a room. He then entered into a dilatory correspondence with the opposite party, so as to gain time to get his man in condition. Two days were consumed in sparring between the seconds before the affair came off, and when it did take place Carter's bullet, as before stated, made a hole clear through De Courcey's body. When I got to the wounded man's bedside, about two days after the affair, I was not only astonished to find him alive after the terrible wound he had received, but amazed to see him in jovial spirits. I could not believe my eyes when I looked at the ugly aperture and beheld the pleased, confident, self-satisfied countenance of the victim. To my remark that I feared it was all day with him, he ridiculed the idea and fairly laughed at me. Of course I went away in the belief that he was near his end, and that the surgeons were merely keeping up his spirits with stimulants. I came over to Sacramento and found Kemble. I asked him what he thought of Harry's chances. He coolly replied that he was all right and would get well. "But," I said, "he is shot clear through the bowels, and a man so shot cannot live." "In most cases," he said, "that would be true. But in De Courcey's case it is different." He then went on to explain that he had, during the two days' negotiations, kept his man closely locked in

his room, and had only allowed him a little tea and toast at very long intervals. The result was he went on the field with an empty stomach, and the bullet passed through between the intestines without cutting any of them. Kemble's care saved Harry's life; for he soon recovered, and lived for years afterward in excellent health.

In 1854 Frank Washington (of the San Francisco *Times and Transcript*) and C. A. Washburn (since Minister to Paraguay) met with rifles, at forty paces, and the latter was severely wounded at the second fire. In 1851 Will Hicks Graham and S. Frank Lemon, a San Francisco editor, met near Benicia with pistols, and Lemon was badly wounded at the second shot. Shortly after this affair Graham and William Walker, the "gray-eyed man of destiny"—as the famous filibuster was often called—(then an attaché of the San Francisco *Herald*) met with pistols, and Walker was very severely and dangerously wounded. An old Californian miner, speaking of Graham, says, in the San Francisco *Call* of a late date:

Thar was true grit in that little cuss, and the biggest rough in the Territory gave him a wide berth. As fur me, I know'd all the time what kind of stuff he was made of. Maybe I warn't down to 'Frisco when Hicks fought the great filibuster Walker. He was a youngster then, working as a clerk in a law-office near the Plazer. Walker had a newspaper, and used ter pitch inter everybody red-hot. Nobody liked to tackle him, for somehow or other he had got the reputation of the gamest man that ever came to Californy. Well, one day Walker's paper made an all-fired savage attack on an old friend of little Graham's, who held an office there, and the youngster went right off and writ the worst kind of a letter to the fighting editor, calling him a coward, a liar, and everything else. Of course, there was bound to be a fight, and the old question about North and South got mixed up

in it, too. Yer see, Walker was a regular Southern fire-eater, and the young bloods from the South rallied around him as their champion. When it was known that little Hicks was to fight the famous duellist, people jist smiled fur pity of the poor young feller who was a-throwin' of his life away. But he fit him all the same, and showed that William Walker met his match when he met Will Hicks Graham. The duel was talked about all over town, and a terrible big crowd went out to see the fun. Walker was jist as game as Graham, but he couldn't shoot worth a cent, and the end of it was that the Pennsylvania boy shot him so bad that the surgeon said he couldn't live an hour. But Walker pulled through, as you all know, and afterward became a great filibuster. And that wasn't the only fight Hicks Graham had in 'Frisco. Another of them editor chaps, named Frank Lemon, got after him on the street, one day, knocked the spunky little cuss down, and shot nearly all the teeth out of his head. I tell ye, boys, it's a purty close call when a feller gets yer down and then jams a pistol inter yer mouth and teches it off. Everybody thought it was all up with Graham that day. But he got 'round again, although badly shot in two places. And would ye believe it, 'fore he was half well, and while toting his left arm in a sling, Graham challenged Lemon to a duel to the death. They fought, it 'pears to me, near Benisha, and this time the tables war turned, and the big feller didn't have everything his own way. Like Walker, Lemon was a brave man, but he had met his match. By the terms of the duel, proposed and insisted upon by Graham, they were to fight to the death. At the first fire nobody was hurt, and friends tried to make it up betwixt 'em, but 'twas no use. Both insisted on fighting, and at the second fire Graham shot him through and through. Dr. Hitchcock said it was all over with Frank Lemon, and so Graham left the ground. He got well, howsomever, after a long spell of sickness, and just as soon as he got 'round agin Graham sent another challenge. Friends interfered with better luck this time, and the trouble between 'em was patched up.

General Walker, in later years, left California, and, after stirring up Mexico and Central America by his daring exploits as a filibuster, perished by the hands of the people he had alarmed and whose country he had invaded. Frank Lemon went East when the civil war broke out, and died fighting gallantly for the Union at the head of a New York regiment. As for Graham, after a life full of excitement and adventure in the wildest days of Nevada, during which he shot Jack McBride and one or two others, he removed to Los Angeles and died there in peace and poverty.

A correspondent of the San Francisco *Evening Post*, in alluding to Walker, says of him:

"The Gray-Eyed Man of Destiny"—the greatest filibuster of modern times—was a lawyer, and followed the profession in several States. He also studied two other professions—medicine and divinity. He was a Tennesseean; small in stature, quiet in manner, always self-possessed, and attracted the eye chiefly by his own enormous gray orbs, which gave him the title above. He was a born adventurer. Yet was he gentle in speech and subdued in demeanor. His information was wide. He frequently had personal altercations, and fought several duels, but went into conflicts of every kind with phenomenal composure. His habits were good, and he was generally well liked. A mighty visionary was he. His ambition was to effect a conquest on the Isthmus as a nucleus for a broad dominion, to be extended into Mexico and South America. In both Honduras and Nicaragua he was a conqueror. The land was his, and the people at his feet, but Anglo-Saxon power overthrew him. After being driven out of Nicaragua, he repaired to New York to devise other plans of conquest. Colonel E. C. Marshall there met him, by chance, under the gaslight. He was enthusiastic over his Honduras scheme—said that it dwarfed all his former plans. He was going to establish a great republic between the continents. It is believed by those who

knew him that had he succeeded in establishing his power he would have been a wise and beneficent ruler. His political knowledge was great. General Walker had all Europe and half of America against him. He had not been long in Honduras when the forces from a British fleet, well knowing that Uncle Sam would interfere, captured him and turned him over to the native Honduras authorities. He was promptly shot. The fate of Walker was that of Henry A. Crabbe and State Senator McCoun, two lawyers of this State, who led an expedition into Sonora, Mexico, in 1857. Crabbe was from Tennessee, and practised law in Stockton. He was one term senator from San Joaquin. His name, which was that of his father, once prominent at the Tennessee bar, was before the Know Nothing caucus with those of Foote and Ferguson for United States Senator. McCoun was in the Senate from Contra Costa County. He was a Kentuckian. They entered Sonora with a few hundred men, relying upon an uprising of the people against the government. They were attacked by a force largely superior in numbers and retreated into a church, which was set on fire by a burning fagot attached to an arrow shot into the roof. Compelled to march out, they were captured in a body, and summarily and ignominiously put to death. They were stationed in rows in front of their open graves, hands tied behind them, and shot in the back. McCoun, on hearing the command to fire, quickly faced about, and received his bullet in his breast. He was a man of commanding form and noble spirit. Crabbe, who had a wife, a Mexican lady, in California, was given time to write to her a letter, and he was then beheaded.

The duel in which young Robert Tevis (brother of Lloyd Tevis, the famous capitalist of San Francisco) lost his life, in 1855, near Downieville, was a peculiarly unfortunate affair. Tevis was a Kentuckian, and had betrayed political aspirations from a "Know-Nothing" standpoint. Charles E. Lippincott, a Dem-

ocratic editor from Illinois, burlesqued the would-be candidate for Congress, who published a card in which he referred to Lippincott as a "liar and a slanderer." The latter at once challenged Tevis, who promptly accepted, of course, and the result was that the two gentlemen met soon afterward with double-barrelled shotguns, carrying ounce balls, distance forty yards, and that at the given word both fired at the same time, the bullet from Lippincott's weapon going directly through his antagonist's heart, and the survivor narrowly escaping—as was shown by his losing a large lock of hair from the left side of his head. Mr. Calvin B. MacDonald contributed a very touching and very graphic account of this duel to the Sacramento *Record-Union* in 1879, which follows:

Some time in 1855 there came to this State a female temperance-lecturer, Miss Sarah Pellet, a friend of Lucy Stone Blackwell, Antoinette Brown, and that confederation of lady reformers. She was young, intelligent, good-looking, and pure, and will be kindly remembered by many who shall read this sketch. The writer of this was then conducting the Sierra *Citizen* at Downieville, and Miss Pellet having been scurrilously referred to by certain other papers, she there found defenders, came to Downieville, and we became fast friends. Through her exertions a large and flourishing division of the Sons of Temperance was there established, and all the respectable young men temporarily stopped drinking and became enthusiastic advocates of total abstinence. A temperance Fourth-of-July celebration was projected, and we nominated our friend Miss Pellet to make the oration, and, notwithstanding a strong prejudice against women orators, succeeded in procuring her the coveted invitation. A short time before that, Mr. Robert Tevis,—a promising young lawyer and a brother of Lloyd

Tevis of San Francisco,—who had come there to run for Congress, joined the Temperance Division, and was anxious to make the speech in order to present himself favorably to the public. He was hard to be put off, and was never reconciled to the disappointment; though to pacify his opposition to the lady speaker he was appointed to read the Declaration of Independence, with the privilege of making some remarks on the illustrious document. The glorious Fourth shone brightly on two or three thousand people. The celebration began with a salvo of all the anvils in town; the primitive band blew the blast of Freedom through patriotic brass, and Mr. Tevis, having read, began to comment on the Declaration in a long speech, greatly to the displeasure of the gallant Sons. In order to terminate his malappropriate oration, the anvils were set to firing with such a thundering and consecutive noise that nothing else could be heard, and Mr. Tevis, being very angry, gave way for the orator and sat down. The event made a great deal of talk, and brought the ambitious young man into very unpleasant notoriety instead of fame. The Democratic party had procured the use of two columns of the local paper, and had appointed as editor the Hon. Charles E. Lippincott, State Senator from Yuba County. Lippincott had a keen appreciation of the ludicrous, and as Tevis was a Know Nothing, he took occasion to roast the unfortunate young man in the Democratic corner of the paper, and it created a great deal of fun in the town. The next day Mr. Tevis came to me—I had no jurisdiction in the Democratic side of the paper—and demanded the publication of a card which pronounced the author of Lippincott's article "a liar and a slanderer." He was white with rage and trembling, and would not be reasoned with. Knowing the nature of his antagonist and his deadly skill with arms, I tried to dissuade Tevis from the rash and dangerous publication, and dwelt on the inevitable consequence. But he would hear nothing; he wanted to fight, he said, and would fight in the street or otherwise; and if the card was not published he would consider it an act of hostility to himself; and so the

unconscious type gave out the fatal impress, and a challenge from Lippincott followed promptly, and was as promptly accepted. The difficulty took a political shape—Democrats and Know Nothings—though some leading Democrats did their best to prevent the meeting. Both belligerents belonged to the order of Odd Fellows, but as neither was a member of the local lodge no direct authority could be imposed, though the good brethren kept in session all night devising means to prevent the encounter. Several times the difficulty was supposed to be settled, but as often it would be renewed by certain chivalric vagabonds, who seemed eager to see bloodshed when not flowing from their own veins. Morning came; the forenoon passed. The peacemakers having been so often baffled gave up their humane exertions, and it was understood that the fight would come off that afternoon. In the mean time the principals and their friends had gone to the wood, the public not knowing when or where, and the sheriff was in pursuit. The duelling-ground had been selected some six miles from town, on a flat near the top of the lofty hills of Sierra County, where never a bird sings and where the sombre fir-trees spread their eternal pall; but when nearly ready for their sanguinary proceedings the sheriff and his posse were descried on a distant eminence, and the duelling-party moved on into an adjacent county, beyond the jurisdiction of the pursuers. There another arena was prepared, and the great act of the tragedy was ready to come on. In the mean while the principals had been away with their seconds in opposite directions, practising with double-barrelled shot-guns, loaded with ball, at forty yards,—the weapons and distance agreed on,—and I was afterward told that each had broken a bottle at the word. Lippincott was a low, heavy-set man with light hair, piercing black eyes, deliberate and resolute in his speech, and with that peculiar physical structure indicating steadiness and self-possession. He was the son of a clergyman in Illinois, and was exemplary in his habits, except the ordinary drinking of that time; was highly cultivated in mind, and was an exceedingly good

humorous and sentimental writer. He declared he did not wish to kill his adversary, to whom he had never spoken in person, did not want to fight if it could be avoided, but the nature of the public insult and the customs of the time compelled him to send the challenge. During a previous winter he had been engaged in hunting deer and bear, and was known to be a remarkably good woodsman. In making his choice of weapons, Tevis unknowingly selected those with which his adversary was most familiar, double-barrelled shotguns carrying ounce balls. Mr. Tevis was a tall, spare man, of a highly nervous and excitable temperament. He came from Kentucky, and possessed the ideas of chivalry and honor prevailing at the South, and was an excellent sporting marksman, but too little skilled in woodcraft to know that in shooting down hill one should aim low, else he will overreach the mark. He was possessed of good natural abilities, but was somewhat eccentric in manner, and did not possess the element of popularity. In walking out with him on the evening before the meeting I observed his manner was abstracted and his speech confused and faltering as he talked of his solemn situation, but his courage and resolution were unwavering, and he seemed absolutely athirst to spill the blood of one who had made him the object of mortifying ridicule. That was our last interview, and his last night upon earth; and the pale ghost-like face, as it then appeared in the twilight when we walked under the frowning hills and beside the resounding river, hangs in memory to this day. I had seen the bounding deer sink down before the aim of his iron-nerved antagonist, and felt then that he was a dead man walking the lonely outskirts of the world. The combatants took their places, forty yards apart; the ground was a little sloping, and the highest situation fell to the lot of Tevis. The sun was going down upon the peace and happiness of two families far away, and upon a brilliant young man's ambition and life. As his second walked away he turned toward Tevis and laid his finger on his own breast, as an indication where to aim, and Lippincott observed the

gesture and fixed his eyes on the same place. The word was given; both guns cracked at the same instant. Tevis sank down, shot directly through the heart, and a lock of hair fell from near Lippincott's ear. The fallen man had not made the necessary allowance for descending ground, and his murderous lead had passed directly over his adversary's left shoulder, grazing his face. The wound was frightful, as though it had been bored through with an auger, and the ground was horrible with its sanguine libation. The survivor and his friends took their departure, and the dead man was temporarily buried in that lonely place, which in the gathering twilight seemed like the chosen abode of the genius of solitude. On the following day the body was taken up, properly enclosed, packed on a mule to Downieville, and interred in the bleak hillside cemetery. The funeral was very large and demonstrative, and seemed to be a death-rite performed by the Know-Nothing party; and although the duel had been fair enough, according to the murderous code, the better class of citizens regarded Tevis as the victim of that fell and devilish spirit which has stained the history of our State with human blood. Lippincott fled to Nevada; and when he afterward returned to Downieville, he felt himself like another Ishmael. Old friends extended their hands reluctantly, and then the man of sensibility felt that he was overshadowed by that voiceless, noiseless, horrible thing which made a coward of Macbeth. Miss Pellet, regarding herself as the innocent cause of the duel, stood courageously by her friend, visited him in his exile, exerted all her personal influence to reconcile public opinion to the survivor, and behaved altogether like a brave, true-hearted woman, as she was and still is in her fancied mission of reform. After completing his term in the State Senate, Mr. Lippincott returned to his home in Illinois, to find his reverend father dying. I heard that his son's connection with the fatal duel broke the good man's heart, and he died. At the outbreak of the war Lippincott joined the Union armies, distinguished himself in the battle by his reckless daring, and became a brigadier-general.

He was afterward the Republican State Auditor of Illinois. If this brief sketch should come to the attention of his personal or political friends, let them know that his career in California was distinguished and honorable; that he was respected and beloved by his acquaintances, and that his unhappy entanglement in the duel resulted from his position and the prevailing spirit of border life. At that time a politician who would have suffered himself to be published a liar and a slanderer, without prompt resentment, would have been considered as disgraced by most of his fellow-citizens. Mr. Lippincott was an intimate friend and strong supporter of the late Senator Broderick, and was by him regarded as his ablest advocate and partisan. Miss Pellet went to Oregon, and there, while a gallant settler went to pilot and protect her through the wilderness, the savages came upon and murdered his family and burnt his house. So did disaster seem to follow the poor girl. Afterward she returned across the plains to the East, and I have lately heard of her at a Woman Suffrage Convention in Syracuse. Her Temperance Division at Downieville has melted away; some of her cold-water converts are dead; others have been separated from their families by the foul fiend whom she almost drove from the place, and one remains to be the brief historian of her memorable and melancholy campaign. And so swiftly turns the whirligig of time.

In June, 1853, Judge Stidger (editor of the Marysville, Cal., *Herald*) and Colonel Rust (editor of the *California Express*) met two miles south of Yuba City, in Sutter County, with Mississippi yagers, at sixty paces, and fired twice at each other without effect. Some few years ago an eye-witness of this duel prepared a very elaborate account of it for a San Francisco paper, which entitled the article "A Clash between Northern and Southern Pluck." This account is presented:

In the early days of California the writer resided in the then bustling and since beautiful city of Marysville. Of course he witnessed many exciting scenes. There was a vast mixture of the tragic, comic, and melodramatic, which could be woven by a master-hand into a volume of absorbing interest. The meeting for mortal combat between Judge Stephen J. Field and Judge W. T. Barbour, which, with the farcical incidents, is described by Judge Field in his valuable little book of reminiscences; the latter judge's long and vexatious controversy with Judge Turner; the beating of Dr. Winters by Plummer Thurston; the attempt to kill Judge O. P. Stidger by Plummer Thurston, just named, and Judge Barbour—these are but a few of this class of occurrences which agitated Marysville from 1850 to 1855. It is only the writer's intention now to narrate the circumstances of a duel between Judge Stidger and Colonel Richard Rust, which took place in June, 1853, in Sutter County. Judge Stidger was then one of the editors of the Marysville *Herald*, a Whig paper, while Colonel Rust edited the Democratic organ in that city, the *California Express*. The two gentlemen had engaged for several days in a violent newspaper war, during which each had called the other anything but tender names. Judge Stidger's friends claimed that he was victor in the war of words, because he could say more mean things of his adversary in a minute than the latter could think of in a day. The Judge had a peculiar way of driving the steel home at every thrust, and his antagonist was not able to return like for like. The consequence was that the Judge was invited to transfer the quarrel to a field of a different kind, that it might be settled in actual physical encounter by the arbitrament of the bullet. He owned his printing material, but was in debt, and John C. Fall was his endorser. Fall was approached and asked to withdraw from beneath Stidger his sustaining arms, and let the *Herald* pass into other hands. Fall declining to do this, the fight went on. Finally, Colonel Rust's friends prevailed upon him to send the Judge a challenge to repair to the bloody and historic field of honor. It will not be doing him any injustice,

perhaps, to say that they reasoned in this way: "Judge Stidger was born in Ohio, and was raised to look upon duelling as a crime. He won't accept a challenge, and if he does not he will be disgraced and compelled to leave the country."

The challenge was sent, the bearers being Lee Martin and Charles S. Fairfax, both now deceased, the party of the second part receiving it on Friday, at the *Herald* office. It was promptly accepted, Judge Stidger's reply being delivered by Judge Gordon N. Mott, now a resident of San Francisco. Subsequently Judge T. B. Reardon (who presided at the second trial of Mrs. Fair, and is now practising law at Oroville) came into the affair as a friend to the challenged party, and performed an important part. On the day the hostile missives passed, with commendable despatch pistols for two and coffee for six were provided. Being the challenged party, Judge Stidger was, under the code, entitled to dictate the kind of weapons to be used, and the distance. He was a crack shot with the rifle. He chose Buckeye rifles with set triggers, and fixed the distance at sixty paces. Judge Mott and Colonel Fairfax sallied forth in search of the needful instruments of death. They could not find any "Buckeyes" in the city, and the only two weapons of the kind to be had were Mississippi yagers. These would suffice, of course, if they were of equal merit. The opposing seconds took them out and "tried" them. One proved to be more reliable than the other. Another could not be had. What was to be done? The seconds determined the choice by lot, and Fairfax won the best gun for his principal. Judge Mott felt bad but said nothing. It was agreed that the meeting should take place at sunrise on Sunday (it was then late on Friday), at any place in Sutter County selected by the seconds over five hundred yards from the Yuba County line. On Saturday night the seconds of Colonel Rust reported that he was severely ill, and asked a postponement of the battle for one week, which was granted. It was believed by Judge Stidger and his friends that this was a ruse to get time to enable Colonel Rust to practise

with his weapon. Be that as it was, the parties met one week from the time first appointed, the spot selected being a pretty grove of native oaks, about two miles south of Yuba City, near the public road between that "city" and the celebrated "Hock Farm," then occupied by General Sutter.

In addition to their seconds before named, Judge Stidger was accompanied by Dr. McDaniel, and Colonel Rust by his brother, Dr. Rust, as surgeons. The week's postponement had had the effect to let out the secret, and several hundred citizens of Marysville were anxious spectators of the solemn scene. The distance being paced off, the choice of position and the giving of the word were, by chance, won by the seconds of Colonel Rust. It then looked bad for Judge Stidger. Judge Mott said to himself, "My man is going to get killed; Rust has the best gun and the best standpoint." Such was the fact, enough to inspire foreboding of evil. Rust stood within the shade of a large oak-tree, his back to the rising sun, which shone full in the face of Stidger. If Colonel Rust had not been practising with his weapon during the preceding week, he was yet familiar with its species, while Judge Stidger never saw a Mississippi yager until he was handed one on that portentous morning. The writer recalls the Judge's remark upon taking his gun. He was standing at the spot marked out for him, his base of operations; Dr. McDaniel was about twenty feet to his left, the writer being near the Doctor. Judge Stidger examined his gun carefully, and said to McDaniel: "Doc, what kind of a gun do you call this? I never saw one like it before." McDaniel gave the weapon's name. "Well," continued the Judge, "the bore can carry a half-pound ball; if I get hit there won't be a grease-spot left of me." Just then Judge Mott approached and told his principal to keep cool. The reply was: "Oh, I'm as cool as a cucumber. I chose Buckeye rifles," continued the principal. "I never saw a gun like this before, and I don't know how to handle it." Judge Mott said that Buckeyes of equal calibre could not be found, and he had done the best possible, and he explained the circumstances. Immediately after this the parties were

instructed how to hold their guns until the word was given, how the word would be given, and at what time to shoot, thus: "Gentlemen, are you ready?" On both principals responding "Aye," or "Yes," these words would follow; "Fire!—one—two—three—stop!" A momentary pause would follow each word, and the principals were to fire at any time between the words "fire" and "stop." Fairfax gave the instructions, after which the combatants were placed in position. The seconds took their proper places, and the surgeons were within conversational distance.

It was a scene that left an indelible impress on the mind of the beholder. The harmony of nature and the antagonism of men presented a striking contrast. The eight comprising the two groups were fine specimens of manly strength and symmetry of form. Their average age was about thirty years. The Rust party were all Southern men; the Stidger party comprised two Southerners—Reardon and McDaniel—while Judges Stidger and Mott were from Ohio. They stood beneath the tattered banner of a code which was hoary with age and had reached the last decade of its sway in American States. *Cui bono?* Being near to Judge Stidger's position and some sixty yards from Colonel Rust, I saw more of the former and necessarily write more concerning his action. I can say of Colonel Rust, however, that his bearing was brave and resolute. The word came, "Gentlemen, are you ready?" Judge Stidger responded in a loud tone, "Aye." Immediately afterward followed (I did not catch Colonel Rust's response) "Fire!—one—two—three—stop!" At the word "two," slang-bang went both guns. Stidger's shot passed high over the head of Rust; the latter's lodged in Stidger's coat-tail pocket, riddling a handkerchief. [It was a happy circumstance that the handkerchief caused the tail of the coat to bulge out, as it enabled a punster to exclaim with delight that the pocket was "rifled."] "Are you hurt?" inquired Dr. McDaniel, approaching his principal, desiring to know if his services were needed. "Hurt? No," was the answer. "Examine your pockets," said the Doctor. The Judge did so, and re-

marked "That was a pretty clever shot." "Yes," replied the Doctor, "and now there must be no more foolishness. You must kill him, or he will kill you." To this the Judge answered, "I do not want to kill him. I don't want his blood on my hands. He has a family to maintain, and I don't want to rob them of their support." "That may be all very fine in theory," said the Doctor, "but the fact is before you that *he* is trying to kill *you*, and, to prevent it, you must kill *him*. You can do it, if you will."

Judges Mott and Reardon now came up, and said that Rust demanded another shot. "Very well, I am willing," said Judge Stidger. The latter was then told by Judge Reardon that he (Reardon) would leave the field unless he (Stidger) promised to shoot *at* Rust. The Judge promised. Judge Mott then informed him that his position at the first fire was awkward, and he must stand erect; that if he continued to present so many angles to the enemy he was liable to get hurt. This admonition had good and immediate effect. Stidger thereafter stood straight as an arrow, and at the same time bore himself with perfect ease. The seconds having retired to load the guns for the second fire, Judge Stidger said to Dr. McDaniel, "I promised to shoot at Colonel Rust, but I did not promise to kill him, and I won't." The Doctor said, "You *must* kill him, or he will kill you. Your gun carries up. Shoot for his legs and you will hit him in the body. The gun is good for three hundred yards, but at short range it carries up." Finally Judge Stidger said, "Well, Doc, I'll wing him. I will shoot for his arm. I'll cripple him, and then he can't shoot again." "Yes," answered the Doctor, "that would do if you had a guaranty of your own life. Supposing, while you are shooting for his arm, his ball should hit you in a vital place, what then?" "Oh," said the Judge, "if he should kill me, that would be the end of it."

The Judge was now handed his gun and placed in position for the second fire, with directions to "keep cool and shoot him." The word was given. As before, both guns went off simultaneously. My eyes were intently directed to Judge

Stidger, for I expected to see him fall. After the word "stop!" he held his gun to his shoulder, and earnestly eyed his adversary as though about to shoot. This action was so interpreted by Colonel Rust's seconds, who called out, "Stop! stop!" The fact was that, owing to both guns being fired at the same instant, the seconds of Rust did not know if Stidger had fired or not. On hearing the words "stop! stop!" Stidger threw his gun upon the ground and said, "Doc, this gun ain't worth a damn. I don't believe a man could hit a barn-door with it at a distance of six feet. I had a splendid shot at his arm, and I got a pretty good sight along the barrel. If the gun had been worth a damn I would have struck his elbow." The Doctor asked, "Why didn't you shoot at his body? I told you the gun carried up." "If I had done that," said the Judge, "I would have killed him, and I didn't want to do that." 'Well," said the Doctor, "if he demands another shot what will you do?" "I will kill him," was the answer; "I have now given him two fair shots at me. I could have killed him if I had desired to do so. I spared his life because of his family, and because I did not want his blood on my hands. Now, if he isn't satisfied I'll kill him. I don't want to do it, but if I must shoot again I will end it." To this the Doctor replied, "Now you are talking right." The seconds again came up and reported that Colonel Rust demanded another shot, and wanted the distance reduced before the next fire. Judge Stidger replied that his gun was no account at sixty paces; he thought if the distance was doubled he would fire better. "Gentlemen," said he to his seconds, "I am in your hands. Whatever you say I must do I will do. I only ask you to protect my honor." Judge Reardon replied, "That we will do." Judges Mott and Reardon then took the gun and left, and met the opposing seconds on neutral ground. The four men, after guns were again loaded, appeared to be in earnest consultation. The while the Judge was pacing back and forth, talking with his physician. The Judge had got warmed up, and was chafing. McDaniel advised him to keep cool. "Oh, don't you fear, Doc," said the Judge. "I

will be cool enough to kill that fellow, if he forces me to do it." Several minutes passed—seeming to the writer "a vast half-hour"—when one of the seconds fired off a gun, which was a signal that some arrangement had been made putting an end to the affair. Judge Stidger's seconds coming back and verifying the "report" of the gun, he asked, "How? On what terms?" Judge Reardon answered, "Honorably to you. I drew up the stipulations and saw to it that you are not compromised. The terms are honorable to both parties, and I am to hold the documents." All the parties then left the field for the city.

Some time after the duel it was stated that Judge Stidger's second shot cut Colonel Rust's hair just above his ear, and that this it was that caused the Colonel's seconds to make peace. Whether true or not the writer could not learn to his satisfaction. He has often talked with Colonel Fairfax about this duel. He (Fairfax) stated that he had witnessed many meetings of the kind in the South, where he was born and reared, but had never seen two men stand up more manfully to their work than those engaged in this affair. He spoke in glowing terms of Judge Stidger on that occasion, for, he said, he expected to see him wilt, being a Northern man, unacquainted with the *code duello*. "People needn't tell me," he said, "that men born in the North are cowards. I know better. It won't do to fool with such men. They have pluck and will die game."

In 1851 A. C. Russell, a San Francisco journalist, met Captain J. L. Folsom, and exchanged two shots without harm to either, when Captain Marcy, one of the seconds, brought about a settlement of the affair. Later Russell fought a bloodless duel with Governor McDougal. In 1851 E. C. Kemble (an editor of the *Alta California*) and Colonel McDougal went out to meet each other in mortal combat, but were arrested on the field. In 1870, at Los Angeles, Captain Charles E. Beane, an ex-Confederate officer,

and John Wilson, son of Hon. Benjamin D. Wilson, one of the noblest of Californians, met with pistols, and Wilson was wounded in the arm at the first fire. Charles E. Beane died a few years ago in Los Angeles, beloved by all who knew him well. A native of Maine, he had drifted down into the sunny South at the age of nineteen, and had found his way into the Confederate army at the age of twenty—like hundreds of other Northern boys—in which he gallantly fought until the close of the war. In 1850 W. H. Carter and William Walker (both editors) met near San Francisco, and the latter was slightly wounded.

In June, 1842, General James Watson Webb (editor of the New York *Courier and Enquirer*) and Hon. Thomas F. Marshall, of Kentucky, met with pistols, in Delaware, and the former was wounded. In November General Webb was brought to trial in New York for leaving the State with the intention of giving or receiving a challenge, pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to two years' imprisonment at Sing Sing, but received a pardon from Governor Seward in a day or two after the sentence. In 1849, in Arkansas, W. E. Gibson met C. Irving, editor of the Memphis *Inquirer*, and the latter was dangerously wounded at the first fire. In 1851 Colonel Smythe, an attaché of the Augusta (Ga.) *Constitutionalist*, and Dr. Thomas, a leading physician of Augusta, met near the South Carolina line with pistols, and the editor was dangerously wounded at the third shot. In 1832 Mr. Bynum, editor of the Greenville (North Carolina) *Sentinel*, and Mr. Perry, of the Greenville *Mountaineer*, quarrelled for a long time, and then met with pistols, and at the first shot Bynum fell mortally wounded. In June, 1869, Señor José Ferrer de Canto, editor of

the New York *Cronista*, and Señor Francisco Porto, editor of *La Revolucion*, became involved in a serious quarrel over the affairs growing out of the rebellion in Cuba at that time, and met at Lundy's Lane (Canada), with pistols, when Señor Porto received his adversary's bullet through both legs at the first fire. On the 8th of January, 1876, James Gordon Bennett, Jr., of the New York *Herald*, and Fred May, of New York, fought a duel, without serious consequences, in Delaware. In 1859 Mr. Cross, of a St. Louis paper, and Lieutenant Sylvester L. Mowry, U. S. A., met near Tubac (Arizona) with pistols, but there was no casualty. In 1866 Joseph T. Goodman (then editor of the Virginia City *Enterprise* and now editor of the *San Franciscan*) and Hon. Thomas Fitch met near Virginia City (Nevada) with pistols, and the latter was slightly wounded.

CHAPTER XVII.

NOTED AMERICAN DUELS—CONTINUED.

The Hostile Meeting of Hamilton and Burr—The Most Famous Duel known in History—Hamilton's Opinion of Burr—Correspondence between the Illustrious Parties—Termination of Direct Correspondence—New Correspondence—Burr's Challenge to Hamilton—The Challenge Accepted—Hamilton's "Remarks" on Duelling and his Will—The Fatal Affair—Details of the Duel as furnished by the Seconds—Dr. Hosack's Pathetic Story—"Remember, my Eliza, you are a Christian"—Sabine's Impressions—Description of the Weapons used—The Old Hamilton Homestead—Hamilton's Grave in Trinity Churchyard—Hamilton's Birth and Childhood—His Early Work and Ambition—His General Career—His Marriage—His Military and Financial Achievements—"He Smote the Rock of the National Resources and Abundant Streams of Revenue Gushed Forth"—The Career of Aaron Burr—From a Private Soldier of the Revolution to Vice-President of the United States—His First Marriage—His Arrest for High Treason—"Not Guilty under the Indictment by any Evidence submitted"—Chief-Justice Marshall's Absence of Personal Feeling One of the Marvels of Legal History—The Remarkable Man (Burr) as Described by Ben Perley Poore—The Recollections of a Lady who felt the Power and Fascination of Burr's Eyes.

INSEPARABLY connected with the political history of the United States—above all other kindred events—is that memorable meeting of Alexander Hamilton and Aaron Burr at Weehawken (New Jersey) opposite the city of New York, on Wednesday morning, about seven o'clock, July 11, 1804, in which the former

received his antagonist's bullet in a vital part, and from which he died at two o'clock Thursday afternoon. No event of the kind—so far as can be discovered by the author—in America, or elsewhere, ever produced such a general and profound sensation. The intelligence of the fall of the illustrious Hamilton, while it was received with marked feeling in Europe, even, fell like a crushing dome upon the American people. New York City was paralyzed, and the inhabitants of the whole country were plunged into the deepest mourning. Great multitudes of people thronged to New York to witness the melancholy ceremonies, and to take part in the funeral procession—which was very large and very impressive. This took place on Saturday, July 14. The funeral address was delivered by Gouverneur Morris, from a platform in front of Trinity Church, Broadway, in the presence of many thousands of grief-stricken people, among whom were four of the sons of the deceased, the eldest of whom was sixteen and the youngest between six and seven.

As early as 1790—fourteen years previous to the tragic encounter—Hamilton and Burr were politically in each other's way. Both were eminent as builders of the republic in which we live, and both were renowned for their gallantry and patriotism as soldiers and citizens. Both were recognized as leaders in the parties they represented—Hamilton of the organization known as the Federalists, and Burr of that great and growing element called Democracy. The one political party represented the more elevated and intelligent classes of the American people at that time, and the other those elements which, in later years, until 1860, almost continuously ruled the

country. Hamilton had been the bosom-friend of Washington, and Burr the unsustained head and front of the Jeffersonian plan. One had held the positions, among others, of Secretary of the Treasury and General of the Army, and the other occupied the chair of the Vice-President of the United States. Both aspired to the position of Chief Magistrate of the Nation. In their ambitions they were alike—in nothing else were they alike, unless it might have been in their personal weaknesses. No Americans have lived since who have been just like either of them in all things.

It is not strange, then, that Hamilton wrote of Burr as follows, in 1792: "Burr's integrity as an individual is *not* unimpeached. As a public man he is one of the *worst* sort—a friend to nothing but as suits his interest and ambition. Determined to climb to the highest honors of the State, and *as much higher as circumstances may permit*, he cares nothing about the means of effecting his purpose. 'Tis evident that he aims at putting himself at the head of what he calls the *popular party* as affording the *best tools* for an ambitious man to work with. Secretly turning liberty into ridicule, he knows as well as most men how to make use of the name. In a word, *if we have an embryo Cæsar in the United States, 'tis Burr!*"

From this time up to the year of the fatal meeting Hamilton's verbal and written allusions to Burr were hostile and frequent. At last, while expressing an opinion of Burr in the presence of Dr. Charles D. Cooper, Hamilton (so it was alleged by Cooper) declared that he "looked upon Mr. Burr as a dangerous man, and one who ought not to be trusted with the reins of government."

This declaration, which first met the eye of Burr in a published letter, so incensed the latter that, on the 18th of June, 1804, he sent Hamilton a note by hand of W. P. Van Ness, which was as follows:

SIR: I send for your perusal a letter signed Charles D. Cooper, which, though apparently published some time ago, has but very recently come to my knowledge. Mr. Van Ness, who does me the favor to deliver this, will point out to you that clause of the letter to which I particularly request your attention.

You must perceive, sir, the necessity of a prompt and unqualified acknowledgment or denial of the use of any expression which would warrant the assertions of Dr. Cooper.

To this letter Hamilton replied on the 20th of the same month, as follows:

SIR: I have maturely reflected on the subject of your letter of the 18th inst., and the more I have reflected, the more I have become convinced that I could not, without manifest impropriety, make the avowal or disavowal which you seem to think necessary. The clause pointed out by Mr. Van Ness is in these terms: "I could detail to you a still more despicable opinion which General Hamilton has expressed of Mr. Burr." To endeavor to discover the meaning of this declaration, I was obliged to seek in the antecedent part of this letter for the opinion to which it referred, as having been already disclosed. I found it in these words: "General Hamilton and Judge Kent have *declared in substance* that *they looked upon Mr. Burr to be a dangerous man, and one who ought not to be trusted with the reins of government.*"

The language of Dr. Cooper plainly implies that he considered this opinion of you which he attributes to me as a despicable one; but he affirms that I have expressed some other, more despicable, without, however, mentioning to whom, when, or where. 'Tis evident that the phrase, "still more despicable," admits of infinite shades, from very light to

very dark. How am I to judge of the degree intended? or how shall I annex any precise idea to language so indefinite? Between gentlemen, despicable and more despicable are not worth the pains of distinction; when, therefore, you do not interrogate me as to the opinion which is specifically ascribed to me, I must conclude that you view it as within the limits to which the animadversions of political opponents upon each other may justifiably extend, and consequently as not warranting the idea of it which Dr. Cooper appears to entertain. If so, what precise inference could you draw, as a guide for your conduct, were I to acknowledge that I had expressed an opinion of you still more despicable than the one which is particularized? How could you be sure that even this opinion had exceeded the bounds which you would yourself deem admissible between political opponents?

But I forbear further comment on the embarrassment to which the requisition you have made naturally leads. The occasion forbids a more ample illustration, though nothing could be more easy than to pursue it.

Repeating that I cannot reconcile it with propriety to make the acknowledgment or denial you desire, I will add that I deem it inadmissible on principle to consent to be interrogated as to the justness of the inferences which may be drawn by others from whatever I may have said of a political opponent, in the course of fifteen years' competition. If there were no other objection to it, this is sufficient, that it would tend to expose my sincerity and delicacy to injurious imputations from every person who may at any time have conceived the import of my expressions differently from what I may then have intended, or may afterwards recollect. *I stand ready to avow or disavow, promptly and explicitly, any precise or definite opinion which I may be charged with having declared of any gentleman.* More than this cannot fitly be expected from me, and especially it cannot be reasonably expected that I shall enter into an explanation upon a basis so vague as that which you have adopted. I trust on more reflection you will see the

matter in the same light with me. If not, I can only regret the circumstance and must abide the consequences.

The publication of Dr. Cooper was never seen by me till after the receipt of your letter.

Burr again addressed Hamilton, as follows, on the 21st:

SIR: Your letter of the 26th instant has been this day received. Having considered it attentively, I regret to find in it nothing of that sincerity and delicacy which you profess to value.

Political opposition can never absolve gentlemen from the necessity of a rigid adherence to the laws of honor and the rules of decorum. I neither claim such privilege nor indulge it in others.

The common-sense of mankind affixes to the epithet adopted by Dr. Cooper the idea of dishonor. It has been publicly applied to me under the sanction of your name. The question is not, whether he has understood the meaning of the word, or has used it according to syntax, and with grammatical accuracy: but, whether you have authorized this application, either directly or by uttering expressions or opinions derogatory to my honor. The time "when" is in your own knowledge, but no way material to me, as the calumny has now first been disclosed, so as to become the subject of my notice, and as the effect is present and palpable.

Your letter has furnished me with new reasons for *requiring a definite reply*.

This letter was answered by Hamilton on June 22, the following day, thus:

SIR: Your first letter, in a style too peremptory, made a demand, in my opinion, *unprecedented and unwarrantable*. My answer, pointing out the embarrassment, gave you an opportunity *to take a less exceptionable course*. You have not chosen to do it; but by your last letter, received this

day, containing expressions *indecorous* and improper, you have increased the difficulties to explanation intrinsically incident to the nature of your application.

If by a "definite reply" you mean the direct avowal or disavowal required in your first letter, I have no other answer to give than that which has already been given. If you mean anything different, admitting of greater latitude, it is requisite you should explain.

This terminated the direct correspondence between the principals; which, while brief, discloses characteristics of the distinguished parties which tend to suddenly elevate Hamilton in the esteem and admiration of most unprejudiced minds. The attitude of Hamilton toward Burr, up to the time of Burr's letter of the 18th of June, was less noble than that of his illustrious rival. He had publicly denounced Burr as unpatriotic, unsafe, and unprincipled, in many places and at many times during fifteen years, and had never lost an opportunity of privately besmirching Burr's character. Besides, Hamilton had vindictively opposed Thomas Jefferson, the leader of the Democracy, and had at the same time intrigued against John Adams, the candidate for President of his own organization. He had violated the confidence reposed in him by Washington (so it has been alleged) by preserving the draft of the Farewell Address, which he (Hamilton) had written; and he was undoubtedly the "power behind the throne" during Adams's administration. Indeed, when his despotic career, his malevolent designs, and his arrogant and ambitious projects are all taken into unimpassioned consideration, Hamilton looms up as certainly the more dangerous man of the two, notwithstanding his long-continued and exasperating at-

tempts to dispossess Burr of any hold he may have had upon the affections of the American people. But the conciliatory, even if somewhat evasive, tone of his answers to the two direct letters of Burr—which bristled all over with predetermined hostility—suddenly arrests the growing sympathy one feels for the oft-maligned soldier and patriot; and, as we continue to pursue the matter to its tragic and unfortunate end—embracing Hamilton's will and his remarks explanatory of his conduct, his determination to reserve his fire, and the emotional circumstances of his death, to say nothing of the almost fiendish nature of his antagonist's course from the moment that he seemed to be prompted to adopt extreme measures until the meeting and its fatal consequences—we lose sight altogether of the vices of Hamilton and the virtues of Burr, and canonize the memory of the one while we shudder at the name of the other.

On the 26th of June a new correspondence was opened between Messrs. W. P. Van Ness and Nathaniel Pendleton by the former, who, in the course of his letter, declared that "Colonel Burr could see no disposition on the part of General Hamilton to come to a satisfactory accommodation;" and concluded by saying: "I am consequently again instructed to deliver you a message as soon as it may be convenient for you to receive it," etc. Mr. Pendleton replied at once that he had placed the letter from Mr. Van Ness before General Hamilton, who objected to Colonel Burr's greatly extended ground of inquiry, which seemed to be nothing less than an inquisition into his most confidential conversations, as well as others, through the whole period of his acquaintance

with Colonel Burr. Mr. Pendleton's letter concluded as follows:

While he was prepared to meet the particular case fairly and fully, he thinks it inadmissible that he should be expected to answer at large as to everything that he may possibly have said, in relation to the character of Colonel Burr, at any time or upon any occasion. Though he is not conscious that any charges which are in circulation to the prejudice of Colonel Burr have originated with him—except one which may have been so considered, and which has long since been fully explained between Colonel Burr and himself—yet he cannot consent to be questioned generally as to any rumors which may be afloat derogatory to the character of Colonel Burr, without specification of the several rumors, many of them probably unknown to him. He does not, however, mean to authorize any conclusion as to the real nature of his conduct in relation to Colonel Burr, by his declining so loose and vague a basis of explanation, and he disavows an unwillingness to come to a satisfactory, provided it be an honorable, accommodation. His objection is, the very indefinite ground which Colonel Burr has assumed, in which he is sorry to be able to discern nothing short of predetermined hostility. Presuming, therefore, that it will be adhered to, he has instructed me to receive the message which you have it in charge to deliver. For this purpose I shall be at home and at your command to-morrow morning from eight to ten o'clock.

On the 27th Mr. Van Ness addressed Mr. Pendleton for the last time, and enclosed with the letter a formal challenge, as follows:

SIR: The letter which I had the honor to receive from you, under date of yesterday, states, among other things, that, in General Hamilton's opinion, Colonel Burr has taken a very indefinite ground, in which he evinces nothing short of predetermined hostility, and that General Hamilton thinks it inadmissible that the inquiry should extend to his

confidential as well as other conversations. In this Colonel Burr can only reply, that secret whispers traducing his fame, and impeaching his honor, are at least equally injurious with slanders publicly uttered; that General Hamilton had at no time, and in no place, a right to use any such injurious expressions; and that the partial negative he is disposed to give, with the reservations he wishes to make, are proofs that he has done the injury specified.

Colonel Burr's request was, in the first instance, proposed in a form the most simple, in order that General Hamilton might give to the affair that course to which he might be induced by his temper and his knowledge of facts. Colonel Burr trusted with confidence that, from the frankness of a soldier and the candor of a gentleman, he might expect an ingenuous declaration. That if, as he had reason to believe, General Hamilton had used expressions derogatory to his honor, he would have had the magnanimity to retract them; and that if, from his language, injurious inferences had been improperly drawn, he would have perceived the propriety of correcting errors which might thus have been widely diffused. With these impressions Colonel Burr was greatly surprised at receiving a letter which he considered as evasive, and which in manner he deemed not altogether decorous. In one expectation, however, he was not wholly deceived, for the close of General Hamilton's letter contained an intimation that if Colonel Burr should dislike his refusal to acknowledge or deny, he was ready to meet the consequences. This Colonel Burr deemed a sort of defiance, and would have felt justified in making it the basis of an immediate message. But as the communication contained something concerning the indefiniteness of the request, as he believed it rather the offspring of false pride than of reflection, and as he felt the utmost reluctance to proceed to extremities while any other hope remained, his request was repeated in terms more explicit. The replies and propositions on the part of General Hamilton have, in Colonel Burr's opinion, been constantly in substance the same.

Colonel Burr disavows all motives of predetermined hos-

tility, a charge by which he thinks insult added to injury. He feels as a gentleman should feel when his honor is impeached or assailed; and without sensations of hostility or wishes of revenge, he is determined to vindicate that honor at such hazard as the nature of the case demands.

The length to which this correspondence has extended only tending to prove that the satisfactory redress, earnestly desired, cannot be obtained, he deems it useless to offer any proposition except the simple message which I shall now have the honor to deliver.

Mr. Pendleton accepted the challenge, as was his only course, it would seem. Still, Hamilton undoubtedly hoped that a meeting might be averted, and so prepared the following observations on Mr. Van Ness's last letter:

Whether the observations on this letter are designed merely to justify the result which is indicated in the close of the letter, or may be intended to give an opening for rendering anything explicit which may have been deemed vague heretofore, can only be judged of by the sequel. At any rate, it appears to me necessary not to be misunderstood. Mr. Pendleton is therefore authorized to say, that in the course of the present discussion, written or verbal, there has been no intention to evade, defy, or insult, but a sincere disposition to avoid extremities if it could be done with propriety. With this view General Hamilton has been ready to enter into a frank and free explanation on any and every object of a specific nature; but not to answer a general and abstract inquiry, embracing a period too long for any accurate recollection, and exposing him to unpleasant criticisms from, or unpleasant discussions with, any and every person who may have understood him in an unfavorable sense. This (admitting that he could answer in a manner the most satisfactory to Colonel Burr) he should deem inadmissible in principle and precedent, and humiliating in practice. To this, therefore, he can never submit. Fre-

quent allusion has been made to slanders, said to be in circulation. Whether they are openly or in whispers, they have a form and shape, and might be specified. If the alternative alluded to in the close of the letter is definitely tendered, it must be accepted, the time, place, and manner to be afterward regulated.

This paper was proffered to Mr. Van Ness by Mr. Pendleton, but the former barbarously and disdainfully declined to receive any further correspondence, remarks, or explanations from either General Hamilton or his friend, on the ground that the acceptance of the challenge had precluded the possibility of any additional attempts at reconciliation or settlement. Preparations for the duel were then made by General Hamilton, who wrote a letter on the 5th of July to be given his wife, in case of his fall, and executed his will on the 9th, leaving his entire property, after the payment of all his debts, to his wife. On the evening before the duel General Hamilton prepared a paper containing his opinions of duelling, and expressive of the reluctance with which he obeyed a custom so repugnant to his feelings, in which he said:

On my expected interview with Colonel Burr, I think proper to make some remarks explanatory of my conduct, motives, and views. I was certainly desirous of avoiding this interview for the most cogent of reasons.

First—My religious and moral principles are strongly opposed to the practice of duelling; and it would ever give me pain to shed the blood of a-fellow creature in a private combat forbidden by the laws.

Secondly—My wife and children are extremely dear to me, and my life is of the utmost importance to them in various views.

Thirdly—I feel a sense of obligation toward my creditors,

who, in case of accident to me, by the forced sale of my property, may be in some degree sufferers. I did not think myself at liberty, as a man of probity, lightly to expose them to hazard.

Fourthly—I am conscious of no ill-will to Colonel Burr distinct from political opposition, which, as I trust, has proceeded from pure and upright motives.

Lastly—I shall hazard much, and can possibly gain nothing, by the issue of the interview.

But it was, as I conceive, impossible for me to avoid it. There were intrinsic difficulties in the thing, and artificial embarrassments from the manner of proceeding on the part of Colonel Burr. Intrinsic, because it is not to be denied that my animadversions on the political principles, character, and views of Colonel Burr have been extremely severe; and on different occasions I, in common with many others, have made very unfavorable criticisms on particular instances of the private conduct of this gentleman. In proportion as these impressions were entertained with sincerity and uttered with motives and for purposes which might appear to me commendable, would be the difficulty (until they could be removed by evidence of their being erroneous) of explanation or apology. The disavowal required of me by Colonel Burr, in a general and indefinite form, was out of my power, if it had really been proper for me to submit to be so questioned; but I was sincerely of opinion that this could not be, and in this opinion I was confirmed by that of a very moderate and judicious friend whom I consulted. Besides that, Colonel Burr appeared to me to assume, in the first instance, a tone unnecessarily peremptory and menacing, and, in the second, positively offensive. Yet I wished, as far as might be practicable, to leave a door open to accommodation. This, I think, will be inferred from the written communications made by me and by my direction, and would be confirmed by the conversations between Mr. Van Ness and myself which arose out of the subject. I am not sure whether, under all the circumstances, I did not go further in the attempt to accommodate than a punctilious

delicacy will justify. If so, I hope the motives I have stated will excuse me. It is not my design, by what I have said, to affix any odium on the conduct of Colonel Burr in this case. He doubtless has heard of animadversions of mine which bore very hard upon him; and it is probable that, as usual, they were accompanied with some falsehoods. He may have supposed himself under a necessity of acting as he has done. I hope the grounds of his proceeding have been such as ought to satisfy his own conscience. I trust, at the same time, that the world will do me the justice to believe that I have not censured him on light grounds, nor from unworthy inducements. I certainly have had strong reasons for what I may have said, though it is possible that in some particulars I may have been influenced by misconstruction and misinformation. It is also my ardent wish that I may have been more mistaken than I think I have been, and that he, by his future conduct, may show himself worthy of all confidence and esteem, and prove an ornament and blessing to the country. As well because it is possible that I may have injured Colonel Burr, however convinced myself that my opinions and declarations have been well founded, as from my general principles and temper in relation to similar affairs, I have resolved, if our interview is conducted in the usual manner, and it pleases God to give me the opportunity, to *reserve and throw away my first fire, and I have thoughts even of reserving my second fire, and thus giving a double opportunity to Colonel Burr to pause and reflect.* It is not, however, my intention to enter into any explanations on the ground. Apology, from principle, I hope, rather than pride, is out of the question. To those who, with me, abhorring the practice of duelling, may think that I ought on no account to have added to the number of bad examples, I answer that my *relative* situation, as well in public as private, enforcing all the considerations which constitute what men of the world denominate honor, imposed on me (as I thought) a peculiar necessity not to decline the call. The ability to be in future useful, whether in resisting mischief or effecting good, in those crises of our

public affairs which seem likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with public prejudice in this particular.

As has been stated, the duel took place on the 11th of July, 1804, the particulars of which have gone into history on the strength of the statements made by the seconds of the parties—Mr. William P. Van Ness on the part of Burr, and Colonel Nathaniel Pendleton on that of Hamilton. The place selected for the scene of the duel was a little secluded ledge beneath the heights of Weehawken, and not far above the level of the Hudson. It was the very spot where Philip Hamilton (the eldest son of Alexander Hamilton) had fallen about three years before. The parties went up the stream by boat from New York, Burr and his friends arriving first, by special arrangement. The parties being placed, the word was given, when Hamilton, raising himself convulsively, fell forward on his face, his pistol being discharged as he sank to the ground, sending the ball whizzing through the foliage of the surrounding trees. Van Ness and Burr immediately hurried to their boat. Colonel Pendleton and Dr. Hosack, who were in attendance, raised Hamilton into a sitting posture, when it was discovered that he had been struck in the right side. He was just able to articulate, "This is a mortal wound," when he fell into a swoon. As he was carried gently to the river-bank, he opened his eyes for a moment and said, "My vision is indistinct." Later General Hamilton declared that he had met Colonel Burr with a fixed resolution to do him no harm, and that he forgave all that had happened. He lingered during the remainder of that day, and

the night following, but died at two o'clock on the afternoon of the next day.

The details of the duel, as furnished by the seconds, Messrs. Van Ness and Pendleton, are as follows :

Colonel Burr arrived first on the ground, as had been previously agreed. When General Hamilton arrived the parties exchanged salutations and the seconds proceeded to make their arrangements. They measured the distance, ten full paces, and cast lots for the choice of position, as also to determine by whom the word should be given, both of which fell to the seconds of General Hamilton. They then proceeded to load the pistols in each other's presence, after which the parties took their stations. The gentleman who was to give the word then explained to the parties the rules which were to govern them in firing, which were as follows: The parties being placed at their stations, the second who gives the word shall ask them whether they are ready; being answered in the affirmative, he shall say "Present;" after this the parties shall present and fire when they please. If one fires before the other, the opposite second shall say, "One, two, three, fire," and he shall then fire or lose his fire. He then asked if they were prepared; being answered in the affirmative, he gave the word, *Present*, as had been agreed on, and both parties presented and fired in succession—the intervening time is not expressed, as the seconds do not precisely agree on that point. The fire of Colonel Burr took effect, and General Hamilton almost instantly fell. Colonel Burr then advanced toward General Hamilton, with a manner and gesture that appeared to General's Hamilton's friend to be expressive of regret, but without speaking turned about and withdrew, being urged from the field by his friend with a view to prevent his being recognized by the surgeon and bargemen, who were then approaching. No further communication took place between the principals, and the barge that carried Colonel Burr immediately returned to the city. We conceive it

proper to add that the conduct of the parties in this interview was perfectly proper as suited the occasion.

Dr. Hosack then tells how Pendleton and himself carried the wounded man to their boat; and, upon their arrival at the wharf, how they conveyed him as tenderly as possible up to Hamilton's residence. "The distresses of his amiable family," says the Doctor, "were such that, till the first shock was abated, they were scarcely able to summon fortitude enough to yield sufficient assistance to their dying friend. Upon our reaching the house he became more languid, occasioned, probably, by the agitation of his removal from the boat. I gave him a little weak wine and water. When he recovered his feelings, he complained of pain in his back. We immediately undressed him and laid him in bed, and darkened the room. I then gave him a large anodyne, which I frequently repeated. During the first day he took upward of an ounce of laudanum; and tepid anodyne fomentations were also applied to those parts nearest the seat of his pain. Yet were his sufferings, during the whole of the day, almost intolerable. I had not the shadow of a hope of his recovery, and Dr. Post, whom I requested might be sent for immediately on our reaching Mr. Bayard's house, united with me in this opinion. General Rey, the French consul, also had the goodness to invite the surgeons of the French frigates in our harbor, as they had had much experience in gun-shot wounds, to render their assistance. They immediately came; but, to prevent his being disturbed, I stated to them his situation, described the nature of his wound and the direction of the ball, with all the symptoms that could enable them to form an opinion as to the event.

One of the gentlemen then accompanied me to the bedside. The result was a confirmation of the opinion that had already been expressed by Dr. Post and myself. During the night he had some imperfect sleep; but the succeeding morning his symptoms were aggravated, attended, however, with a diminution of pain. His mind retained all its usual strength and composure. The great source of his anxiety seemed to be in his sympathy with his half-distracted wife and children. He spoke to me frequently of them. 'My beloved wife and children,' were always his expressions. But his fortitude triumphed over his situation, dreadful as it was; once, indeed, at the sight of his children, brought to the bedside together, seven in number, his utterance forsook him; he opened his eyes, gave them one look, and closed them again till they were taken away. As a proof of his extraordinary composure of mind, let me add that he alone could calm the frantic grief of their mother. '*Remember, my Eliza, you are a Christian,*' were the expressions with which he frequently, with a firm voice, but in a pathetic and impressive manner, addressed her. His words, and the tone in which they were uttered, will never be effaced from my memory. At about two o'clock, as the public well know, he expired."

With the exception of the assassination of Lincoln and the deaths of Washington and Garfield, no public or private event has ever created the deep and general sorrow which was manifested over the melancholy termination of this most unfortunate affair. Burr was disfranchised by the laws of New York for having fought a duel, and was indicted for murder in New Jersey. The affair had the effect of arousing

the public mind of the people in the Northern States to a positive horror of duelling. The Society of the Cincinnati took the question under consideration, and General C. C. Pinckney, Vice-President of that body, proposed that it should resolutely set its face against the practice. Mr. Morse, in his "Life of Hamilton," says: "The city was not a safe place for Burr. He fled for his life, and his terrified myrmidons hastened to avail themselves of the protection of obscurity. Never again could that blood-stained man redeem his reputation before mankind, so infinitely more fatal was that duel to the survivor than the victim."

Undoubtedly the survivor was made to feel the hell that seems to have been reserved for him upon earth. The living victim of that fatal meeting upon the banks of the noble Hudson was the greater victim of the two. He killed his opponent, to be sure, but he made him a god, with fifty millions of people to-day as worshippers, and ingloriously shot himself into a loathsome living grave. Sabine, in his description of this duel, says:

The reader cannot have failed to notice that, in the correspondence between Burr and Hamilton which preceded the duel, the cause of offence is stated to consist in certain expressions uttered by the latter in the presence of Dr. Cooper. But we are not to limit General Hamilton's animadversions to a single case or occasion, since he himself admits, in the paper which contains his *Remarks* explanatory of his motives and views, that his unfavorable criticisms had been frequent and severe. . . . But we have a right to condemn Hamilton for accepting the call. He was not a duellist. True, in his youth, 1778, he acted as second in the combat between Colonel Laurens and General Lee; but we have his express declaration that "his religious and

moral principles were strongly opposed to the practice of duelling." He met his antagonist, who, in his judgment, was a corrupt man—for what? Because, to use his own words, "his relative situation, as well in public as private," imposed upon him, as he thought, "a peculiar necessity not to decline;" and because, regarding "what men of the world denominate honor," he considered that "his ability to be in future useful, whether in resisting mischief or effecting good, in those crises of our public affairs which seem likely to happen, would probably be inseparable from a conformity with public prejudice in this particular." He violated, then, his religious and moral principles, rather than not conform to "public prejudice." Hamilton—in the deepest sorrow be it uttered—though one of the illustrious of the world, and to live forever in our annals, was hardly less than a suicide. When dying, he declared that "he had found, for some time past, that his life must be exposed" to Burr; and yet he resolved to go out and be shot down, without remonstrance or resistance. This is undeniably true. Without remonstrance—for "explanation on the ground was," he said, "out of the question." Without resistance—for he affirmed, in his last hours, to Dr. Hosack, that "Pendleton knew that he did not intend to fire at" Burr; to Bishop Moore, that "he met him with a fixed resolution to do him no harm;" and to Dr. Mason, that "he went to the field determined not to take his life." An examination of the course of his opponent allows us, after the lapse of half a century, to repeat an emphatic remark of the time, that he was a victim to "a long meditated and predetermined system of hostility on the part of Mr. Burr and his confidential advisers." Burr arrived first at the lonely spot designated, and, calmly divesting himself of his coat, cleared away the bushes, limbs of trees, and other obstructions; and in the combat raised his arm slowly, and took deliberate and fatal aim. Nothing but Hamilton's death would satisfy him. When abroad, in 1808, he gave Jeremy Bentham an account of the duel, and said "*he was sure of being able to kill him;*" and so, replied Bentham, "*I thought it little better than a murder.*"

Posterity will not be likely to disturb the judgment of the British philosopher.

The weapons used by Hamilton and Burr are at present in the possession of a citizen of Rochester (New York). For more than fifty years they were in possession of the descendants of Hamilton, who gave them to the mother of the present possessor, also a descendant of Hamilton. In appearance they are very formidable. They are "horse-pistols" of English manufacture, and are exactly alike, so far as an ordinary observer can discover. The one from which Burr fired the fatal missile is marked by a cross filed under the lower part of the barrel. They do not in any respect resemble any modern arm. In handling them one is strongly impressed with the idea that they were evidently intended for use in duels where the participants "shot to kill" and not to obtain newspaper notoriety without the disagreeable shedding of blood. Although they evidently could not be manipulated so rapidly as the modern double-acting, self-cocking pistol, they are capable of fatal execution, as they carry a bullet of 56 calibre. They are sixteen inches long, and are, in reality, small guns rather than pistols. The barrels appear to be of the best steel then manufactured, and the weapons throughout are heavily mounted with brass. They are very carefully finished in all their parts, and were evidently very expensive. A curious feature of these pistols, unknown to the present generation, but remembered by some of the older readers who have handled their grandfathers' muskets, is the flint-locks. These, with their flints in position, are intact. It seems almost incredible, to-day, in view of the advance of everything pertaining to gunnery, that

men should risk their lives on the spark from the flint and steel. It is evident, however, from an examination of these weapons, that the flints were cut with the precision of the face of a diamond, and it is probable that there was as little likelihood of their missing fire as there would be with the most finished cartridge-weapon of the present day. The pistols are "sighted" with a view to the purpose for which they were made, and in the hands of a man with a steady nerve and strong arm would prove a very dangerous weapon. Placed beside one of these heavy duelling weapons, an ordinary revolver appeared dwarfed into a toy-pistol, and one of its cartridges was almost lost when dropped into the spacious muzzle. Aside from the great historical interest attaching to the weapons, this comparison of the almost perfect weapon of to-day with that of eighty years ago, doubtless the most perfect of that day, is startling. The interval marks the transition and growth of weapons of defence, from the clumsy mechanism of flint and steel, and powder and ball, to the weapon which is capable of being discharged six times in as many seconds, and reloaded in a few additional seconds. The increase in certainty of aim and power of execution is not, however, so obvious. The pistols are in a remarkable state of preservation, and are apparently in as good condition as when used for the last time that fatal morning on the banks of the Hudson, having been carefully preserved and cared for during these eighty years. Such, in brief, is a description of these interesting relics, the mementoes of a great tragedy, which had much to do with moulding the political events of the century in the United States. Very few, and those

only family friends, have been aware of the existence of these reminders of the dark tragedy in the family, and it is only with much reluctance that the possessor permits any present reference to them—a reluctance which is easily appreciated. It is the intention of the owner to always keep them in the possession of his family and never allow them to be publicly exhibited.

One of the first objects that attracts the attention of a stranger on his first visit to Washington Heights, New York, is the old Hamilton homestead, at Tenth Avenue and One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street. The house is a large frame structure, with a series of wooden columns running around the front and one side, and has been kept in comparatively good repair for so old a wooden building. It stands at the north end of a large tract of ground. In this house Alexander Hamilton lived, and it was from here that he went forth and crossed over to Weehawken on July 11, 1804, to meet Burr in the unfortunate duel which ended in his death. At the southeast corner of the old house thirteen tall trees tower upward. They are surrounded by a wooden fence, and grow so closely together that in some places they seem to be welded into one huge trunk. They were planted by Hamilton himself, and were named after the thirteen original States. One of them, which is the most northern of the thirteen, early developed a tendency to crookedness, and this the statesman christened South Carolina. It is now a full-grown tree, but shorter than its fellows because of a long bend in the trunk about ten feet from the ground. The top of another has been broken off and only about twenty feet of the trunk remain. The trees are really the most interesting part of the sur-

roundings of the old mansion, and they are visited almost daily by strangers and others.

The remains of Hamilton lie in the family churchyard, although the monument erected by the corporation to his memory is (1883) suffering from decay. The inscription has become almost undecipherable and the pediment is cracked. Some years ago, when public attention was called to the matter, Trinity Corporation made some slight effort to restore the dead patriot's monument, but now it seems to have other uses for its money. The corporation has actually voted to allow Alexander Hamilton, grandson of the statesman, to do the work it ought to attend to, and have the inscription restored. The Hamilton family have been connected with the parish for a century, and they, together with the public, are at a loss to account for the neglect. But Trinity does things queerly. Nearly thirty years ago, when there was a determined movement to cut Pine Street through Trinity graveyard, the corporation put up a brown-stone monument to the memory of the unknown soldiers of the Revolution buried there. It was done rather to preserve their own territory than to honor the dead patriots. In an open space at the top of the monument it was designed to place a bronze statue of a soldier in the uniform of the "Old Continentals." But this part of the programme has never been carried out. The space remains empty and the monument looks incomplete. However, it answered its commercial purpose, and this was enough, though it is not known that any soldier was ever buried in the locality covered by the brown-stone pile.

Alexander Hamilton (as well as Judah P. Benja-

min, the father of George M. Dallas, and others quite as distinguished) came from one of the smaller islands of the Lesser Antilles. "Hamilton came from Nevis," says a New York correspondent of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, "which is a volcanic island made of a single conical mountain which rises to the height of 2500 feet, and has fertile land around its borders, an area of only twenty-one square miles, and a population of perhaps 10,000. It exports about $250,000 a year of sugar, rum, and molasses. Hamilton was born on the 11th of January, 1757. His mother was the daughter of a West India doctor named Faucette. She was of French Protestant origin, and had first been married to a Dane named Levine, who is said to have been a Jew. Levine was rich, and she hated him and got a divorce from him, and married a young Scotchman, who was a trader in the island of St. Christopher. This Scotchman (Hamilton) made a bad failure in business and never got on his feet again, and afterward lived obscure. That is not to be wondered at, considering the small opportunities in those islands for a career. Alexander Hamilton left in the island of Nevis might have been of no consequence. I saw people there who impressed me as strong and brilliant, but they had merely colonial opportunities, and in that hot climate the energies of men soon decay. Hamilton's mother died unhappy when he was a child; but she had some respectable kin in the island of Santa Cruz, who took charge of the orphan boy, who was the only child to survive her. Hamilton was, therefore, brought up in St. Croix, and his earliest letters are dated from that island. He wrote one to a friend named Edward Stevens in 1769, which says:

'Ned, my ambition is prevalent, so that I contemn the grovelling condition of a clerk or the like, to which my fortune condemns me, and would willingly risk my life, though not my character, to exalt my station. I wish there was a war.' Hamilton was a good French as well as English scholar. His first friend was a Presbyterian preacher at St. Croix. Though he despised a clerkship, in that position he developed the abilities which made him a great financier. He was a newspaper-writer; and a description of a hurricane in the island of St. Christopher, which was published in one of the West India newspapers, was talked about so much that his friends concluded to send him to New York to be educated. He went to school at Elizabeth (N. J.), and then at King's College, in New York, and thought he would be a physician. He had only been in the country about a year or two when he addressed a public meeting and wrote articles for the New York newspapers against the British Government. His precocity may be ascribed to his French and Scotch nature, and to an ambition which never ceased. The French element gave him his brilliancy, and the Scotch his exactness and judgment."

In 1776, at the age of nineteen, Hamilton became a Captain of artillery, and distinguished himself in many battles. In March, 1777, he became an aid-de-camp to Washington, with the rank of lieutenant-colonel. In 1780 he married Eliza, a daughter of General Philip Schuyler, and shortly afterward was appointed inspector-general. Subsequently he was appointed a major-general, and upon the death of Washington became Commander-in-Chief of the Army. It was as Secretary of the Treasury, how-

ever, that he gained pre-eminence, and Webster once said of him: "He smote the rock of the national resources, and abundant streams of revenue gushed forth. He touched the dead corpse of the public credit, and it sprung to its feet. The fabled birth of Minerva from the brain of Jove was hardly more sudden or more perfect than the financial system of the United States as it burst forth from the conception of Alexander Hamilton." Mrs. Hamilton survived her husband fifty years, dying in New York in 1854, aged ninety-seven.

Aaron Burr was the son of an American clergyman, and was born at Newark (N. J.), on the 6th of February, 1756. He entered the army as a private soldier, and received a commission of major for great gallantry and meritorious service during Arnold's expedition against Quebec. He next became an aid-de-camp, to Putnam, and afterward received a commission as lieutenant-colonel, and was placed in command of his regiment. In July, 1783, he married Mrs. Prevost, the widow of a British officer. Burr subsequently became a senator, and afterward the third Vice-President of the United States—his term closing March 4, 1805. He was arrested for treason on February 19, 1807, and was tried in Richmond (Va.), the jury returning a verdict that "Aaron Burr is not proved to be guilty under the indictment by any evidence submitted to us." He married Madame Jumel in his seventy-eighth year, but was soon afterward dismissed from her bed and board. Burr's only child, Theodosia, married Governor Allston, of South Carolina. Burr died, in destitute circumstances, on Staten Island, on September 14, 1836.

It is an interesting fact that on the 11th of May, 1884, the statue of Chief-Justice Marshall was unveiled in Washington with appropriate ceremony—the Marshall whose duty it became to try for high treason the man who had killed his friend Hamilton, but who conducted that trial with such an absence of personal feeling that it was among the greatest marvels of our legal history. He could neither be influenced by his private grief for Hamilton, nor by Jefferson's attempts as President to injure Burr, nor by Burr himself—whom he charged the jury to acquit—but whom he held under a bond on another charge, to the indescribable rage of the slayer of the eminent Federalist.

Ben Perley Poore, in his charming Reminiscences (1884), says:

Aaron Burr enjoyed the reputation of having delivered the most impressive speech ever uttered in the capitol when he took leave of the Senate as its presiding officer. I have heard a senator, who was present, state that nearly every one was in tears, and so unmanned that it was nearly half an hour before they could recover themselves sufficiently to choose a President pro tempore. The characteristics of Vice-President Burr's manner appear to have been elevation and dignity, a consciousness of superiority, etc., nothing of the whining adulation, those canting, hypocritical complaints of want of talents, assurance of his endeavors to please them, hopes of their favors, etc. On the contrary, he told them explicitly that he had determined to pursue a conduct which his judgment should approve, and which should secure the suffrage of his own conscience, and he had never considered who else should be pleased or displeased, although it was but justice on this occasion to thank them for their deference and respect to his official conduct, the constant and uniform support he had received from every member, of their prompt acquiescence in his decisions, and he remarked

to their honor, that they had never descended to a single motion of passion or embarrassment; and, so far as he was from apologizing for any decisions he had occasion to make, there was not one which, on reflection, he was disposed to vary or retract. Burr was unquestionably one of the most remarkable men that our country has ever produced. The things which clouded his name in his own day were the suspicion and charge of treason, and his duel with Hamilton, in which the great financier fell. Burr was a victim of the barbarous custom of those days, and he killed a popular favorite. Other vices cluster around his name, but they cannot present him, even to the eye of moral judgment, as less than an "archangel fallen." When a boy, residing with my parents at the corner of Madison Lane and Broadway, I used to see Burr pass every morning and afternoon, as he went to and from his law-office. Tall, soldier-like, and walking with a soldier-like air, he attracted attention as he passed along, and people would stop and point him out to others after he had gone by. One day I was in the law-office of Allen Day, where my uncle, the late Allen Dodge, of Hamilton, was studying his profession, and Burr came in to inquire about a case in which he was counsel. I regarded him with dread, yet I was fascinated by the courtesy of his manner, the pleasant expression of his bright, keen eyes, and the gentle winning tones of his voice. He was at that time virtually an outcast from the circles in which he had once been a leading figure. Very poor, he often took cases which other lawyers refused to touch, and he often found it difficult to procure the necessities of life. Yet he never lost his dignity and self-respect, and appeared, amid the trials and vicissitudes of his old age, to enjoy the peace and serenity which only a quiet conscience can bestow. He was undoubtedly the first political "boss" of the State of New York, and it was by following his advice that Van Buren passed from office to office until he became the President of the United States.

During the latter portion of 1883 the St. Louis *Re-*

publican published the following account of the recollections of a lady who once felt the irresistible power and fascination of Burr's piercing eyes:

In New York City, a few weeks since, died Miss Theodosia Burr Davis, in her seventy-seventh year, only sister of Colonel George T. M. Davis, well known to some of the former residents of St. Louis as formerly a prominent member of the Illinois bar, aid-de-camp to General James Shields in the Mexican War, and in 1849–51 editor of a newspaper in this city. Miss Davis was a lady of brilliant and highly cultivated intellect, fine conversational powers, and remarkable energy. Though tried by disappointment and sorrow as few have been, she retained her vivacity and wit almost to the last, while by a life which was, in most respects, one long self-sacrifice, she won and kept the esteem and affection of a large circle of relatives and friends. Her virtues, however, were so entirely domestic and private that the only excuse for this brief notice is the fact that she was indirectly connected with an historical personage in whom the public is always interested. The father of Miss Davis died young, and she was left to the guardianship of his brother, Matthew L. Davis, the intimate friend and biographer of Aaron Burr—one of that little band of devoted adherents who never abandoned their unfortunate chief, and who were known in those days as "Burr's Tenth Legion." Though she bore the name of his idolized daughter, and was the niece and ward of a man so closely associated with him, Miss Davis never saw Burr but twice. Their first meeting made a profound impression upon her, as well it might. She was at her uncle's house, spending a portion of a school-vacation, when one morning when she was upstairs he called to her to come down, as there was a visitor who wished to see her. For some reason she never could explain she had an undefinable dread of this unknown visitor, and did not at once obey the summons. It was repeated with emphasis, which put an end to further hesitation, and she came down. Mr. Davis took her by the hand and they entered the parlor. There she saw sitting on the

sofa a little old man, dressed in the fashion of a past generation, with hair as white as snow and eyes so lustrous and piercing that she could not resist their fascination. With the stately courtesy of the ancient régime, her uncle led her toward the stranger and said: "Colonel Burr, this is the child of whom I spoke. I need not tell you whose name she bears." The old man rose and grasping both her hands in his held her at arm's length, gazing into her face with those marvellous eyes as if he would read her very soul. The ordeal lasted but a moment, though it seemed an age to the timid girl; then her hands were dropped, and Burr exclaimed, in faltering voice: "Take her away, Matthew, I cannot stand it!" Once afterward they met accidentally on Broadway. She hurried past without speaking, but Burr stopped, and as she looked round she saw his eyes following in a long, wistful gaze, as if they would draw back to him the bearer of that beloved name.

The late General James Watson Webb, talking of Aaron Burr three or four years ago, said:

I knew him. He was a brave soldier in the Revolutionary War. He succeeded my father as aid on General Putnam's staff after the battle of Bunker Hill. Burr was a selfish scoundrel. I met him often during his last years. He used to urge Matthew L. Davis to write his (Burr's) life, but he added, only on one condition—you know what that is. Davis turned to me and explained that Burr wouldn't permit his life to be written unless the biographer would agree to "tell the truth about Washington," by which Burr meant abuse him and deny him any great qualities, either as a man, a soldier, or a statesman. Davis would never consent to this. "I won't do it," he said to Burr in my presence. "Then you sha'n't write my life," responded Burr. The fact is Burr never forgave Washington for refusing to appoint him Minister to France in 1795, when his party in the Senate unanimously recommended him for the distinguished place. Washington always disliked the brilliant New Yorker, whose various qualities were just the opposite of his own, and the

feeling was naturally reciprocal. During the last year of his life, when he was eighty-one, Burr withdrew the condition, but then he could not talk much, and Davis's materials were too meagre. "Send for Webb and Verplanck," said Burr. We went to his bedside. "You two write out all the questions you can think of about my life," said Burr, "and then come here and read them and I will answer them." We did so, and the answers formed the basis of Davis's biography—which was very partial, like Parton's, and not half true. One day the doctor told Burr he would not live till morning. Burr turned his eyes toward us and said: "He's an infernal old fool. Open that bureau drawer." It was opened. "Do you see a letter on that box?" Verplanck took up the dainty missive. "It is from a lady," said the dying gallant, "and she says she will call on me to-morrow. Anybody who thinks I will die with such an appointment as that on hand doesn't know Colonel Burr!" He was supported by friends for years. He pretended to practise law, but he never practised much. He had no sense of honor in money matters. He would borrow fifty dollars on one corner and distribute it to anybody who wanted it on the next corner.

CHAPTER XVIII.

NOTED AMERICAN DUELS—CONTINUED.

Fall of the Illustrious Decatur at Bladensburg in a Duel with James Barron—The Second Most Noted Fatal Affair in the United States—The Distinguished Naval Hero Falls Mortally and his Antagonist Dangerously Wounded at the First Fire—They Exchange Forgiveness of Each Other on the Bloody Ground—Decatur's Last Words: "I have never been your Enemy, Sir"—Decatur's Remains in St. Peter's Churchyard in Philadelphia—The Old Decatur Mansion in Washington—Decatur's Other Affairs—His Great Fame and Reputation—His Encounter at Tripoli and Revenge of the Treacherous Murder of his Brother, Lieutenant James Decatur—Other Affairs of Honor between United States Army and Navy Officers—Duels among Confederates—The Fatal Meeting of Generals Marmaduke and Walker.

THE fall of the noble and chivalrous Decatur at Bladensburg, on March 22, 1820, produced a profound sensation throughout the country; and this unfortunate affair, in which the distinguished naval hero lost his life, has been generally viewed as the second most noted duel in the United States. Stephen Decatur and James Barron were and had been for several years post-captains in the American navy. Barron had been found guilty of the charge of neglecting his duty while in command of the frigate *Chesapeake* by a court of inquiry and court-martial (upon both of which Decatur had served), and had been suspended from the service. He had

subsequently applied for restoration of rank, and had been opposed by Decatur from an honorable standpoint. This was the prime cause of an enmity which sprung up and grew between the two officers, and which was followed by a long and acrimonious correspondence between them and culminated in a hostile meeting in which Decatur was mortally and his antagonist dangerously wounded at the first fire. Captain William Bainbridge, U. S. N., accompanied Decatur to the field, and Captain Jesse D. Elliott, U. S. N., acted as second for Barron. They fought with pistols, at eight paces, and both fired and fell together, and then carried on a short conversation while they lay on the ground. What they said is not positively known, except that they exchanged forgiveness of each other. Before the mischief had been committed, however, Barron remarked to Decatur that he hoped that on meeting him in another world they would be better friends than in this; to which Decatur replied, "I have never been your enemy, sir." The dying officer was taken to his residence in Washington, near Lafayette Square, where he expired at a quarter to eleven o'clock the same night. Barron was also conveyed to Washington, where he was confined by his wound until the 10th of April following, when he departed for his home at Hampton (Virginia). Decatur's remains were taken to Philadelphia in 1844, and deposited in St. Peter's Churchyard, over which was erected a pretentious tomb and an Ionic pillar of marble (the latter capped by an American eagle), which may be seen by all visitors to the "Quaker City" who care for a stroll down to the southwest corner of Third and Pine streets. The house in which Decatur died was afterward

occupied by Mr. Livingston while Secretary of State under President Jackson, and subsequently by Martin Van Buren while Vice-President. It is now the residence of General E. F. Beale, who is as hospitable and generous as his mansion is noble and historic. The pistols used by Decatur and Barron were taken possession of by Captain Elliott (Barron's second), who retained them until his death (in 1845), when they came into the possession of their present owner, General W. L. Elliott (Retired List U. S. A., and Vice-President of the California Safe Deposit and Trust Company), of San Francisco—a son of Barron's second above named.

Mr. Wirt (then Attorney-General of the United States), who knew in confidence of the difficulty between Decatur and Barron, and who used every effort to prevent the duel, in a letter to Judge Carr, dated eleven days after the fatal combat, states that "Decatur was apparently shot dead; he revived, however, after a while, and he and Barron had a parley as they lay on the ground." And Wirt continues:

> Doctor Washington, who got up just then, says that it reminded him of the closing scene of a tragedy—Hamlet and Laertes. Barron proposed that they should make friends before they met in heaven (for he supposed they would both die immediately). Decatur said he had never been his enemy, that he freely forgave him his death,—though he could not forgive those who had stimulated him to seek his life. One report says that Barron exclaimed, "Would to God you had said this much yesterday!" It is certain that the parley was a friendly one, and that they parted in peace. Decatur knew he was to die, and his only sorrow was that he had not died in the service of his country.

Mr. Sabin, in his description of this duel, declares,

feelingly, and, we think, correctly, that there was no cause for it whatever. Says Sabine:

Decatur, as will be seen in the correspondence, "disclaimed all personal animosity toward" Barron. In his own words—"Between you and myself there never has been a personal difference; but I have entertained, and do still entertain, the opinion that your conduct as an officer, since the affair of the *Chesapeake*, has been such as ought to forever bar your readmission into the service." In this view he declares that he is sustained, he believes, by every officer of "our grade," with a single exception. True, Barron, in his letter of November 30, 1819, regards Decatur's course to be inconsistent with these declarations, and retorts with much severity. But Decatur constantly maintained them. He told Mr. Wirt that he did not wish to meet Barron, and that "the duel was forced upon him;" and it is said that he assured Commodore Rodgers, on receiving the challenge, that nothing could induce him to take the life of Barron. On the day of his death, while at breakfast, remarks Mr. Hambleton, "he was quite cheerful, and did not appear to have any desire to take the life of his antagonist; indeed, he declared that he should be very sorry to do so." To this evidence we may add the reply to Barron on the ground: "I have never been your enemy, sir."

Decatur's first "affair of honor" was in 1799, while he was a lieutenant attached to the frigate *United States*. He was at Philadelphia on recruiting service, and was deceived by a party of men he had enlisted, who deserted him and went on board an India ship. Decatur was greatly incensed, and formally demanded the deserters of the first officer of the merchantman, who, in the course of the interview, insulted him. He stated the case to his father, who considered that a duel was necessary. The officer of the India ship was asked to apologize. He refused, but accepted a challenge. Both, however,

pursued their ordinary duties for several days. As soon as circumstances would permit, they met on the banks of the Delaware, at or near New Castle. Decatur disclaimed to his friends any intention to inflict a mortal injury, but wounded his antagonist in the hip, as he said, previous to the combat, he would do, and escaped himself without harm. The next difficulty which he proposed to settle by an appeal to arms occurred in 1801, while he served on board the frigate *Essex*, in the Mediterranean. The officers of a Spanish ship of war, under pretence of exercising police duty at the port of Barcelona, fired over, and brought to, the boats of the *Essex* in passing to and from the shore at night. Decatur, on being molested in this way, remonstrated with the proper officer, who treated him uncourteously. Avowing his intention to press the matter on the following day, he returned to his own ship. On repairing to the Spanish ship, as intimated, the aggressor was not to be found. Decatur, leaving a hostile message, went immediately on shore, but was unsuccessful in his search there. The Spanish Captain-General interfering, and requesting the aid of the captain of the *Essex*, a personal conflict was prevented. His third affair was also in the Mediterranean, but as the friend of Midshipman Joseph Bainbridge, in the year 1803, a description of which occurs in Chapter XIV.

"Affairs of honor" between officers of the United States army and navy were quite frequent up to 1850, after which time they ceased almost altogether. A great many valuable lives were sacrificed, however, among whom was Captain Ferdinand Louis Amelung, U. S. A., who was killed in Louisiana in 1820; Midshipman John Banister, U. S. N., in Virginia in

1835; Lieutenant Samuel H. Bryant, U. S. A., in North Carolina in 1814; Midshipman Samuel B. Cocke, U. S. N., near Washington in 1822; Captain Joshua W. Collett, U. S. A., in Mexico in 1848; Surgeon Willis H. Bassett, U. S. N., in South America in 1830. In 1849, in Virginia, Midshipman J. P. Jones, U. S. N., fought with James Hope, and was dangerously wounded at the first fire. It has been stated that the pistols used by these gentlemen were the same as those used by Decatur and Barron: which is not so, as General Elliott has had the weapons used by the latter in his possession since 1845. In 1839, at Port Mahon (Island of Minorca), Midshipman Charles Crillon Barton was wounded by a brother-officer. Midshipman William Caney was a participant in the first duel fought in California (early in 1849), and was wounded in the leg. Lieutenant Richard Somers, U. S. N., a Revolutionary officer, fought three duels in one day, and was wounded in the first two. Somers perished in the *Intrepid* fire-ketch, before Tripoli in 1804. In 1847, in the city of Mexico, Captain Andrew Porter, of the U. S. Rifles, and Captain Archer, of the Voltigeurs, met with pistols, and the latter was wounded in the leg. About the same time, or afterward, Lieutenant David Bell (2d Dragoons U. S. A.) and Lieutenant Robert Williams (who married the widow of Stephen A. Douglas) met near Washington with pistols, and the former received a slight wound.

In 1863, after the defeat of the Confederates at Helena (Arkansas), a bitter feeling grew up between Generals Walker and Marmaduke, of Price's army, which was intensified into a quarrel after the appearance of their respective reports upon the retreat from Helena to Little Rock, and culminated in a duel in

which Walker was mortally wounded and died in twenty-four hours. Walker, who was the superior officer, sent the challenge; which Marmaduke accepted, and named revolvers as weapons; distance, fifteen paces. Walker's first bullet took off a twig from a branch directly over Marmaduke's head, and the second missile from the latter went through Walker's body and lungs, from which he reeled and fell, and from the effect of which he died at Little Rock upon the following day. Marmaduke was put under arrest, but, his services being valuable, he was shortly afterward released.

During the fall of 1864, Major Rapley and Captain Belden, who were members of the Confederate General J. F. Fagin's staff,—whose command was operating in Missouri at the time,—became involved in a quarrel which resulted in a duel with revolvers, at fifteen paces; terms, to fire at the word and then advance and fire at will. The duel took place near Independence, early in the morning. Rapley fired in quick succession, but made no advance. Belden, however, took seemingly deadlier aims at his antagonist, and advanced at every shot. The latter was hit, though, early in the combat, and reeled like a drunken man and fired unsteadily, of course; and at last fell at the feet of Rapley, after throwing his weapon away and crying, "My God! I ought to be killed for not hitting a man as close as this." Belden was shot through and through, but recovered.

A singular affair was that between Lieutenant Lanier, of Bishop and General Polk's staff, and a wagon-master of the same (Confederate) corps. Lanier was a very dressy but a gallant fellow, and while executing some order, or attempting to, he incurred the dis-

pleasure of an irascible wagon-master, one morning, who said menacingly to Lanier, "If you didn't have on so much gold braid, I'd challenge you to fight." "You would, eh?" replied Lanier, who at once tore off his jacket and added, "Come on, then; we're equal!" In ten minutes the parties had taken their positions, with revolvers, at twelve paces, and at the first shot Lanier fell severely wounded.

CHAPTER XIX.

NOTED AMERICAN DUELS—CONTINUED.

The Cilley-Graves Affair near Washington—The Third Most Noted Fatal Duel in the United States—A Combat under the Duello upon a Point of Honor—A Grand Old Gentleman Sacrifices his Noble Life to the Moloch of Punctilio—A Duel between Congressmen who had Nothing against Each Other—A Cruel Performance—An Investigation of the Event by a Congressional Committee—The Committee Present a Resolution of Expulsion of Mr. Graves and One of Censure of Messrs. Jones and Wise—The Real Instigator of One of the Most Cruel and Inexcusable Duels on Record left to the Chastisement of the Law and of Public Opinion.

THE third most noted fatal duel which has taken place in the United States was that unfortunate and cruel affair between Hon. Jonathan Cilley (M.C. from Maine) and Hon. William J. Graves (M.C. from Kentucky), which took place near the National Capital, in Maryland (on the road to Marlborough), on the 24th of February, 1838.

Mr. Cilley was attended by Hon. George W. Jones (M.C. from Tennessee), and Mr. Graves by Hon. Henry A. Wise (M.C. from Virginia). There were also present Congressmen Crittenden and Menefee of Kentucky, Congressman Duncan of Ohio, and Congressman Bynum of North Carolina.

Mr. Cilley, the noble old gentleman, sacrificed his valuable life to the hideous Demon of ceremonial "honor." "No one can peruse the report of

the committee which investigated the affair without condemning, in particular, the action of one of the gentlemen connected with this devilish performance," declared a writer of the Baltimore press at that time. The affair originated in certain words spoken by Mr. Cilley in the House of Representatives and which reflected upon General James Watson Webb, editor of the New York *Courier and Enquirer*. Mr. Graves was at first the bearer of a note from General Webb to Mr. Cilley, which Mr. Cilley declined to receive, whereupon a correspondence took place between Messrs. Graves and Cilley, resulting in a challenge from Mr. Graves. The duel was fought with rifles, at eighty yards. The gentlemen were placed at about a quarter past three in the afternoon, when they exchanged shots. Mr. Cilley fired first, and Mr. Graves one or two seconds afterward, and both missed. After the first fire some argument occurred between the seconds of the parties and their respective principals, with a view to closing the meeting at this point if possible. No satisfactory arrangement could be reached, however, and the second exchange of shots took place, with the same result. Mr. Graves persisting and demanding another shot, the rifles were again loaded, the parties resumed their stations, and the third fire took place, which was the last, as Mr. Cilley was shot through the body. He dropped his rifle, beckoned to one near him, and exclaimed, "I am shot!" then, putting both his hands to his wound, fell, and expired in three minutes.

Major Ben Perley Poore, in his Reminiscences, says of this duel:

Mr. Cilley, in a speech delivered in the House of Representatives, criticised a charge of corruption brought against

some unmarried Congressmen in a letter published in the New York *Courier and Enquirer* over the signature of "A Spy in Washington," and endorsed in the editorial columns of that paper. Mr. James Watson Webb, the editor of the *Courier and Enquirer*, immediately visited Washington, and sent a challenge to Mr. Cilley by Mr. Graves, with whom he had but a slight acquaintance. Mr. Cilley declined to receive the hostile communication from Mr. Graves, without making any reflections on the personal character of Mr. Webb. Mr. Graves then felt himself bound, by the unwritten code of honor, to espouse the cause of Mr. Webb, and challenged Mr. Cilley himself. The challenge was accepted, and the preliminaries were arranged between Mr. Henry A. Wise, as the second of Mr. Graves, and Mr. George W. Jones, as the second of Mr. Cilley. Rifles were selected as the weapons, and Mr. Graves found difficulty in obtaining one, but was finally supplied by his friend Mr. Rives of the *Globe*. The parties met, the ground was measured, and the combatants were placed. On the third fire Mr. Cilley fell, shot through the body, and died almost instantly. Mr. Graves, on seeing his antagonist fall, expressed a desire to render him some assistance, but was told by Mr. Jones, 'My friend is dead, sir!" Mr. Cilley, who left a wife and three young children, was a popular favorite, and his tragic end caused a great excitement all over the country. Mr. Webb was generally blamed for having instigated the fatal encounter: certainly, he did not endeavor to prevent it. Mr. Graves was never afterward re-elected—indeed no man who has killed another in a duel has ever been elected to office in Kentucky.

This was a combat, says Mr. Sabin, under the *duello* upon a mere point of honor. There was no difficulty and there had been no difficulty between Messrs. Graves and Cilley at any time. Even upon the ground, after an exchange of shots, the latter declared that he entertained for Mr. Graves "*the highest respect and most kind feelings.*" Mr. Sabin, in his description of the duel, says further:

Mr. Cilley fell mortally wounded, with these sentiments upon his lips. It has been suggested that, as there was no personal animosity between these gentlemen, a single fire should have satisfied Mr. Graves, and that by twice renewing the challenge the duel was pushed to an unusual, perhaps to an unjustifiable, extremity. Possibly the intimation is not destitute of force. But since no condemnation of the course pursued has been pronounced by persons versed in the *duello*, and since the affair was actually conducted throughout by persons of this description, we are required to believe that Mr. Cilley was slain in accordance with the code. In this view of the case, how very deplorable the law which demanded, or seemed to demand, two members of the national councils, of unquestioned character, to meet in a combat which, under the circumstances, was almost sure to terminate only with the fall of one or both of them! The challenge was given because Mr. Cilley declined to accept a note from Colonel Webb, borne by Mr. Graves, "on grounds which would exonorate Mr. Graves from all responsibility growing out of the affair." This Mr. Cilley could not do without an admission that, in his remarks in the House relative to Colonel Webb, he had slandered that gentleman; and thus, as said Mr. Williams of Maine, in announcing his death in the Senate, "he accepted the call, because the act was *indispensable* to avoid disgrace to himself, to his family, and to his constituents." The decease of Mr. Cilley was announced in both Houses of Congress on the 26th of February, and his remains were interred from the Hall of Representatives on the next day. On the 1st of March a committee of seven members of the House was appointed "to investigate the causes which led to his death, and the circumstances connected therewith."

The report of this committee was made on the 25th of April, and was very elaborate and comprehensive, concluding as follows:

This concurrent testimony of all, without exception, taken in connection with the written correspondence, the various

propositions and answers on the field, and the further fact that Mr. Cilley had not been informed that Mr. Graves had undertaken to repeat to others any verbal communication between them, or that any misapprehension or misunderstanding existed between them on that subject, utterly repels the suggestion that any question of veracity had arisen, or had been made, or was the cause of the challenge or the death of Mr. Cilley. Indeed any misapprehension on that subject would have given no more just ground of animosity, and least of all of the highly vindictive feelings necessarily aroused by a question of veracity, than the very evident misapprehension which Mr. Graves labored under in regard to some parts of the note of James Watson Webb of which he was the bearer.

The committee will not, in justice to Mr. Graves, harbor the belief that there were rankling secretly in his bosom any vindictive or hostile feelings toward Mr. Cilley growing out of any question of personal veracity, and prompting him to carry on a deadly warfare under another pretext, not only without a direct and explicit disclosure of the real cause of difficulty, such as would have left no misapprehension on the mind of any one, but under circumstances which misled the other party and his friends, and left him, under that false impression, to the forfeit of his life.

The committee have therefore come to the conclusion that the words spoken by Mr. Cilley in debate in the House of Representatives, the refusal of Mr. Cilley to receive a demand for explanation of those words, and his refusal to assign any other reason for it than that he chose to be drawn into no difficulty upon the subject, were the causes which led to the death of Mr. Cilley, under the circumstances which have been substantially detailed.

It remains to inquire whether there has been a breach of the privileges of the House.

It is a breach of the highest constitutional privileges of the House, and of the most sacred rights of the people in the person of their representative, to demand in a hostile manner an explanation of words spoken in debate; to be

the bearer of such a demand; to demand a reason for refusing to receive it, beyond the mere voluntary election of the member interrogated; or to demand, under any circumstances, any reason at all. No member can be questioned in a hostile way, and put to his plea, and yield to it, without subjecting himself to great disadvantage in the estimation of many, and impairing his influence and his usefulness as a member. It is a still more aggravated breach of the privileges of the House, and of the rights of the people in the person of their representative, to challenge a member, and to slay him in combat, for refusing to comply with any such demand. It is the highest offence which can be committed against either House of Congress, against the freedom of speech and of debate therein, against the spirit and the substance of that constitutional provision that for any speech or debate in either House the members shall not be questioned in any other place, and violates essentially the right of perfect immunity *elsewhere* for words spoken in debate *here* which is essential to the independence of Congress and to the existence of constitutional liberty. And when this offence is committed by a member, it calls for the exercise of the highest powers of the House to purge itself of the evil, to maintain effectually its rights and privileges, and to preserve inviolable this immunity which is guaranteed by the Constitution, not for the sake of the individual, but for his constituents and for the country.

The present case is without any circumstance of extenuation. A member of the House, in a manner most strictly parliamentary, on an occasion most appropriate, in language most decorous and moderate, in defence of the honor of the House against an anonymous and unfounded charge of corruption, had alluded to the published records of former proceedings with perfect truth and accuracy; had, in obedience to his duty, declined a hostile demand for explanation in a manner in which the committee can discover no cause of offence; had, respectfully, with expressions of regret, declined to admit the right to interrogate him

further; had disclaimed all disrespect, directly or indirectly, toward his antagonist, and avowed for him the highest respect and the kindest feelings; and after all this, avowed without hostility, and against the strongest protestations of others, he was required fatally to expose himself to the third discharge of a rifle. On the other hand, Mr. Graves, a member of the House, voluntarily and unnecessarily became the bearer of a demand upon another member in attendance for explanation of words spoken in debate; he presented it in the House, while the House was in session; he demanded a reason for the refusal, beyond the voluntary election of that member to be drawn into no difficulty upon the subject; which being withheld, he then challenged him in this city, and slew him in this vicinity, while Congress was in session.

Every step of Mr. Graves in this progress involved him deeper and deeper in a breach of the privileges of the House, until their destruction was consummated in the person of Mr. Cilley. The eye of reason can discover in the whole course of Mr. Cilley no offence toward those who pursued him except that given by alluding to the records of Congress, in the faithful and upright discharge of his duty as a member, which justly could have given no offence at all. Nor can his death be vindicated or excused by any circumstance whatsoever, not even by that custom, the relic of unenlightened and barbarous ages, which was formerly supposed to be a proof of some degree of physical courage, but is in fact a signal monument of the want of the higher attribute of moral courage; which has, in these modern times, degenerated into a game of chance and a scramble for undue advantages; which can furnish no criterion for truth, justice, or honor, and deals out its inflictions of misery most severely upon the unoffending and the helpless; which is deeply deplored by all men, even those who submit to it, and is forbidden, in every stage of it, by all law, human and divine.

It is not necessary, on the present occasion, to go into any consideration of the general power of the House to punish for breach of privilege, or to inquire into the origin and

foundation of that power over contempts which has been asserted by the Parliament of Great Britain from time immemorial, by every legislative body, by every judicial tribunal from the highest to the lowest, and repeatedly by one or the other House of Congress, and has been recognized as existing in the House of Representatives by the Supreme Court of the United States. Whether it be a power necessary to the continued existence of the legislative body or a power necessary to the free exercise of its legislative functions, it is in either case a necessary power, strictly granted by the Constitution, and as fully granted as if it were literally expressed. But in the case of members the Constitution has expressly granted the power to punish for disorderly conduct, and has also expressly granted the power, with the concurrence of two thirds, to expel a member for any cause which two thirds of the House may deem sufficient.

The committee, therefore, viewing the breach of the rights and privileges of the House on the part of Mr. Graves to have been an offence of this high character, against the vital principle of a deliberative assembly and of representative government, is constrained by a sense of duty to present to the House a resolution that he be expelled therefrom.

It has been decided by the House of Representatives, on a former occasion, that it was a breach of privilege to send a challenge to a member in attendance, or to be the bearer of such challenge. And it is equally so to act as second to the challenger. In the present instance it appears that Mr. Wise had no knowledge of the demand of explanation which was borne by Mr. Graves, and had never seen the paper until after the fatal catastrophe. But having been early consulted by Mr. Graves upon the first letter of Mr. Cilley, and concurring with him in his views of it, he bore the challenge to Mr. Cilley, and he acted throughout as the second of the challenger, advising and insisting that the fight should go on until Mr. Cilley fell. The committee, therefore, deeming him deeply involved, under the circum-

stances which this case presents, in a breach of the privileges of the House, report a resolution that he deserves the decided censure of the House, and that he be censured accordingly.

Mr. Jones had no knowledge of the affair until the determination of Mr. Cilley had been formed as to the acceptance of the challenge, and the time, mode, weapon, and other preliminaries of the meeting. But he was the bearer of the acceptance, and acted throughout as the second of the challenged party; and it is the opinion of the committee that he was thereby involved in a breach of privilege, and that he be censured therefor.

In regard to the persons not principals nor seconds who were present on the field and expressed their opinions at the request of the parties, without having advised, instigated, or procured the meeting, however they might be implicated in the courts of law, the committee entertain doubts how far they would be involved in a breach of privilege; and, under a strong conviction that the power of the House should be exercised, never in a doubtful case, always with moderation, they content themselves with presenting the facts and circumstances, so far as those persons are concerned, without proposing any action thereon.

The committee entertain no doubt that James Watson Webb has been guilty of a breach of the privileges of the House; but they also concur unanimously in the opinion that if there be any real ground to believe that a conspiracy to assassinate actually existed, as set forth in that atrocious paper drawn up by him, signed by Daniel Jackson and William H. Morell, sworn to by the latter, and published in the New York *Courier and Enquirer*, he be left to the chastisement of the course of law and of public opinion, and that the House will consult its own dignity and the public interest by bestowing upon him no further notice.

CHAPTER XX.

NOTED AMERICAN DUELS—CONTINUED.

A Fatal Duel in North Carolina in 1802—Henry S. Foote's many Duels—Judge Child and General Joor—Davis and Leigh—Smith and Brank—Benjamin Gratz Brown and Thomas C. Reynolds—Rhett and Cooley—Chambers and Lake—The Fate of an Irish Gentleman who "would not Disgrace himself by Marrying the Lady he had Betrayed"—"Affairs of Honor" all over the Southern States—An "Amphibial" Affair, etc.

A FATAL duel which is still spoken of and written of in North Carolina with mournful interest was that in which ex-Governor Richard Dobbs Spaight lost his life at the hands of Mr. Stanley. The latter had taken offence at a handbill issued by Spaight repelling certain aspersions made by Stanley (the two gentlemen were running for Congress—Stanley on the Republican ticket and Spaight on the Federal), and challenged Spaight, who accepted and was killed. The duel took place on the 5th of September, 1802, behind the Masonic Hall, at Newbern. The parties fought with pistols, at eight paces. At the first fire both missed. At the second, Spaight's bullet passed through the collar of Stanley's coat. They then fired again and missed; but at the fourth discharge the ex-Governor received a mortal wound, from the effects of which he died the next day.

Hon. Henry S. Foote, an eminent American states-

man (deceased), born under the shadow of the Blue Ridge, in Fauquier County (Virginia), and who lived to honor many important positions,—among which were Governor of Mississippi and Senator in Congress,—fought four duels,—the first with Edmund Winston, at Tuscaloosa (Alabama), in 1827, with pistols, both combatants being wounded at the first fire, Governor Foote in the shoulder and Mr. Winston in the hip. This affair grew out of a personal encounter between Mr. Foote and Stark and Pratt Washington on one side, and Edmund Winston and others of that celebrated family on the other, during which all the participants were more or less injured, the two Washingtons severely. Some few years later Governor Foote and the celebrated S. S. Prentiss had an encounter in the court-house at Vicksburg (Miss.), arising out of a dispute over a law-case, when Foote threw an inkstand at Prentiss. A challenge to fight a duel followed, of course, and the parties met in Louisiana, on the opposite side of the Mississippi River, and Foote was wounded in the shoulder at the first fire. Shortly afterward indiscreet friends of Mr. Prentiss said things which angered Governor Foote, and the latter challenged Prentiss to another encounter. The challenge was accepted, and the parties met, as before, with pistols, at ten paces, and Foote fell with a severe wound in the right leg, just above the knee, from which he narrowly escaped death. From this time on, until the death of Mr. Prentiss, these former foes became intimate and affectionate friends, neither ceasing to regret that, as young and impulsive men, they had twice met in deadly conflict over a trivial quarrel, in obedience to the then pretty general public senti-

ment of that country (now happily obsolete) that an insulted man must vindicate his honor by endeavoring to take the life of the offender. The Governor's fourth affair, a few years later, was with Osman Claiborne (a retired naval officer), near Columbus (Miss.). The parties fired at each other five times with pistols, Governor Foote wounding his antagonist slightly three times. This affair, like all the other of his combats of this character, occurred when Governor Foote was a man much below middle age. It is a curious fact, too, that he knew almost nothing of the use of duelling-weapons and was really a miserable shot, and would have regretted in bitter agony to the day of his death had it ever been his misfortune to have slain a fellow-man. He was often heard by his intimates to say that the bravest and most lovable as well as the most solidly and brilliantly intellectual man he had ever known was the gallant and eloquent Prentiss, who went to Mississippi from the State of Maine. Two sons and a daughter (Mrs. Senator William M. Stewart) of the late Governor Foote reside at present in California.

Mr. Foote in his "Bench and Bar of the South and Southwest" makes note of a number of hostile meetings which have taken place among those men of whom he writes—but does not present dates—thus: In Mississippi, between Judge Child and General Joor, without regular seconds. Child was accompanied to the rendezvous by a "mulatto body-servant, who drove a vehicle of some kind to the field of combat loaded down with muskets and pistols, which he was to hand out to his master as the exigencies of the battle might render necessary." Joor was a native of South Carolina, and was an ardent admirer of Cal-

houn. Child was a brilliant New-Englander. Both were severely wounded. Subsequently, near Woodville (Miss.), Mr. Leigh (son of Benjamin Watkins Leigh, of Virginia) and Colonel Fielding Davis met in a duel, and Leigh was killed on the spot. About the same time Calvin M. Smith and Robert M. Brank fought in Kentucky, and the latter was slain; while Smith, who was the challenged party, was indicted for murder and stricken from the roll of attorneys.

Early in the century a meeting took place near Augusta (Georgia) between Captain Robert Flournoy, an ex-officer of the Revolutionary army, and Thaddeus Holt, a prominent Georgian. Both gentlemen were distinguished shots; so the news of the impending combat spread far and near, and the duel was fought in the presence of many spectators. The combatants met with holster-pistols, at ten paces, and at the first fire both fell, Holt mortally and Flournoy severely wounded: Holt's tongue was cut off by Flournoy's bullet, while the missile from Holt's weapon ploughed a furrow in Flournoy's forehead and took off part of his left ear. A short time after this Lieutenant-Colonel Thomas Flournoy (a brother of Robert), of Jackson's army, fought at Bladensburg and wounded his antagonist. Colonel Flournoy, of San Francisco, who distinguished himself in the Confederate service, is a grandson of Captain Flournoy above named.

In 1861, on Bloody Island, opposite St. Louis, Hon. Benjamin Gratz Brown and Hon. Thomas C. Reynolds met with pistols, and Brown was wounded in the leg at the first fire. In New Orleans, in 1877, R. Barnwell Rhett and Judge William Cooley met with

shotguns, loaded with bullets to fit the guns, at thirty paces, and the latter was killed at the first fire. In 1860, on the banks of the river opposite Vicksburg, Henry Chambers and William A. Lake—both very popular citizens of Vicksburg, and the latter a leading member and vestryman of the Episcopal Church and a man of large family—met with rifles at forty paces, and Mr. Lake was shot dead at the first fire.

In 1824, or thereabouts, Emil Johns, an Austrian musician, married into a good family of New Orleans. In the same family lived an Irish gentleman named McAdam. McAdam had betrayed a young lady of the family, and Johns called the Irish gentleman to account, and said to him, "Mr. McAdam, you must make the only reparation that lies in your power to make—you must marry your victim." "Impossible! I should be disgraced." "Then you must fight, sir!" "With whom?" "With the gentleman standing before you, sir." "I shall be only too happy to accommodate you." The parties met near Lake Pontchartrain upon the following morning, with pistols, and the bullet from the musician's weapon sped directly through the heart of the Irish gentleman who would not disgrace himself by marrying the lady he had betrayed. In 1842 A. Ledoux and M. Chevremont fought near New Orleans with small-swords, and Chevremont was killed.

In 1838, near New Orleans, after a long correspondence, Mandeville Marigny and A. Graihle met with pistols, at thirty paces, the terms of which were as follows: Each man to have a loaded pistol in each hand, and each to advance ten paces and fire between the words "Fire! one, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve, thirteen,

fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty"—neither party to cry enough until twenty had been counted. Marigny fired first and his antagonist fell, severely wounded. Then Marigny advanced another five paces, pointing his remaining weapon at the fallen man, as much as to say, "Don't you dare to make a movement until 'twenty' is reached." Marigny became a high officer in the Confederate army during the War of the Rebellion.

In Alabama, in 1854, political difficulties sent Dr. Fant and F. W. Irby into the field with pistols, and the latter was killed at the first fire. In Charleston (S. C.), in 1852, Mr. Hall and Mr. Leckie, with revolvers—Mr. Leckie killed. In South Carolina, in 1849, Mr. Levy and Dr. McCain—the former wounded. In Kentucky, in 1852, F. S. McKee and Joseph Murphy, with pistols—both severely wounded at the fourth shot. In Georgia, in 1829, Henry G. Nixon was killed at the first fire by an attorney of Savannah, who fled the country. In Indiana, in 1849, John T. Gray and Henry C. Pope (of Louisville, Ky.), with shotguns loaded with single balls, at twenty paces—the latter mortally wounded. In Pennsylvania, in 1854, A. L. Snowden and W. G. Ready, with rifles—the latter severely wounded. In New Orleans, in 1851, William Cummings and Henry Bouligny, with pistols—the latter killed. At Shreveport, in 1849, Dr. Green and Hon. D. Hester, with rifles—both killed. In Florida, in 1833, Attorney-General Campbell became involved in a political difficulty and was killed in a duel. In North Carolina, in 1852, W. J. Keith and O. M. Dantzler met with pistols, and the former was badly wounded. At Bladensburg, in 1821, a clerk in the Treasury Department named Randall met

another Washingtonian named Fox with pistols, at eight paces, and the latter was killed at the first fire. In Mississippi, in 1851, General Smith and General Freeman, candidates for Congress, fired five times at each other, when Freeman's bullet took effect and the duel was terminated. In Kentucky, in 1851, W. S. Stinet and Robert Mars, with pistols—both wounded. In South Carolina, in 1853, John Dunovant and J. Davidson Legare, with pistols—the latter killed at the first shot. In Georgia, in 1832, J. J. Camp and Lowell Woolfolk, with rifles—the latter instantly killed and the former mortally wounded at the first fire. In Florida, in 1853, Mr. Collins and Mr. Winters—the latter killed. In Georgia, in 1854, Joseph B. Coker and Claudius C. Stewart, with double-barrelled shotguns, at sixty paces—Stewart severely wounded at the first discharge. In Kentucky, in 1852, B. Johnson and T. White, with double-barrelled shotguns, at forty paces—the latter killed at the first fire. In North Carolina, in 1827, Members of Congress Carson and Vance, with rifles—the latter killed. In New Jersey, in 1852, Mr. Stowe and Mr. Townly, with pistols—both wounded at the first fire. In Kentucky, in 1849, Mr. Smith and Mr. Singer, with pistols—both wounded. In Alabama, in 1854, W. H. Bowlingly and Charles Roman, with pistols—Bowlingly wounded. In New Orleans, in 1852, a desperate duel was fought with knives between Pedro Tastra and another dealer in fish named Pages. The combat lasted nearly an hour, at the expiration of which time Tastra fell dead, having been literally cut to pieces. Pages was afterward tried for murder and convicted of manslaughter, but was quickly pardoned. In 1853, in the same city, a young man

named Lessess was killed in a duel with pistols by a former friend aged nineteen. In 1855 two New-Yorkers named J. B. Breckinridge and F. Leavenworth quarrelled at the Shakespeare Club, and in a few days afterward met at or near Niagara Falls with pistols, at eight paces, and wounded each other at the first fire. In the winter of 1859, at Denver (Colorado), between Lewis Bliss, of New York, and Dr. Stone, of Ohio, with shotguns, at thirty paces (ounce balls), the latter mortally wounded at the first fire. In the summer of 1859, at Denver, between Richard Whitsett and Park McClure, with navy revolvers, the latter slightly wounded in the thigh. Whitsett had never fired a pistol in his life, and declined to practise even after the duel had been arranged; while McClure had the reputation of being an expert with a pistol, and made some good shots at a mark the evening preceding the hostile meeting.

The following, from a Chattanooga (Tenn.) paper of February 26, 1884, may be properly termed an "amphibial" duel: "The latest tragedy of consequence in this section of country took place yesterday on a river steamboat between J. W. Watts and Henry Wilson. It seems that the belligerents, while on deck, engaged in a quarrel and grasped each other. Then both drew knives and slashed away until each had received from four to six terrible stabs. They finally clinched and in the scuffle got near the guards, when Wilson made a desperate effort to throw his antagonist overboard. Watts hung on to him with a deathly grip, however, and both went into the waves embraced in a deadly struggle. They sank and rose to the surface apart; but, each trying to stay above the water by holding

the other down, both were at the mercy of the billows which followed the boat, and soon sank to rise no more before the steamer could be checked and a life-boat sent to their rescue. We doubt if there is another duel like it on record."

The last fatal duel fought in the United States was that between Colonel William M. Shannon and Colonel E. B. C. Cash, at Du Bose's Bridge, in Darlington County (South Carolina), on the 6th of July, 1880, in which Shannon was shot through the heart at the first fire.

[Since the above was written there have been a number of meetings, as follows: At Dallas (Texas), on the 13th of July, 1884, M. U. Beale and Mr. Bowie, with revolvers; both instantly killed, each receiving bullets in the head and heart. The same day Lieutenant Cunningham and a railroad man named Daly fought at Lozier (Texas) with revolvers at thirty paces, and Cunningham was wounded in the leg at the third fire. On the 16th of July, 1884, at New Orleans, Captain J. E. Brou and Evariste Poche met with colichemardes (triangular-shaped swords), and the latter was wounded in the thigh in a scuffle during the progress of the second passage. At Emery Gap (Tennessee), on the 14th of August, 1884, between M. Staples and W. H. Rogerson, with revolvers at ten paces; both killed. In Avoyelles Parish (Louisiana), between J. Ducote and E. Lemoine, with revolvers; Ducote dangerously wounded. At Terrell (Texas), on the 10th of August, 1884, William Dougherty and Zachariah Gray, with revolvers; both badly wounded.]

CHAPTER XXI.

NOTED AMERICAN DUELS—CONTINUED.

The Fourth Most Noted Fatal Duel in the United States—David C. Broderick and David S. Terry Meet in Deadly Encounter near San Francisco, and the Former Receives a Mortal Wound—Graphic and Detailed Description of the Tragic Affair—Colonel E. D. Baker's Great Funeral Oration—The Magnetic Power of Broderick—His Remains Followed to their Last Resting-Place by nearly the whole Adult Population of San Francisco—"Good Friend! True Heart! Hail and Farewell!"—The Correspondence in Full—Terms of the Duel.

THE fourth most noted fatal duel fought in the United States was that which took place near San Francisco on the 13th of September, 1859, and in which Hon. David C. Broderick (United States Senator from California) was mortally wounded by ex-Chief-Justice (of the Supreme Court of California) David S. Terry. This was indeed a meeting of giants—physical and intellectual giants. It was the meeting of two noble men, yet each standing before the other in deadly demeanor, with no hope or intent but to kill.

Some two years ago (in 1882) a San Francisco correspondent of the New York *Sun* wrote to that paper what seems to the author to be as impartial and accurate an account of this exciting event as it is possible to obtain—for, however much we may sympathize with the living victim of that dreadful

encounter, or to whatever extent we may be willing to extend a Christian pardon, we cannot forget that he killed David C. Broderick—the "noblest Roman of them all"—and that he cannot be fully forgiven even after he is dead, at least by those Californians who idolized their noble leader while living, and who continue to mourn his untimely taking off. As we write (it is "memorial-day" in San Francisco), a sky of spotless blue overhangs Lone Mountain, and away in the distance we can see the handsome shaft which perpetuates the memory of the chivalric being whose remains repose beneath; while grouped around the sacred enclosure are the annual pilgrims with their floral offerings, the perfume of which intermingles with the aroma of odorous shrubs and plants and an atmosphere seemingly freighted with the incomparable spices of far-off Cathay.

The following is the account from the *Sun:*

Among the many duels in the early days of California none excited so much interest, and none had such an influence on politics and society, as the fatal meeting between David C. Broderick and David S. Terry. They were representative men. One was a United States Senator, and the other Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of California. They were filling important niches in the history of the young State. No such political antagonism had existed since the days of Burr and Hamilton. The Republican Party was a healthy infant, and growing rapidly. The State was controlled by a two-winged Democracy. Gwin, Terry, Ashe, Brooks, Benham, and others worked the Lecompton wing, and Broderick, the friend of Stephen A. Douglas and an ardent opponent of the extension of slavery, was the soul of the anti-Lecompton wing. He and his followers occupied middle ground between nascent Republicanism and the Southern slave-Democracy. The friends of the Administration cherished a deep hatred for Broderick.

With him out of the way, they might reunite the party on the old basis and control it. Broderick and his friends had thwarted the ambition of the "chivalry." After a desperate struggle he had secured a seat in the United States Senate, and had brought the haughty Gwin to terms. To retain his own seat in that body, Gwin had given the stonecutter a document pledging himself not to meddle with the official patronage of the Pacific coast. This document was known as the "scarlet letter." Broderick had said in a speech that its writer ought to be as clearly marked for political ostracism as Hester Prynne was socially marked by the initial on her breast. It was a fatal letter. Politicians said that the man who had it in his possession was doomed.

The immediate cause of the quarrel grew out of a speech made by Judge Terry before the Lecompton Democratic State Convention in Sacramento in 1859. He called Broderick an arch-traitor. He said:

"They [the anti-Lecomptonites] are the followers of one man, the personal chattels of a single individual whom they are ashamed of. They belong, heart, soul, body, and breeches, to David C. Broderick. They are yet ashamed to acknowledge their master, and are calling themselves, aye, forsooth, Douglas Democrats, when it is known, well known to them as to us, that the gallant Senator from Illinois, whose voice has always been heard in the advocacy of Democratic principles, who now is not disunited from the Democratic Party, has no affiliation with them, no feeling in common with them. Mr. President and gentlemen, I am mistaken in denying their right to claim Douglas as a leader. Perhaps they do sail under the flag of Douglas; but it is the banner of the Black Douglass, whose name is Frederick, not Stephen."

Broderick read this speech while at breakfast in the International Hotel, and grimly smiled. "I see," he remarked to D. W. Perley, a lawyer (born in Woodstock, N. B., and a friend of the Gwin faction) "that Terry has been abusing me. I now take back the remark that I once made that he is the only honest judge on the Supreme bench. I was his

friend when he was in need of friends, for which I am sorry. Had the Vigilance Committee disposed of him as they did of others, they would have done a righteous act."

He alluded to Terry's arrest by the Vigilantes in August, 1856, charged with cutting a man named Sterling A. Hopkins, in the attempt to free from arrest Reuben Maloney. Had Hopkins died, Terry would probably have hanged. As it was, it took the strongest influence, Masonic, press, and other, to save him from banishment.

Perley resented Broderick's remark. He professed to be a warm friend of Judge Terry, and even went so far as to challenge the Senator on his own account. His challenge was curtly declined with the contemptuous remark, "Sir, I fight only with gentlemen of my own position." Perley hurried off to Terry and repeated Broderick's slighting remarks. The spark did not need fanning. It was already alight. The Judge wrote a letter of inquiry, to which Broderick returned the following reply:

"FRIDAY EVENING, September 9, 1859.

"Hon. D. S. TERRY: Yours of this date has been received. The remarks made by me were occasioned by certain offensive allusions of yours concerning me, made in the Convention at Sacramento, and reported in the *Union* of the 25th of June. Upon the topic alluded to in your note of this date, my language, so far as my recollection serves me, was as follows: 'During Judge Terry's incarceration by the Vigilance Committee I paid two hundred dollars a week to support a newspaper in his [your] defence. I have also stated heretofore that I considered him [Judge Terry] the only honest man on the Supreme bench. But I take it all back.' You are the proper judge as to whether this language affords good ground for offence.

"I remain, etc., D. C. BRODERICK."

Judge Terry considered the Senator's remarks "fighting talk," and there was a resort to the code. Calhoun Benham (now practising law in San Francisco), S. H.

Brooks (State Comptroller at the time), and Thomas Hayes attended to his interests, and Joseph C. McKibben, David D. Colton, and Leonidas Haskell acted for Senator Broderick. As to the niceties of affairs of honor, the gentlemen who assisted Terry were much superior to Broderick's friends. McKibben was a Congressman, and probably had never before participated in a formal duel. D. D. Colton (now dead) had been sheriff of Siskiyou and the hero of many rough-and-tumble fights incident to his office in those lawless days. Haskell was an every-day man, who dabbled in politics without neglecting his business. Benham, Brooks, and Hayes, on the contrary, had figured repeatedly on the field, the latter as principal on one or two occasions. Mr. Broderick was somewhat surprised at the action of Mr. Hayes. They had been warm political friends in New York, and measurably so in California. Both were of Irish extraction.

A meeting had been arranged for the 12th of September, at sunrise, near the boundary-lines of San Mateo and San Francisco counties. The principals and their friends were all on the ground, when the chief of police, Martin J. Burke, placed them under arrest. They were brought before Police Justice H. P. Coon, and discharged on the ground that there had been no actual misdemeanor.

John A. McGlynn, a brother of a well-known Roman Catholic clergyman in New York; Andrew J. Butler, a brother of General B. F. Butler; and other friends of Broderick, had tried to dissuade him from fighting. He had listened to all their arguments, and had replied that his mind was made up—the duel could not be avoided with honor. He was quiet and composed, but inflexible.

It was thought that the arrest would stop further proceedings, but the principals were determined to have it out. The fact that a second meeting was to take place on the following morning was whispered to a few reporters under a promise of secrecy, and at midnight several vehicles left the city and drove toward the Laguna de la Merced, about ten or twelve miles from the city. Here the fight was to

take place. It was cold, and the drivers frequently lost their way in the darkness. The breeze from the ocean cut like a knife. As day broke a buggy was descried a short distance ahead, occupied, as we learned on overtaking it, by Henry Fritz, a confidential friend of Broderick. Notwithstanding his excessive corpulence, Fritz was blue with cold, and his teeth rattled like castanets. Another buggy, containing Dr. Hammond, Judge Terry's surgeon, was driven out of a small cañon. "All right," was the general exclamation; "we are on the track now." The doctor and Fritz laughed in concert. "We thought to throw you newspaper people off the scent," said the doctor, "but we find it is no use." Other carriages were seen coming from different directions and skirting the lake. They all drew up at a rail fence which marked the boundaries of a milk-ranch owned by one Davis, who rubbed his eyes in sleepy astonishment at such an irruption of visitors. There was not much conversation. One or two remarks were made, and a partisan of Terry's audibly whispered that Broderick might be carried dead from the field. Everybody seemed to feel that to one man, at least, that beautiful day was to be a day of death. Vaulting over the fence, the party went up a valley the centre of which had been selected as the scene of the encounter. Mr. Broderick had slept at the Lake House, near by, and with his friends was early on the ground. Judge Terry and his friends were also prompt. About eighty spectators were present.

The seconds held a conference, and the pistols were examined and loaded. Judge Terry won the choice of weapons by the toss of a half-dollar. Mr. Hayes marked off the prescribed distance, ten paces, and warned spectators to get out of the line of fire. Meantime the respective seconds were busied about their principals. The Terry party were cool and collected, as became old hands at the business. Mr. Broderick's friends were apparently nervous and hesitating. One incident was not calculated to put the Senator in good heart. Mr. Haskell partly untied the Senator's cravat, and then walked off a few paces, wringing

his hands as though overcome by his feelings. He then returned and removed the neckerchief.

Broderick was dressed in a long black surtout, and wore a soft wool hat drawn down over his brow. Terry was similarly attired. When the principals were placed, the punctilios of the code were observed. Calhoun Benham, Terry's chief second, approached Mr. Broderick, and passed his hands closely over his sides and chest, searching for concealed mail. Mr. McKibben made a similar examination of Terry, but he only touched his fingers to his waistcoat, bowed and withdrew. It has been thought that Mr. Benham's action irritated the Senator and impaired his poise. Before this Mr. Broderick had taken some coins from his vest-pocket and passed them to Mr. McKibben. Terry gave his loose change to Benham, who scattered it contemptuously on the sward. All things being in readiness, the pistols were cocked and the hair-triggers set by the seconds. They were then delivered to the combatants. It was observed at this time that Mr. Broderick appeared nervous and ill at ease. He repeatedly twitched the skirts of his surtout, as though they were in his way. He was also somewhat out of position, and Mr. McKibben corrected him. Broderick closely measured with his eye the ground between himself and Terry. Benham read the conditions of the meeting, and Mr. Colton followed with instructions as to the firing. He had won the word. Broderick was still nervous, but Terry stood firm and erect, a silhouette against the early morning light. The men held their weapons muzzle downward. A moment of painful silence ensued.

"Gentlemen," said Mr. Colton, in a clear voice, "are you ready?" Both replied, but Broderick delayed a few seconds. He then said, "I am ready."

"Fire! One—" There was a report from the Senator's pistol. It was answered in a second by Terry's weapon. Broderick's pistol was discharged before he brought it to a level. This was probably caused by the fineness of the hair-trigger and his want of familiarity with that particular weapon. The bullet buried itself in the ground, two thirds

of the distance between himself and his antagonist. It was a splendid line-shot, fallen short of its mark. Broderick had the reputation of being an expert with the pistol, and this result surprised those who knew his skill. With the crack of Terry's weapon Broderick winced, turned half round, and then made an effort to recover himself. "Hard hit," his friends murmured. These words were proved by his unavailing efforts to maintain an upright position. He drooped until finally he fell prone on the ground, with his pale face toward the sky. He was hard hit.

Juggling in the choice of weapons was openly charged in the newspapers. Bernard Lagoards, the armorer, a Frenchman, loaded Mr. Broderick's pistol, and Mr. Brooks charged the one intended for Judge Terry. The Judge had won the choice, and had chosen a weapon owned by R. Beard, a friend of Dr. Aylette, physician of the Insane Asylum at Stockton. They had been in the Doctor's possession two years. The armorer said that there was a difference in the pistols; that used by Senator Broderick carried the lightest bullet. He suggested that the usual mode in choosing weapons was to select those with which both parties were unfamiliar. He asked McKibben why he did not force his principal to use his (the armorer's) pistols. McKibben replied that Terry had won the choice, and the pistols were brought by his seconds. The armorer had never seen the pistols before, but maintained, in the presence of the seconds, that they were too light. He said that they could be discharged by a jar or jerk, and even went so far as to say that their hair-triggers might be so finely set that the breath of a strong-lunged man would discharge them.

The wounded Senator lay on the sward, with his head supported by his seconds, Colton and Haskell. His surgeon, Dr. Von Loehr, was nervous, and seemed uncertain how to act, and incapable of taking prompt measures. Mr. Broderick's life was ebbing away, and his face was pallid. Mr. Brooks, one of Terry's seconds, advanced, and, on behalf of his principal, tendered the services of his surgeon, Dr. Hammond.

"Yes, for God's sake," exclaimed McKibben, who was greatly excited, "send some one here, or Mr. Broderick will die where he lies!"

Dr. Hammond then came to Dr. Loehr's assistance, and cut away the wounded man's clothing, exposing his chest and the wound. It was a sorry sight. With every breath arterial blood spurted from the wound in bright jets and stained the fair skin. The group surrounding the fallen man shuddered. Strength of constitution, fortified by abstemious habits, might enable him to hold death off for a short time, but the brightness of the blood told that he was doomed. The ball entered the right breast between the second and third ribs, passing under the sternum, fracturing the edge, and then took a course over the heart, through the upper lobe of the left lung, striking the fifth rib on the left side, and proceeding upward, passed through the left armpit. Its tortuous course was remarkable, and the rending of the vitals must have been terrible. No wonder the Senator was unable to maintain an erect position for a second shot, and no wonder that he sank nerveless to the earth.

"Baker," said he, on his dying bed, to his fast friend, the orator, soldier, and statesman,—and they were the last words he spoke to him,—"Baker, I tried to stand firm when I was struck; but I could not. The blow blinded me."

As soon as Broderick fell, Davis, the owner of the ranch, who had been silently regarding the proceedings, started to his feet and shouted, "That is murder, by God!" He moved toward Terry, as though intending to assault him. He was intercepted by bystanders, who said that it was folly to provoke additional bloodshed. Davis brushed them aside, exclaiming, "I am Broderick's friend; I am not going to see him killed in that way. If you are men, you will join me in avenging his death."

"We know you are Mr. Broderick's friend, but we know as well that if you attack Terry there will be a general fight, and but few will get off this ground alive. Think a moment before you do this thing."

Luckily, this scene was not witnessed, nor the remarks overheard, by any of the Terry partisans, else there would have been a bloody conflict, whether their leader had been attacked or not. The milkman was quieted and sat himself down, breathing threatenings of slaughter.

Terry remained in his place. His arms were folded, and the muzzle of a pistol projected behind him. He stood erect, with face raised and an inquiring look, as though awaiting a demand for a second shot. His coolness and nerve were shown in the remark just after he delivered the fire: "The shot is not mortal; I have struck two inches to the right." Others say his words were, "Ah! I struck him a little too high."

Being assured of the helpless condition of his antagonist, he moved toward the carriages with his friends and then drove hastily to the city. He went to Stockton, where he owned a ranch, and quietly awaited events. Here he was arrested on the 23d of September by two San Francisco police officers, brought to the city, and put under ten thousand dollars bonds.

Mr. Broderick was removed from the ground three quarters of an hour after he was shot, placed on a mattress in a spring wagon, and taken to the residence of his friend Leonidas Haskell, at Black Point. He lingered in great pain until Friday, September 16, and expired at 9.20 in the morning. He did not speak much during his suffering. From his rent and torn breast no breath came without exertion. Words were agony. He felt, to use his own expression, as though a thousand-pound weight was pressing on his chest. But he did utter a sentiment which had great significance a few years after his death. "They have killed me," he said, "because I was opposed to slavery and a corrupt administration."

The death-bed scene was deeply affecting. The viaticum had been given by the priest, Father Maraschi. Around the couch, which had been drawn into the centre of the room, weeping friends were grouped—those who had honored and loved him in life, and were now assembled to witness,

through their tears, the exit of that great soul that had won men and controlled councils. There were present Mr. and Mrs. Haskell, the Misses McDougall, Miss Cook, Colonel Edward D. Baker, ex-Governor McDougall, Hon. J. C. McKibben, General Colton, Hon. John Conness, Colonel A. J. Butler, John A. McGlynn, Elliott J. Moore, Herman Wohler, Moses Flannagan, and many others, prominent in social and political life, whom he had "grappled to his heart with hooks of steel." Governor McDougall stepped forward and closed the eyes that had looked their last.

Editors wrangled over the dead in a way that led to the belief that a feeling of self-interest had mingled with their sorrow. The *Times*, edited by C. A. Washburne, brother of E. B. Washburne, seemed to say, "See how much greater is my grief for the dead Senator than yours." Many expressions never uttered were credited to Broderick. Washburne was working in the interests of the Republican Party. The *Alta* and *Call* mourned without stint, while the *Bulletin* lost sight of individuals in considering the superior question of the *morale* of duelling. The *Herald* (Lecompton) had no tears for the fallen. It criticised only the mode of the killing, and patted Terry on the back. One of its articles brought out this reply:

"In the *Herald* this morning we are reported as saying, 'And if there was any advantage on either side it was surely with Mr. Broderick.' We have not made this statement, nor, at the same time, have we imputed any unfairness to Judge Terry or his seconds. Further, we have passed no judgment on the press and its peculiar views as to the unfortunate affair, our duty being simply to correct statements emanating either from the friends of Mr. Broderick or Mr. Terry not warranted by the facts. This we have done in all cases. The *Herald* of this morning contains the most serious misstatement we have yet seen. Mr. Broderick had *not* the choice of weapons, nor were his friends aware, until the publication of the *Herald*, that one weapon was easier on

the trigger than the other. Had we believed there was any unfairness there could have been no meeting.

"JOS. C. MCKIBBEN,
"DAVID D. COLTON.

"SAN FRANCISCO, September 16, 1859."

From the time that Broderick was wounded the whole city was in mourning. Every consideration was subordinate to anxiety as to his condition. His death was a public calamity. The remains were brought to the Union Hotel, corner of Kearny and Merchant streets, where they lay in state amid pyramids of flowers until Sunday, the 18th. Crowds of citizens awaited the body. Among others an old man walked up to the coffin, with hands crossed over his chest, whispering a prayer. He touched the forehead of the dead, and murmured, "God bless you! Your soul's in heaven! God bless you! California has this day lost her noblest son."

Then, reverently crossing himself, he walked slowly away. The incident is cited as an example of Broderick's peculiar power in creating a following aside from those who looked to him for patronage. This magnetic power was the bed-rock of his political strength. He inspired affection other than that of mere gratitude.

The funeral took place at half-past one o'clock on Sunday afternoon. Before the procession moved, Colonel Edward D. Baker took a conspicuous place on the plaza, known as Portsmouth Square, opposite the hotel, and in the presence of a concourse that embraced nearly the entire adult popu-ulation of the city pronounced a funeral oration. The beauty and magnificence of this tribute to a dead friend are historical. The orator's voice was heard far and wide, and those who crowded the streets leading to the plaza, for blocks away, caught his words distinctly. The peroration was as follows:

"But the last words must be spoken, and the imperious mandate of death must be fulfilled. O brave heart, we

bear thee to thy rest; thus surrounded by tens of thousands we leave thee to the equal grave. As in life no other voice among us so rang its trumpet-blast upon the ear of freedom, so in death its echoes will reverberate amid our mountains and our valleys until truth and valor cease to appeal to the human heart.

"The earth may ring from shore to shore
With echoes of a glorious name,
But he whose loss our tears deplore
Has left behind him more than fame.
For when the death-frost came to lie
Upon his warm and mighty heart,
And quenched his bold and friendly eye,
His spirit did not all depart.
His love of truth, too warm, too strong
For hope or fear to chain or chill;
His hate of tyranny and wrong,
Burn in the hearts he kindled, still.

"Good friend! True heart! Hail and farewell!"

The San Francisco *Evening Bulletin* contained the following in its issue of September 17, 1859:

The following statement is from Mr. Perley, detailing the difficulty that occurred between Senator Broderick and himself, at the International Hotel, which directly was the cause of the fatal duel:

"I was sitting at the breakfast-table of the International Hotel, directly by the side of Mrs. Colonel James. Her husband sat on the other side of her. Directly opposite sat Selover and Broderick. I spoke to both politely and took my seat, and then commenced a conversation with Mrs. James. Broderick then addressed himself to me as follows 'Your friend Terry has been abusing me at Sacramento.'

"I said, 'What is it, Mr. Broderick?'

"He replied: 'The miserable wretch, after being kicked out of the convention, went down there and made a speech abusing me. I have defended him at all times when all

others deserted him. I paid and supported three newspapers to defend him during the Vigilance Committee days, and this is all the gratitude I get from the d—d miserable wretch for the favors I have conferred on him. I have hitherto spoken of him as an honest man—as the only honest man of a miserable, corrupt Supreme Court—but now I find I was mistaken. I take it all back.'

"I then spoke as follows: 'Who is it you speak of as a wretch?'

"He said, 'Terry.'

"I said, 'I will inform the Judge of the language you have used concerning him.'

"He said, 'Do so; I wish you to do so. I am responsible for it.'

"I then said, 'You would not dare to use this language to him.'

"He sneered at this, and echoed me—'Would not dare!'

"I replied, 'No, sir, you would not dare to do it, and you shall not use it to me concerning him. I shall hold you personally responsible for the language you have used.'"

Mr. Perley mentions Mr. Selover as having been present on the occasion, and we submitted the above statement to him, with the request that he would correct anything in it according to his memory of the occurrence. Mr. Selover stated that the whole language used by Mr. Broderick was in an undertone of voice, he—Broderick—with his body across a narrow table in the direction of Perley. "Mrs. Selover, who sat on my right, did not hear what Mr. Broderick said on the occasion. Mr. Broderick had but a few moments before read in the Sacramento *Union* Judge Terry's offensive remarks in the convention. When Mr. Perley retired from the table I expressed my regret at what had occurred, to which Mr. Broderick replied that he was provoked into it by the remarks of Judge Terry upon him." Selover says: "I have been induced to make this statement only by the fact that Judge Terry's friends have gone beyond the record, which is shown by the correspondence previous to the duel to have contained all the language

Judge Terry had to take offence at. Statements having been subsequently made that Mr. Broderick had used violent language in the presence of ladies, and I being a more intimate personal friend of his than Colonel James, who sat directly opposite to me at the table, the latter gentleman was requested to make a statement of what occurred, which was done." Major Selover also said in his statement that he had no recollection of the word "damned" being used on that occasion, as he sat directly opposite, and, had it been used, he must have heard it.

In the *Democratic Standard* (Sacramento, September 16, 1859) appeared the following correspondence, which preceded the duel between Mr. Broderick and Judge Terry:

To the Public.

As the recent hostile meeting between Messrs. Broderick and Terry has attracted much public attention, and has been the subject already of many misstatements in the newspapers, it is deemed necessary to publish the correspondence between those gentlemen. The papers are in their chronological order.

CALHOUN BENHAM,
THOMAS HAYES.

Terry to Broderick.

OAKLAND, Sept. 8, 1859.

Hon. David C. Broderick.

SIR: Some two months ago, at the public table of the International Hotel, in San Francisco, you saw fit to indulge in certain remarks concerning me which were offensive in their nature. Before I heard of the circumstances, your note of the 29th of June, addressed to D. W. Perley, in which you declared that you would not respond to any call of a personal character during the political canvass just concluded, had been published. I have, therefore, not been permitted to take any notice of those remarks until the expiration of the limit fixed by yourself. I now take the earli-

est opportunity to require of you a retraction of those remarks. The note will be handed to you by my friend Calhoun Benham, Esq., who is acquainted with its contents, and will receive your reply.

[Signed] D. S. TERRY.

Benham to Broderick.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 8, 1859.

Hon. David C. Broderick.

SIR: Should you have occasion to communicate sooner than the time agreed upon between us, I will be found at the Metropolitan Hotel. I omitted to leave my address this morning.

Very respectfully your obedient servant,

[Signed] CALHOUN BENHAM.

Broderick to Terry.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 9, 1859.

Hon. D. S. Terry.

SIR: Your note of September 8 reached me through the hands of Calhoun Benham, Esq. The remarks made by me in the conversation referred to may be the subject of future misrepresentation, and, for obvious reasons, I have to desire you to state what the remarks were that you designate in your note as offensive and of which you require from me a retraction. I remain, etc.,

[Signed] D. C. BRODERICK.

Terry to Broderick.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 9, 1859.

Hon. D. C. Broderick.

SIR: In reply to your note of this date I have to say that the offensive remarks which I alluded to in my communication of yesterday are as follows: "I have heretofore considered and spoken of him [myself] as the only honest man on the Supreme Court bench, but I now take it all back"—thus, by implication, reflecting on my personal and official integrity. This is the substance of your remarks, as re-

ported to me. The precise terms, however, in which such an implication was conveyed are not important to the question. You yourself can best remember the terms in which you spoke of me on the occasion referred to. What I require is the retraction of any words which were used calculated to reflect on my character as an officer or a gentleman.

I remain your obedient servant,

[Signed] D. S. TERRY.

Broderick to Terry.

FRIDAY EVENING, Sept. 9, 1859.

Hon. D. S. Terry.

SIR: Yours of this date has been received. The remarks made by me were occasioned by certain offensive allusions of yours concerning me made in the convention at Sacramento and reported in the *Union* of June 25. Upon the topic alluded to in your note of this date, my language, so far as my recollection serves me, was as follows:

"During Judge Terry's incarceration by the Vigilance Committee I paid two hundred dollars a week to support a newspaper in his [your] defence. I have also stated, heretofore, that I considered him [Judge Terry] the only honest man on the Supreme bench; but I take it all back."

You are the proper judge as to whether this language affords good ground for offence. I remain, etc.,

[Signed] D. C. BRODERICK.

Terry to Broderick.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 10, 1859.

Hon. D. C. Broderick.

SIR: Some months ago you used language concerning me offensive in its nature. I waited the lapse of a period of time fixed by yourself before I asked reparation therefor at your hands. You replied, asking a specification of the language used which I regarded as offensive. In another letter I gave you the specification, and reiterated my demands for retraction. To this last letter you reply,

acknowledging the use of the offensive language imputed to you, and not making the retraction required.

This course on your part leaves me no alternative but to demand the satisfaction usual among gentlemen, which I accordingly do.

Mr. Benham will make the necessary arrangements.

Your obedient servant,

[Signed] D. S. TERRY.

Broderick to Terry.

SAN FRANCISCO, Sept. 10, 1859.

Hon. D. S. Terry.

SIR: Your note of the above date has been received—at one o'clock A.M., September 10. In response to the same, I will refer you to my friend Hon. J. C. McKibben, who will make the satisfactory arrangements demanded in your letter.

I remain, etc.,

[Signed] D. C. BRODERICK.

Terms of the Duel.

(Time—Saturday morning, about one o'clock.)

1. Principals to be attended by two seconds and a surgeon each; also by a person to load the weapons. This article not to exclude the drivers of the vehicles. If other parties obtrude, the time and place may be changed at the instance of either party.

2. Place of meeting—On the farm adjoining the Lake House ranch (Laguna Merced) occupied by William Higgins.

3. Weapons—Duelling-pistols.

4. Distance—Ten paces; parties facing each other; pistols to be held with the muzzle vertically downward.

5. Word to be given as follows, to wit: "Gentlemen, are you ready?" Upon each party replying "Ready," the word "fire" shall be given, to be followed by the words "One—two;" neither party to raise his pistol before the word "fire," nor to discharge it after the word "two." Intervals between the words "fire," "one," "two," to be

exemplified by the party winning the word, as near as may be.

6. Weapons to be loaded on the ground in the presence of a second of each party.

7. Choice of position and the giving of the word to be determined by chance—throwing a coin, as usual.

8. Choice of the two weapons to be determined by chance, as in article 7.

9. Choice of the respective weapons of parties to be determined on the ground, by throwing up a coin, as usual —that is to say, each party bringing their pistols, and the pair to be used to be determined by chance as in article 7.

On the part of Judge Terry it was protested against the word being stopped short of the word "three," as unusual and unwarrantable. Mr. Broderick's seconds answered the protest in regard to the parties being restrained by the word "two," that it is neither unusual nor unwarrantable, and has the feature of humanity.

CHAPTER XXII.

NOTED AMERICAN DUELS—Concluded.

The Fatal Meeting between Johnston and Furgeson—The Kewen-Woodleif Affair—The Fate of the Survivor—Hubert and Hunt—The Latter Mortally Wounded at the Second Fire—Nugent and Jones—Thomas and Dixon—Shaffer and Wethered—Revolvers, Rifles, and Double-Barrelled Shotguns the Favorite Weapons with the Californians—Truett and Smith—Woodcock and Blackburn—Tobey and Crane—Lundy and Dibble—Hawkins and Dowdigan—Dubert and Ellesler—Wright and Evans—Hopkins and Taylor—Leggett and Morrison—Hacker and Londen—May and Rowe—Peachy and Blair—Brazer and Park—Pinckney and Smith—Kelley and Spear—Wright and Baird; and Others.

Duels were frequent in California from 1850 until 1859, and very frequent from 1851 until 1854. The most notable fatal event—next to the Broderick-Terry affair—was the meeting between George Pendleton Johnston and William I. Furgeson, which took place with pistols, on Angel Island (San Francisco Bay), August 21, 1858, and in which Mr. Furgeson received a mortal wound. Mr. Johnston having died lately, a number of accounts of the unfortunate affair have been published, the following being from the San Francisco *Morning Call:*

On Friday last, the body of George Pendleton Johnston was laid away by his sorrowing friends for its final rest. With him disappeared one link connecting the old school of

journalism with the new. Allusion has been made during the past week, in all the newspapers of this city, to his duel with State Senator William I. Furgeson. This was the great controlling event of his career, and is therefore deserving of more than the passing mention it has received. Its influence on his life and character never ceased or abated until his eyes were closed in death. He was a changed man ever after, and the shadow of that tragic event was to his soul like that typified by Poe's mystic "Raven;" the "midnight dark and dreary" of its coming was to him the fatal anniversary of the duel, when the shadow invariably deepened on his brooding heart. He was a Kentuckian, born and reared among a people whose traditions and sentiments not only accepted the *duello*, but exalted it as the tribunal of honor; and, while he would probably always have justified to his fellow-men the slaying of any one under its rules, his humane, generous heart could never let him rest in entire peace with himself under the knowledge that a human being had died through act of his. All his surroundings, as well as his antecedents, led him to the duel. He was not only born and reared in a State where "the code" was maintained and justified, but he emigrated to one where it was even more resorted to for the settlement of differences. The *duello* was never more popular anywhere, probably, in the decade from 1849 to 1859 than in California. . . . So many people had fallen or been injured that about 1856 the practice of duelling fell into disfavor and disuse. The Johnston-Furgeson affair gave it a new impetus, which culminated in the killing in 1859 of David C. Broderick by David S. Terry, who resigned the Chief-Justiceship of the State Supreme Court to engage in this famous duel. The parties to the first of these two affairs were both prominent men, and the part each had taken in the exciting political events of the three preceding years had made them widely known. Johnston had been a member of the Assembly, where he had taken a prominent part, among other things of *introducing and pushing to passage an anti-duelling act*, to give force and effect to the constitutional provision on that subject.

He was an ardent supporter of Dr. Gwin for the United States Senatorship, and opposed to the pretensions of Broderick, engaging in that contest with all his ardor and oratorical ability, which was considerable. In addition, he had rendered his decision as United States Court Commissioner in the celebrated case of the negro Archie, which created much feeling for its bearing on the question of slavery—the more by reason of its being a ruling by a Southern man in favor of the negro under one application of the fugitive-slave law; and finally he was Clerk of the United States Circuit Court in San Francisco. Furgeson was a remarkable man, then in the prime of life and the full flush of his splendid talents. The son of a carpenter, born in Pennsylvania, he removed to Springfield, Illinois, where he studied law under Colonel E. D. Baker, and rose to a level at the bar with such associates as Abraham Lincoln, David S. Logan, Baker, and others of that calibre; thence removing to Texas, and finally to Sacramento, in this State, where he took and maintained his position among the brightest men at the bar, excelling especially in the department of criminal law. Possessed of great ambition, a brilliant genius, one of the most eloquent and fascinating orators California has ever held in citizenship, he entered politics, and soon became one of the most conspicuous characters in public life here. Elected to the State Senate on the Know-Nothing ticket, he was in a sense a candidate for the United States Senate in the exciting session of 1855–6, but finally supported General Henry S. Foote, father of our present Railroad Commissioner of that name, upon the General's receiving the caucus nomination of the party. When the defection of Wilson Flint, one of the hold-over Senators from San Francisco, who disregarded his party obligations and refused to vote for General Foote, prevented the latter's election and enabled Broderick to carry off at the next session the prize for which he struggled so long, only to find it a disappointing bauble when gained, Furgeson distinguished himself by the force of the withering invective with which he denounced the "recreant." Then Furgeson became more prominent by

renouncing the Know-Nothing Party, his constituents demanding his resignation, and his successful canvass for a re-election at the next polling, and lastly, by a remarkably able speech on squatter sovereignty shortly before his death, when he followed the Douglas wing of the Democratic Party in the disastrous spirit of that time. Furgeson had one unfortunate frailty to which genius is often linked. Like many brilliant men of that as of all other times, he was addicted to strong drink. In his convivial hours—or days—he was hilarious to a point quite inconsistent with the dignity of the senatorial character, even drunken senatorial dignity, as understood here a quarter of a century ago, and some of his roystering performances had gained for him the nickname of "Yip-see-Doodle." During the senatorial contest above mentioned, General Foote was thrown into such a transport of rage by a taunting mention of "Yip-see-Doodle," on the part of Colonel A. J. Butler, that he seized his tormentor, a man twice as large as he, by the collar in a ludicrous effort to shake him. One evening about the middle of August, 1858, Johnston and Furgeson met in the old Bank Exchange saloon on Montgomery Street. A joke by Furgeson, in which the names of ladies, friends of Johnston, were ludicrously introduced, was resented by the latter. High words ensued and weapons were drawn. Friends present interfered and they were parted. Johnston, who believed himself insulted, sent his friend W. P. Dameron to Furgeson the next day to demand an apology or satisfaction in the regular way of the *duello*. Furgeson refused the apology, was challenged, and accepted. It was first arranged that they should meet near Saucelito, but this was modified, and at five o'clock on Saturday afternoon, August 21, they stood facing each other in hostile attitude in a secluded glen on the east side of Angel Island, near where the quarry now is. Every traveller on the ferry between this city and San Quentin Point has seen the spot. Washington and Damerom were the seconds of Johnston; Eugene L. Sullivan and J. M. Estill of Furgeson. Drs. Hitchcock, Angel, and White were in professional attendance, and besides

these there were quite a number of spectators. The principals stood ten paces apart, resolutely waiting the word, which was in the usual form: "Are you ready? Fire! One —two—three. Stop!" After the interrogatory, both men answered firmly and exchanged shots at the word. Neither was harmed, and by mutual consent the distance was lessened. Again they fired without injury to either. The distance was again shortened, and a third time they fired ineffectually. At the beginning it was agreed that this should be the limit of the encounter, but Johnston insisted on an apology or a continuation of the fight. Furgeson was firm in refusing any sort of apology, and again the men faced each other, this time but twenty feet apart. The word was given; they fired simultaneously. Johnston's wrist was grazed, and Furgeson sank into the arms of his seconds, his right thigh shattered by the bullet of his adversary. While he was lying on the ground, undergoing surgical examination, Johnston expressed a wish to give him his hand before quitting the ground. Furgeson faintly replied that he was in the hands of his seconds. Upon their assenting, Johnston advanced and, grasping the hand of his prostrate opponent, said warmly, "Uncle Furg, I'm sorry for you." "That's all right," whispered Furgeson; whereupon Johnson remarked, "That's enough said between gentlemen," and left the ground with his friends. Furgeson was removed to this city, where he was attended by half a dozen or more of the best surgeons here, including Drs. Sawyer, Grey, Coit, Angel, and Bowie. They advised him from the first that his wound was a serious one; that with prompt amputation of the limb there were fair chances of his recovery, but without it a very slim chance. He replied that he would not part with his leg for the whole of California, and that he would take the solitary slim chance they intimated. He sank slowly; the wound began to mortify; and when finally, on September 14, the amputation of the leg was attempted, he died under the operation. His death created a profound feeling on this coast, for he was recognized as a man of remarkable talents and promise. The body was taken to

Sacramento for burial. A large delegation of prominent people from that city met it at Benicia and conducted it to the capital. It was laid in state in the Senate chamber, where, carrying out the dying request of his unfortunate young friend and pupil, Colonel E. D. Baker pronounced, in the presence of a great assemblage, the funeral oration, followed by an impressive sermon by Rev. J. A. Benton, of the Congregational Church. A great concourse followed the remains to the grave, and the people of Sacramento erected a handsome monument which yet marks the resting-place of their gifted but unfortunate Senator. Of course the sentiment was now largely in sympathy with Furgeson and against his slayer, and it was asserted that the duel was unfair because Furgeson knew nothing of the use of the pistol. Without expressing an opinion in regard to this, Colonel Baker mentioned it in his funeral oration, stating that Furgeson had never fired a pistol till the day before the duel. The reply to all this is simply that he, as the challenged party, named the weapons. Before the latter's death Johnston left the city on the U. S. revenue cutter *W. L. Marcy*, and it was said that he had run away to avoid responsibility for the duel; but upon being indicted by the San Francisco Grand Jury, under the anti-duelling act, *of which he was the author*, he came back to stand his trial. The Grand Jury of Marin County having also presented him for the same offence, he chose to meet his trial there, and surrendered to the authorities of that county. The trial took place before the Court of Sessions at San Rafael. The district-attorney prosecuted, and A. P. Crittenden, W. H. Patterson, E. L. Gould, and T. W. Hanson—all since deceased—defended. The defence was that the wound was not necessarily fatal, and that if Furgeson had consented to an operation when advised to he would have recovered. The medical testimony supported this theory, and the defence succeeded in securing an acquittal. The proceeding on the indictment in this county was dropped on the showing that the duel occurred in Marin County. So far as the law was concerned, Mr. Johnston was free from responsibility

for the affair. He acted on the principles of a mistaken if chivalrous "code," which was inbred and inculcated in him, and justified him to his fellow-men who believe in or bow to that code. Men of coarser or less noble mould would have rested easy and content with such justification, but his gentle, humane heart never threw off the shadow of the tragedy.

In 1854 occurred the fatal duel between Kewen and Woodleif, which has been described by a correspondent of the San Francisco *Evening Post*, as follows :

Achilles Kewen, brother of E. J. C. Kewen, of Los Angeles, and Colonel Woodleif, who had been County Judge of San Joaquin County, had a political dispute in the old Blue Wing saloon near Sather's Bank, in November, 1854. Both were Southern men, Kewen being of Irish parentage. Kewen struck Woodleif, but other parties quickly separated them. Kewen acknowledged that he had been too hasty, and he apologized. Woodleif refused to accept the apology. He had fought eight duels and had killed some of his men. He was educated and polished and well-to-do. Kewen then offered to place in Woodleif's hand an apology in writing. Woodleif refused to accept this. He challenged Kewen, and they met ten miles back of Oakland, November 8, 1854. At the first fire, which was with "Mississippi yagers," at forty paces, Woodleif was shot in the head and instantly killed. He was buried at San Francisco, in the clothes which he wore when shot, at his own request. He left a widow. Kewen went to Nicaragua with Walker, was taken prisoner in battle and put to death, in defiance of the laws of civilized warfare. E. J. C. Kewen was also with Walker, but escaped his brother's fate.

Another unfortunate affair was the duel between George T. Hunt, an Englishman, and Numa Hubert, a native of New Orleans, of French parentage.

Both were lawyers, without family, and arrived in San Francisco at an early day. They met, and in due time—or, rather, undue time—they quarrelled at the Metropolitan Theatre and clinched, but were quickly separated before the audience was disturbed. Next day Hunt received a challenge from Hubert, which he accepted, and the parties met at the old Pioneer Race Course, at seven o'clock on the morning of May 21, 1854. The weapons were duelling-pistols, distance ten paces. Two shots were exchanged, when Hubert fell, mortally wounded in the abdomen, and died at four o'clock the next morning.

In June, 1852, near San Francisco, William H. Jones and John S. Nugent met with pistols, and the former was wounded. In March, 1854, three miles from Sacramento, Philip F. Thomas, district-attorney of Placer County, and Dr. James P. Dixon, of the San Francisco Marine Hospital, met with duelling-pistols, at thirteen paces; and the latter was mortally wounded. In 1857, near San Francisco, Captain Frank Shaffer and James P. Withered, with double-barrelled shotguns, eighteen buckshot in each barrel, wheel and fire; no casualty; Governor Stoneman (then a lieutenant in the U. S. A.) was one of the seconds. In October, 1855, Austin E. Smith and H. B. Truett met near San Francisco, with Colt's revolvers, at ten paces, and Smith was hit in the leg; he was afterward killed in the Confederate army at Richmond. In 1852, at Marysville, William H. Woodcock and Charles J. Blackburn met with double-barrelled shotguns, at fifty paces, each barrel carrying eighteen buckshot, terms to fire between one and six; Blackburn was severely wounded at the first fire in the left arm, which was shattered and

broken near the shoulder, and also in the groin. In 1853, near San Francisco, Alfred Crane and Edward Tobey, with navy pistols, at ten paces; Crane, who was the challenged party, was shot through the body and died upon the following morning. In 1851, near San Francisco, E. B. Lundy (a Canadian) and George M. Dibble (formerly a midshipman in the U. S. A.), with pistols; the latter killed. In 1854, near Sacramento, Mr. Hawkins and Mr. Dowdigan, with rifles, at forty paces; the latter wounded in the arm. During the same year Dubert and Ellesler fought their extraordinary duel with broadswords, which lasted nearly an hour, at the end of which Ellesler was severely and Dubert mortally wounded—the latter dying in great agony the next morning.

In 1851, near the Sans Souci, F. R. Wright and H. D. Evans met and exchanged harmless shots, when the seconds effected a settlement. During the same year Messrs. Hopkins and Taylor (custom-house officers) met near Benicia with pistols, but were arrested and put under bonds to keep the peace. In 1852 William Leggett and John Morrison met near San Francisco with pistols, and Leggett was killed at the third fire. In 1854, David E. Hacker and J. S. Londen, the latter killed. In 1853, Edward Rowe and Colonel May, the former wounded in the neck. In 1852, A. C. Peachy and James Blain, with pistols; the latter wounded. In 1854, M. C. Brazer and J. W. Park; neither hit. In 1853, near San Francisco, William H. Scott and Peter Smith (a son of Judge Pinckney Smith of Mississippi), with pistols, at eighty paces; the latter killed at the second fire. In 1852 John Kelley and W. S. Spear fired at each other three times without effect.

In 1853, near San Francisco, C. J. Wright and Oliver T. Baird, with pistols; the latter wounded in the neck at the second fire. In 1854, near Los Angeles, H. P. Dorsey and R. Beveno, with pistols; both severely wounded.

One of the last duels (if not, indeed, the very last) fought in California was that between James R. Smedberg and F. W. Gardener, in August, 1869. It was fought in the morning, at Sansalito—a pretty place on the bay opposite San Francisco—with duelling-pistols; and Smedberg was wounded in the right hand at the second fire. Mr. Smedberg is a member of a very old and respectable family of New York, and Gardner is a son of a former Governor of Massachusetts. Both displayed great coolness on the field. Smedberg was attended by Stuart M. Taylor, and Gardner by Howard Crittenden.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BLOODLESS DUELS.

John Randolph and Henry Clay — General James Hamilton's Graphic Account of this Duel—Randolph's Death in Philadelphia—The Bloodless Duel between Congressmen Edward Stanly and Henry A. Wise—How Reverdy Johnson Lost his Eyesight—The Last Meeting at Bladensburg—The Stanly-Inge Duel — The Last Occasion on which Powder was Burnt on Account of Debates in Congress—Ch. Lee Jones's Account of the Affair—The Gwin-McCorkle Duel—Dumont and "Jim" Lane —Clingman and Yancey—Morgan and Henderson—Daniels and Ganahl—Davidson and Lindsay; and Others.

THE most distinguished meeting that has ever taken place in the United States in which there was no bloody mischief committed was that famous "affair of honor" between the illustrious Clay of Kentucky and Randolph of Virginia, which took place near Washington, on the Virginia shore of the Potomac, just above the Little Falls bridge, at four o'clock Saturday afternoon, April 8, 1826. Randolph was one of the best shots in Virginia; but, from being unaccustomed to fire with a hair-trigger, his pistol exploded before the word was given, the muzzle being down. On the word being given for the second time, Mr. Clay fired without effect, Mr. Randolph discharging his pistol in the air. As soon as Mr. Clay saw that Randolph had thrown away his fire, he approached the latter and said, with emotion:

"I trust in God, my dear sir, you are untouched. After what has occurred, I would not have harmed you for a thousand worlds."

The following is an account of the duel from the pen of General James Hamilton, of South Carolina, who was an eye-witness:

The night before Mr. Randolph sent for me, I found him calm, but in a singularly kind and confiding mood. He told me that he had something on his mind to tell me. He then remarked: "Hamilton, I have determined to receive, without returning, Clay's fire; nothing shall induce me to harm a hair of his head; I will not make his wife a widow, nor his children orphans. Their tears would be shed over his grave; but when the sod of Virginia rests on my bosom there is not one in this wide world, not one individual, to pay this tribute upon mine." His eyes filled; and, resting his head upon his hand, we remained some minutes silent. I replied: "My dear friend [for ours was a sort of posthumous friendship, bequeathed by our mothers], I deeply regret that you have mentioned the subject to me; for you call upon me to go to the field and see you shot down, or to assume the responsibility, in regard to your own life, in sustaining your determination to throw it away. But on this subject a man's own conscience and his own bosom are his best monitors. I will not advise; but, under the enormous and unprovoked personal insult you have offered Mr. Clay, I cannot dissuade. I feel bound, however, to communicate to Colonel Tatnall your decision."

He begged me not to do so, and said he was very much afraid that Tatnall would take the studs and refuse to go out with him. I, however, sought Colonel Tatnall, and we repaired about midnight to Mr. Randolph's lodgings, whom we found reading Milton's great poem. For some moments he did not permit us to say one word in relation to the approaching duel; and he at once commenced one of those delightful criticisms on a passage of this poet, in which he

was wont so enthusiastically to indulge. After a pause, Colonel Tatnall remarked: "Mr. Randolph, I am told you have determined not to return Mr. Clay's fire; I must say to you, my dear sir, if I am only to go out to see you shot down, you must find some other friend." Mr. Randolph remarked that such was his determination. After much conversation on the subject, I induced Colonel Tatnall to allow Mr. Randolph to take his own course, as his withdrawal as one of his friends might lead to very injurious misconstructions. At length, Mr. Randolph, smiling, said: "Well, Tatnall, I promise you one thing: if I see the devil in Clay's eye, and that, with malice prepense, he means to take my life, I may change my mind"—a remark I knew he made merely to propitiate the anxieties of his friend.

Mr. Clay and himself met at four o'clock the succeeding evening, on the banks of the Potomac. But he saw no "devil in Clay's eye," but a man fearless and expressing the mingled sensibility and firmness which belonged to the occasion.

I shall never forget this scene as long as I live. It has been my misfortune to witness several duels, but I never saw one, at least in its sequel, so deeply affecting. The sun was just setting behind the blue hills of Randolph's own Virginia. Here were two of the most extraordinary men our country in its prodigality had produced, about to meet in mortal combat. Whilst Tatnall was loading Randolph's pistol, I approached my friend, I believed, for the last time. I took his hand; there was not in its touch the quivering of one pulsation. He turned to me and said: "Clay is calm, but not vindictive; I hold my purpose, Hamilton, in any event; remember this."

On handing him his pistol, Colonel Tatnall sprung the hair-trigger. Mr. Randolph said, "Tatnall, although I am one of the best shots in Virginia with either pistol or gun, yet I never fire with a hair-trigger; besides, I have a thick buckskin glove on, which will destroy the delicacy of my touch, and the trigger may fly before I know where I am." But, from his great solicitude for his friend, Tatnall insisted

upon hairing the trigger. On taking their positions, the fact turned out as Mr. Randolph anticipated: his pistol went off before the word, with the muzzle down.

The moment this event took place, General Jesup, Mr. Clay's friend, called out that he would instantly leave the ground with his friend if that occurred again. Mr. Clay at once exclaimed that it was an accident, and begged that the gentleman might be allowed to go on. On the word being given, Mr. Clay fired without effect, Mr. Randolph discharging his pistol in the air.

The moment Mr. Clay saw that Mr. Randolph had thrown away his fire, with a gush of sensibility he instantly approached Mr. Randolph, and said, with an emotion I never can forget: "I trust in God, my dear sir, you are untouched. After what has occurred, I would not have harmed you for a thousand worlds."

In 1879 a member of the old régime contributed to the Washington *Sunday Herald* the following interesting account of the excitement at the National Capital on the day of the duel:

John Randolph seems to have had an innate dislike of the Kentuckians, Henry Clay included. He always regarded Kentucky as a sort of dependency on Virginia, and the people of the former State as an inferior race to those of the Old Dominion. Randolph was bred in the ways of the old school, when the overseer and the country storekeeper approached the great landholder hat in hand. The freedom and equality that prevailed in Kentucky were extremely distasteful to him. Although nominally a member of the same party with Mr. Clay when the latter entered Congress, he generally voted with the Federalists. His most intimate friends in Congress, James Lloyd, Timothy Pickering, and Josiah Quincy of Massachusetts, Gouverneur Morris and Rufus King of New York, were of the same party, as were his two most intimate friends in Virginia, John Wickham and Dr. Brockenbrough. His speeches against the War of

1812 were of Demosthenean eloquence and power, and were circulated by the Northern Federalists by thousands in their respective districts. Mr. Clay, as the champion of the war-party in the House, came in, of course, for his share of condemnation in these philippics.

In the year 1826 Mr. Clay was Secretary of State and Mr. Randolph a member of the Senate. In a speech in that body Randolph alluded to Clay's alliance with Adams as a union of the "black-leg and the Puritan" — "Blifil and Black George." Mr. Clay challenged him. What would be thought now if Mr. Evarts should challenge Mr. Bayard "for words spoken in debate"? Tatnall, of Georgia, and Hamilton, of South Carolina, were Mr. Randolph's seconds. When they called upon him the evening before the encounter to make the last arrangements they found him reading Milton; and he entered upon an essay on his genius, from which he could not be diverted until the hour was so late that very few words were said about the duel or anything else. Mr. Clay was accompanied to the field by General Jesup, U. S. A., a Kentuckian like himself, and by Dr. Huntt, the celebrated physician and surgeon. The duel was a bloodless one; but so long a time elapsed before the parties returned that Mr. Clay's friends were apprehensive that he had fallen. General Harrison (of Ohio) was a Senator at that time, and lived at Mrs. Clark's, on F Street, where Cammack's building now stands. Mr. Clay lived directly opposite, in the large house removed for the erection of the Corcoran building. Mr. Nicholas Callan, then eighteen years old, lived next door to Mr. Clay, and was accustomed, with his friend Hoban, to visit General Harrison every afternoon to direct speeches and documents. Mr. Callan states that the General was very agreeable in his intercourse with these young gentlemen, and that they became attached to him from his evident kindness of heart. [He had no idea then of being a cant didate for the Presidency.] One day, however, when they were engaged as usual, the General appeared dejected. He sat with head depressed and said nothing. At last he saw Mr. Clement Dorsey (M.C. from Maryland) passing by, when

he opened the window and called out, in his stentorian voice, "Dorsey! Dorsey!" Dorsey came up to the General's apartments, and was warmly welcomed. "Mr. Clay is dead!" said the General. "I hope not," said Dorsey, in his peculiar falsetto voice. "But," said the General, "he was to have returned by four o'clock, and it is now past five." Just then young Callan espied Mr. Clay on horseback, coming around the corner of Fifteenth Street, and announced his return to General Harrison. The General, who was in his dressing-gown, rushed downstairs bareheaded, and ran over to Mr. Clay, with skirts streaming in the wind, and affectionately embraced him as he dismounted from his horse. General Jesup passed soon afterward on his way to his house on F near Thirteenth Street, now the residence of his son-in-law, Colonel Sitgreaves. The duel was fought above Georgetown, and Randolph came on the field in a flannel dressing-gown, which was perforated by Clay's ball. Randolph fired in the air.

Not long before Randolph's death, in 1833, he passed through Washington on his way from Roanoke to New Castle to catch the Philadelphia packet for Liverpool. He drove an English chariot with four blooded horses of different colors; and, as he remarked to his friend, Governor Lloyd, in Baltimore, the next day: "Nothing but the blood of my nags brought me through." Juba was on the box, and Randolph reclined at full length inside. He was driven to the Senate Chamber, where he reposed on a sofa. Hearing Mr. Clay speak, he said: "Raise me up; I want to hear that voice once more." Then he mounted his chariot and went his way northward, but when he reached New Castle the *Algonquin* had passed down on her way to Liverpool, her royals still visible in the southeastern horizon as she bore gallantly down to the Capes. So Randolph went on to Philadelphia, where he died not long afterward at the Columbian Hotel, on Chestnut Street, and where most eloquent eulogies were pronounced over his bier by Horace Binney and John Sargent, the latter describing him "as Cicero eloquent, as Cato incorruptible."

After Mr. Randolph's death Mr. Clay told his friend Mr. Ogle Tayloe that "he had been warned many years ago to beware of Mr. Randolph; that he was bent on a duel, saying 'he preferred to be killed by Mr. Clay to any other death.'" For years, says Mr. Tayloe, Mr. Randolph sought a duel which Mr. Clay had averted until at last he thought it unavoidable.

In 1842 an "affair" in which there was no bloodshed took place (or nearly took place) between Hon. Edward Stanly, Congressman from North Carolina, and Hon. Henry A. Wise, Congressman from Virginia. These gentlemen had long belonged to the same political party, and had been warm personal and political friends. When President Tyler, by vetoing the United States Bank bill, left the Whigs and went over to the Democrats, he carried with him a very small party—about half a dozen from the Whig ranks—who acquired the cognomen of the "Corporal's Guard." Mr. Wise was one of the most prominent of this "Guard," and the former personal and political friendship that had existed between him and Mr. Stanly was changed into the most bitter personal and political enmity. Many were the personal altercations that took place on the floor of the House of Representatives, which ought (says Ch. Lee Jones in a letter to the New York *Sun*) under the code to have called for explanation from one or the other of those gentlemen; "but neither took the initiative, each alleging that the message ought to come from the other—a very erroneous conception on both sides of the requirements of the code of honor, which prescribes it as the duty of gentlemen, when language has mutually passed requiring notice, that there should be no haggling about who should send the

first message. These differences finally culminated on the race-course, near Washington. Both gentlemen were present on horseback. Mr. Stanly riding a hard-mouthed horse, in galloping by, accidentally brushed against Mr. Wise, which Mr. Wise mistook for an intentional affront, and riding up to Mr. Stanly struck him with his horsewhip. This, of course, brought matters to a final issue, and a challenge was sent by Mr. Stanly by the hands of Hon. Reverdy Johnson, and was accepted by Mr. Wise. But, while Mr. Johnson was preparing his principal for the field at a country-seat some three miles from Baltimore, in trying the pistols, he fired one at a tree, and the ball struck a dead and seasoned spot, rebounded, and struck him directly in the eye, knocking him down. The ball was afterward found, upon a surgical examination, under the eyelid, perfectly flattened; and while the eyeball was apparently uninjured, the sight was forever destroyed, although a casual observer would not have noticed the defect." Thirty years afterward, in the old age of Mr. Johnson, the sight of the other eye, through sympathy, became impaired, and that excellent and distinguished gentleman met his much regretted death from a misstep in consequence of his defective vision. This sad accident necessitated Mr. Stanly to procure another second; and in making this selection, he procured the services of John M. McCarty, familiarly known as Colonel Jack McCarty, who had the reputation of being a regular "fire-eater," from the desperate duel, fought in 1819 with muskets at a few feet distance, in which he killed his kinsman, Armistead T. Mason. But Colonel McCarty, notwithstanding his reputation as a "fire-eater," was one of the most genial and best-

hearted of men; and he, to his credit (says Mr. Jones), "succeeded in bringing about an honorable and amicable adjustment, notwithstanding the blow that had passed. A vulgar error had prevailed that a blow was a mortal insult, requiring blood. It is true that, under the old French code, such was the rule; but this notion had long since been exploded in England and in this country, and not the least censure ought to have rested on Mr. Stanly on account of the settlement of that affair, although many gentlemen at the time considered that Mr. Stanly had compromised his honor by not having insisted upon at least a meeting and an apology on the field or a shot."

A bloodless duel, and the last fought at Bladensburg, was that one in June, 1836, between the Hon. Jesse A. Bynum (of North Carolina) and Hon. Daniel Jenifer (of Maryland), in consequence of a misunderstanding in the House of Representatives, when, after six shots were exchanged without damage to either party, the affair was amicably adjusted. The Hon. Baillie Peyton (of Tennessee) and Hon. Francis W. Pickens (of South Carolina) were seconds of Mr. Jenifer, and the Hon. Edward A. Hannegan (of Indianna) and the Hon. H. A. Savier (of Arkansas) were the seconds of Mr. Bynum. It is extraordinary and incomprehensible (says Mr. Ch. Lee Jones of North Carolina) that gentlemen of the character of each of these seconds should have permitted so many shots to have been exchanged in a case growing out of language used in debate. A "British Code," published in 1824, lays down the rule that "three fires" should be the ultimatum in any case, as any further firing would reduce the duel to a conflict for blood, or subject the parties to ridicule for incapacity in

arms. And great was the ridicule attempted to be heaped on Messrs. Bynum and Jenifer by the journalists of the day on account of their bad shooting.

The last duel fought by Congressmen was the (bloodless) meeting between Hon. Samuel W. Inge (of Alabama) and Hon. Edward Stanly (of North Carolina), which took place near Washington on the 24th of February, 1851. This was the last occasion on which powder was burnt in the United States on account of debates in Congress. Hon. Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi (later President of the Southern Confederacy), was the second of Mr. Inge, and Colonel Ch. Lee Jones, a distinguished North Carolinian, attended Mr. Stanly. In a debate upon the River and Harbor bill, Mr. Bayly (of Virginia) had expressed the opinion that, in the appropriations proposed, the bill was "sectional," which statement Mr. Stanly had controverted. Mr. Inge submitted an amendment providing for the improvement of certain rivers in Alabama and Mississippi, and in some remarks which followed referred to the course of Mr. Stanly, and said: "If the South were to wait for that gentleman's warning she would sleep in eternal unconsciousness; she would sleep until every assault was perpetrated, and until her spoliation was complete. . . . It is not from him that I should expect admonition of danger to the South." This produced a personal discussion, which, as officially reported, was in these terms:

Mr. Stanly—I have a single word to say. I do not believe the gentleman from Alabama wants the appropriation which he asks; but has offered the amendment, under the rule, that he might make an unkind and unprovoked fling at me. I do not know what I have done to incur the gentleman's displeasure.

Mr. Inge—I merely stated facts and drew inferences.

Mr. Stanly—The gentleman said that the spoliation of the South could take place before she would hear a warning from me. The gentleman shows that he has little sense and less charity when he charges me with being unfriendly to the South. I repeat, I am unconscious of what unkindness I have done to provoke the gentleman.

Mr. Inge—I did not hear the gentleman. Will he be good enough to repeat what he said?

Mr. Stanly—I say you have little sense and less charity in charging me with unfriendliness to the South.

Mr. Inge—I say that that remark is ungentlemanly and unparliamentary, and comes from a blackguard.

Mr. Stanly—Mr. Chairman, he charges me with being a blackguard. He has just shown to the House and to the country that he is one.

The Chairman—Personalities are not in order.

Mr. Stanly—No; personalities are not in order. I am willing to let our conduct be judged of by the public; and let them estimate his character and mine. As to my friendship for the South, let the record and my conduct speak whether I have not more friendship for the South than those noisy traitors who impeach others and seek the applause of the grog-shops at cross-roads at home by their own professions of devotion, and by crying eternally, "There is danger, danger to the South!" Even those who voted with a majority of Southern members upon certain measures are uncharitably assailed. I regret I have been called on to say anything. I was unconscious of giving any provocation. The gentleman cast the first stone, and he will make the most of what I have said. I shall hereafter treat remarks from that quarter with the contempt they deserve.

Hon. William M. Gwin, United States Senator from California, and Hon. J. W. McCorkle, M.C. from the same State, met in California on the 1st of June, 1853, with rifles, at thirty paces, the combatants to wheel at

the word and fire, which the two gentlemen did three times without harming each other, when the affair was brought to a termination, the friends of the two gentlemen making the following statement:

After an exchange of three ineffectual shots between the Hon. William M. Gwin and Hon. J. W. McCorkle, the friends of the respective parties, having discovered that their principals were fighting under a misapprehension of facts, mutually explained to their respective principals in what the misapprehension consisted, whereupon Dr. Gwin promptly denied the cause of provocation referred to in Mr. McCorkle's letter of the 29th of May, and Mr. McCorkle withdrew his offensive language uttered on the race-course, and expressed regret at having used it.

[Signed] S. W. INGE,
F. STUART,
E. C. MARSHALL,
E. C. FITZHUGH,
GEO. P. JOHNSON,
A. P. CRITTENDEN.

June 1, 1853.

In 1851, in Indiana, Lieutenant-Governor J. H. Lane and Colonel Ebenezer Dumont met with pistols, but the former withdrew his challenge on the field. Senator Clingman (of North Carolina) and Congressman Yancey (of Alabama) once met near Washington and fired one shot at each other with pistols, when the seconds—Ch. Lee Jones for Clingman, and Congressman Huger (of South Carolina) for Yancey—adjusted the matter satisfactorily. In 1851, in Georgia, H. Morgan and W. Henderson fired at each other twice, when their seconds terminated the affair. In the same State, in 1852, a similar meeting and like result took place between Thomas Daniels and Charles Ganahl. In 1854, in Arkansas, Hon. A. H. Davidson and Colonel

W. M. Lindsay met with pistols, exchanged shots, and retired from the field friends. In 1868, in Maryland, General Lawrence (United States Minister to Costa Rica) and Baron Kusserow (of the Prussian Embassy) fired at each other with pistols, without effect.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE RAREST KIND OF BRAVERY.

Conspicuous Examples of Men who have been and are Too Brave to Accept Challenges to Fight Duels—A Courageous Frenchman—Alexander Skinner—Why Sam Houston Declined to Meet Judge Burnett—An Anecdote of Raleigh—Sumner and Harney—A Noble Interpretation of the Laws of Honor—Sir John Dalrymple and Lord Barrington—Lee's Challenge to Judge Drayton—Reply of the Eminent South Carolinian—Gunn's Challenges to Greene—Stanley and Johnston of the Navy—The Effect of Eloquence—A Modern Virginian of First-Family Blood who will not Fight in Duels, and Why—An Irish Veteran who Never Fought a Duel—An Instructive and Interesting Story—General Francis Marion's Courage—Morton McMichael's Treatment of a Challenge from James Cooper—A Challenge Poetically Declined.

We can readily understand the position of the challenged person during the days of what was termed the established "code of honor;" and can comprehend, in all its truthfulness and force, the declaration of Senator Henry Clay—that incomparable ornament to American statesmanship—when he admitted (while favoring a Senate bill against duelling in the District of Columbia) that "the man with a high sense of honor and nice sensibility, when the question is whether he shall fight or have the finger of scorn pointed at him, is unable to resist; and few, very few, are found willing to adopt such an alternative." But

there have lived many brave, chivalrous, and honorable men—among Americans, Englishmen, Irishmen, and Frenchmen in particular—who have presented exhibitions of that greatest of all kinds of courage—the courage to decline a challenge.

Some 550 years before Christ, the King of Assyria declined to settle a difficulty by single combat with the King of Persia. Cæsar once declined a challenge from Marc Antony. In 1195 Philip, King of France, took no notice of a cartel of defiance from John, King of England. In 1342 Edward the Third, of England, sent a challenge to Philip de Valois, King of France, which the latter declined. Sir Thomas Prendergast, an officer in the army of Queen Anne, was once challenged by a brother-officer named Pennant, and declined the invitation.

In 1589 the chivalric Earl of Essex challenged the Governor of Lisbon to meet him in a personal encounter, on horse or on foot. But that official treated Essex's cartel of defiance with silent contempt. In 1591 Essex challenged the Governor of Rouen to meet him, and decide by single combat which was the better man or which served the fairest mistress; but that functionary declined. In 1850 Sir Thomas Hastings, a British admiral, challenged Hon. Richard Cobden, M.P.; Mr. Cobden declined, however, and published the letter of challenge. In 1778 General Lafayette challenged the Earl of Carlisle, an English Commissioner to the United States; the Earl declined to give personal satisfaction for acts performed in the discharge of public duties. In 1853 the Earl of Mornington challenged the Earl of Shaftesbury for remarks made in the House of Lords. The latter, however, declared that, notwithstanding the impertinence

of the challenger, he spurned his letter of defiance, and would make no retraction; whereupon the bellicose Mornington subsided. In 1410 Henry the Fourth, of England, declined to meet the Scotch Duke of Rothsay in a personal encounter. In 1402 Henry declined a challenge from Louis, the Duke of Orleans, on the ground, so his majesty declared, that he knew "of no precedent which offered the example of a crowned king entering the lists to fight a duel with a subject, however high the rank of that subject might be." In 1196 Richard the First, of England, refused a like cartel of defiance from Philip the Second, of France. General Lemery, of New York, was challenged by Monsieur Angero, in 1852, and declined; partly on the ground that his official acts were not amenable on individual appeals for satisfaction, and partly because it would be a violation of his military rank, and also a violation of the law of the State of New York. On May 3, 1852, ex-Congressman John Barney, of Maryland, challenged Monsieur Sartiges, Minister of France to the United States, which the latter declined.

During 1867, in a debate in the French Legislature upon books for a public library, M. St. Beuve took occasion to vindicate the character of the creations of George Sand, Ernest Renan, and Pelletan, when he was violently interrupted by M. Lacaze, but pursued the even tenor of his course just as though no rudeness had been displayed. For this "offence" the celebrated French scholar and critic was challenged to mortal combat—not that he had actually insulted Monsieur Lacaze, but because he had, according to the latter's mercurial interpretation, "betrayed an intention to insult; and such design should be unmis-

takably considered as equivalent to the act"—which reminds one of the anecdote of the Teuton who had thrashed his child Hans, not because the youngster had been profane, but that he had *thought* "Gott tam." St. Beuve, however, declined to accept the challenge, but addressed to M. Lacaze an unimpassioned letter, setting forth his reasons for such action, in which he said that he preferred "not to accept that summary jurisprudence which consists in strangling a question and suppressing an individual at one and the same time. Our differences, sir, it seems to me, should be settled by free discussion; for my own part, I propose to at least reflect before proceeding further; for, if I mistake not, I shall break some laws which I have sworn to uphold and protect if I accede to your proposition. Besides, there is no gentleman among all my friends who understands properly the etiquette of duelling, which does not mean, sir, that they are the less men of honor, but that they have taken no degree of Doctor in Arms." Instead of acting the gentleman, upon receiving St. Beuve's excellent note, Lacaze raved and played the bully, and sent a second challenge, couched in furious terms, to which St. Beuve responded in less gentle but in no less dignified language. To use an Americanism, he "sat down" so ponderously upon "Sir Lucius O'Trigger" Lacaze, in expressing his absolute refusal to meet him in mortal combat, that the bellicose Gaul went off and "granulated."

On the 25th of March, 1854, after an unusually warm debate in Congress between Hon. John C. Breckinridge, of Kentucky, and Hon. Francis B. Cutting, of New York, a "correspondence" passed between the two gentlemen, but a hostile meeting was prevented

by the interposition of four courageous men—Colonel Hawkins and Hon. William Preston, of Kentucky, on the part of Breckinridge, and Senator Shields, of Illinois, and Colonel Monroe, of New York, for Mr. Cutting. On October 25, 1803, after an exciting debate in the United States Senate (the day before), Senator Dayton, of New Jersey, challenged Senator De Witt Clinton, of New York, who made a satisfactory explanation. In 1853 Hon. Richard H. Weightman, Delegate to Congress from New Mexico, received a challenge from Francis J. Thomas, and treated it with contempt. In 1681 Mr. Williams, Speaker of the House of Commons, declined to receive a challenge from Sir Robert Peyton.

Alexander Skinner, a surgeon in the Revolutionary army, from Maryland, who had killed one man in a duel, declined all challenges thereafter, on the ground, he said, that "killing a fellow-man does not become me, set apart as I am to take care of the sick and the wounded, and to do all in my power to prolong and not to destroy human life."

General Houston, after his meeting with General White, declined at least two, if not three or four, duels. He treated with indifference a challenge from Commodore E. W. Moore, of the Texan navy, in 1845; and in his remarks explaining why he declined a meeting with Judge Burnett he said: "I objected to it, first, on the ground that we were to have but one second, and that was the man who brought the challenge. Another objection was that we were to meet on Sunday morning, and I did not think that anything was to be made by fighting on that day. The third objection was that he was a good Christian, and had had his child baptized the Sunday before.

The fourth was that I never fought down hill, and I never would. I must, at least, make character, if I did not lose my life; and, therefore, I notified him in that way. He seemed to be satisfied with this good-humored answer, and it is the only challenge I have ever received in Texas. And I will avail myself of this occasion now to declare that I never made a quarrel with a mortal man on earth; nor will I ever do anything to originate a quarrel with any man, woman, or child living. If they quarrel with me, it is their privilege; *but I shall try to take care that they do me no harm.*"

The great Raleigh, after having killed a number of men in duels, at last made a solemn vow never again to send or accept a challenge; and he kept his word. One day, however, a young man, while disputing with him, challenged Raleigh, and then spat in his face; at which Sir Walter took out his handkerchief, and, wiping his face, said: "Young man, if I could as easily wipe from my conscience the stain of killing you as I can this spittle from my face, you should not live another minute."

General Sumner, who fell in battle during the War of the Rebellion, once sent a challenge to General Harney, who not only declined to accept it, but saw to it that his distinguished antagonist was court-martialled, the proceedings of which took place at Carlisle Barracks (Pa.). Harney was also once challenged by Lieutenant Ihrie, U. S. A.

Two French noblemen (the Marquis de Valaze and the Count de Merci), who had been educated and brought up together, and who had never stained their attachment by word or act, one evening quarrelled in a gaming-house, during which the Count, in

a fit of rage superinduced by ill-success at play and frequent indulgence in burgundy, threw a dice-box in the face of his friend, who had exulted a good deal over his own good luck. In an instant the entire company were in amazement, and awaited breathlessly the moment in which the Marquis would plunge his sword into the bosom of the offender, or invite the Count to meet him in mortal combat. But the Marquis did neither. How, then, did he interpret the prevailing laws of honor? Nobly? Yes. "Gentlemen," he exclaimed, coolly and grandly, "I am a Frenchman, a soldier, and a friend. I have received a blow from a Frenchman, a soldier, and a friend. I know and I acknowledge the laws of honor, and will obey them. Every man who sees me wonders why I am tardy in putting to death the author of my disgrace. But, gentlemen, the heart of that man is entwined with my own. Our days, our education, our temperaments, and our friendships are coeval. But, Frenchmen, I will obey the laws of honor and of France, and *stab* my assailant to the heart." So saying, the Marquis threw his arms around his unhappy friend, and said: "My dear De Merci, I forgive you, if you deign to forgive me for the irritations I have given to a sensitive mind by the levity of my own." This noble conduct was applauded by all present; the pardon of the Count was sealed by the embraces of the Marquis, and the king so far approved of the conduct of the two friends that he gave them the *cordon bleu.*

In the year 1778 Sir John Dalrymple—one of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer in Scotland—wrote three letters to Lord Barrington, then Secretary at War, arraigning his lordship's official conduct with

respect to a younger brother of the former, who had unquestionably been badly used by the Secretary. In reply, Barrington sent Sir John a message demanding the satisfaction due from one gentleman to another under such circumstances. This was declined by Sir John, who, among other things, said: "In the first place, your lordship knows perfectly well that, by my oath of office, I cannot accept a challenge or fight a duel. If, therefore, you send me a challenge in Scotland, and I am apprised of its contents, I will return it to you unopened," etc.

Shortly after his duel with Colonel Laurens, General Charles Lee became embroiled in a quarrel with William Henry Drayton, Chief-Justice of South Carolina, and challenged him to mortal combat. The honorable Judge declined the meeting, however, and replied by saying that he was not bound "to sacrifice his public reputation and outrage public character merely to gratify General Lee in the line of his profession."

In 1785 Captain Gunn, of Georgia, challenged General Nathaniel Greene, who declined. Upon the receipt of Greene's letter of refusal, Gunn sent a second hostile invitation, which was treated as before. Gunn then threatened a personal assault, to which Greene replied that *he always carried pistols.* Under some apprehension, however, that his conduct might be misinterpreted, General Greene acquainted General Washington with a detailed description of the whole affair, and besought his written opinion, to which Washington replied: "I give it as my opinion that your honor and reputation will stand not only perfectly acquitted with the non-acceptance of Gunn's challenge, but that your prudence and judgment would have been condemned by accepting it—be-

cause, if an officer is amenable to the private difficulties which the discharge of his duty may occasion, he can never move to the right or left, as there are few military decisions which are not offensive to one party or another."

In 1850 a misunderstanding arose between Fabius Stanley and Zechariah F. Johnston, officers of the United States Navy, after which the former sent the latter a challenge, which was declined. Subsequently Stanley "posted" Johnston at the National Hotel, Washington (D. C.), as a coward, and was afterward tried by court-martial and dismissed from the navy.

Among other eminent Americans who have declined to fight duels may be mentioned George Washington; General Adair; John Randolph, who received many challenges, and who fought with Clay; Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, who once acted as second (for General Howe); Senator Robert Barnwell Rhett, although the provocations and insinuations by Senator Clemens were very exasperating; and a number of others.

Michael Le Fancheur, a French Protestant minister of the seventeenth century, once preached against duelling so eloquently and energetically that the Marquis de la Force, who was present (as were also many other military men), declared, in the presence of all assembled, that he would never thereafter challenge a man to mortal combat or accept a challenge. And the brave soldier kept his word—thanks to the charms of Fancheur's animated delivery, reasoning, and pathos.

Early in 1884 John S. Wise (member of Congress from the Richmond district of Virginia) published in the Richmond (Va.) *Whig* a card repeating his reso-

lution never again to recognize the practice of duelling. He makes this declaration public, he says, because there are those who expect him to resent several assaults of late appearing in newspapers, especially in the paper called the *Campaign.* In reference to W. Page McCarty, Mr. Wise says: "He may play Sir Lucius O'Trigger to his heart's content, boasting of his ancestry (every one of whom has killed his man), his family portraits and *honor*, but he must find somebody else than me to kill him. With a sweet home, filled with merry children, with enough to live comfortably, with a paying profession, I am happy and want to live. In God's name, what would a man like Page McCarty put in stake against this when we stood at ten paces with pistols? His abuse of me has no more effect than a dog barking at the moon. His invitation comes too late. Time has been when I might have been fool enough to indulge in such folly, but with age, and a broader view of life and its responsibilities and duties, I have bidden farewell forever to the McCarty type of manhood."

A general officer of the British army, who had been forty odd years in the service—and an Irishman at that—and who used to boast that he had never sent or accepted of a single challenge, used to relate the manner in which he was wont to meet and satisfy demands of this sort: "I once provoked the resentment of a brother-officer, who was much respected and beloved by all the corps. His behavior upon some occasions I esteemed in a slight degree reprehensible, in the expression of which I used a term of more opprobrious import than I apprehended. Fired at the supposed affront, he retorted first the injurious words, then quitted the company, and sent me a

challenge. I returned him word that I hoped upon explanation he would not compel me to fight, yet would meet him immediately, according to appointment. I went, attended by all the witnesses of my unguarded expression; and before these I readily took the shame to myself, and apologized for utterances that ought not to have been made. But as I began to assume an air of expostulation, in my turn, he reddened, hesitated a moment, then drew his sword, advanced, and obliged me to defend myself, which I did, against a desperate thrust, with mine in the scabbard. He no sooner perceived that circumstance than he surprised us all by throwing his sword away, bursting into a flood of tears, and throwing himself on his knees, in speechless agitation of mind. I at once raised him and embraced him, which affectionate act he returned cordially, and forever afterward we were perfect friends."

The Danziger *Zeitung* (says the *Hebrew Leader*) reports an instructive story of a challenge to a duel the scene of which was laid in the little town of Rosenberg, in the province of West Prussia. A civil official, who is said to be a modern Draco in his small sphere, gave great offence to a lieutenant who had appeared as a witness in some local quarrel. They had some correspondence over the matter, in which the civilian had evidently the best of it, for he received a letter from the young lieutenant which contained the following words: "With the pen you are more than a match for me; but I have various swords at home with which I can justify my views of you better than with a pen. I offer you the choice of one of them, that we may continue our argument on more equal terms." The official replied that he had not

used a sword for many years, and that he supposed the invitation to a duel was a boyish joke. Hereupon the lieutenant declared that he was never more in earnest, that his honor must be vindicated, and that he was quite willing to try conclusions with pistols. The civilian answered that if fighting were absolutely necessary he could not refuse the challenge, but that he was bound to make one preliminary condition. "I have, as you well know," he wrote, "a wife and five children, for whom I am bound to care in the event of my death at your hands. My present yearly income is forty-five hundred marks. I require you to pay over to a bank a capital sum the interest of which will correspond to my present income, so that it may yield a livelihood to my widow and fatherless children. For this purpose ninety thousand marks will exactly suffice." The young fire-eater replied that he had no property beyond his pay, and that he could not possibly raise so immense a sum. "In that case," wrote his antagonist, "I fear that our duel can never take place. A man who has nothing to lose except his own life will scarcely expect me to allow him to shoot me and to beggar my widow and children without any sort of equivalent." The correspondence closed with some fatherly and common-sense advice to the thoughtless young sabre-rattler, who was eventually brought to acknowledge the absurdity of the situation.

General Francis Marion while in service at the South, during the Revolutionary War, expelled two officers from his brigade for numerous offences against humanity, and posted upon trees and houses, in public places, proclamations that Major —— and Captain —— were robbers and thieves, and as out-

laws might be killed wherever found. One of them challenged him to single combat; but he treated the call with contempt. Subsequently Marion received a cartel from Major McIlraith, of the royal army, to meet in combat in the open field. Marion, in reply, expressed his readiness for a fight between twenty picked soldiers on each side, according to the custom of the days of chivalry. McIlraith assented, and agreed upon a spot near an oak-tree (which was standing in 1821); but after the parties had been selected, and formed for combat, he reconsidered the matter, and withdrew his own men without firing a gun.

In 1854 Hon. Morton McMichael (editor of the Philadelphia *North American and United States Gazette*) was challenged by Hon. James Cooper, U. S. Senator from Pennsylvania, and declined.

In 1826, at Andover (England), Messrs. Fleet and Mann (attorneys) fell out at a meeting under a commission of bankruptcy, and on the 24th of July the former (a bachelor) sent the latter (a married man) a challenge, which was poetically declined as follows:

I am honored this day, sir, with challenges two,
The first from friend Langdon, the second from you;
As the one is to *fight*, and the other to *dine*,
I accept *his* "engagement," and yours must decline.
Now, in giving this preference, I trust you'll admit
I have acted with prudence, and done what was fit,
Since encountering *him*, and my weapon a knife,
There is some little chance of *preserving* my life;
Whilst a bullet from you, sir, *might* take it away,
And the maxim, you know, is to live while you may.
If, however, you still should suppose I ill-treat you
By sternly rejecting this challenge to meet you.

Bear with me a moment, and I will adduce
Three powerful reasons by way of excuse:
In the first place, unless I am grossly deceived,
I myself am in conscience the party aggrieved;
And therefore, good sir, if a challenge *must* be,
Pray wait till that challenge be *tendered* by *me*.
Again, sir, I think it by far the more sinful
To stand and be shot than to sit for a skinful;
From whence you'll conclude (as I'd have you indeed)
That fighting composes not part of my creed—
And my courage (which, though it was never disputed,
Is not, I imagine, too, too deeply rooted)
Would prefer that its fruit, sir, whate'er it may yield,
Should appear at "*the table*," and not in "*the field*."
And lastly, *my life*, be it never forgot,
Possesses a value which *yours*, sir, does not;
So I mean to preserve it as long as I can,
Being justly entitled "a family *Mann*,"
With three or four children (I scarce know how many),
Whilst *you*, sir, have not, or *ought* not to have, any.
Besides, that the contest would be too unequal,
I doubt not will plainly appear by the sequel:
For e'en *you* must acknowledge it would not be meet
That one small "*Mann* of war" should engage "a whole *Fleet*."

CHAPTER XXV.

DUELLISTS OF MANY TYPES.

Conspicuous American, French, English, and Irish Duellists—John Smith and Colonel McClung—Duellists who were little less than Murderers—Royal Cut-Throats—Spectacular Combats—Duelling for the Very Love of it—A Group of Dashing but Dangerous Fellows—De Cassagnac and De Montebello—An Anecdote of Ludovico de Piles—D'Andrieux's Seventy-third Victim—How Gideon Croquard was Killed—The Diogenes of the Palais Royal—A Renowned Type of the Belligerent Journalist—A Genteel and Insinuating Type of Scoundrel—Parisian Swordswomen—Jean Louis, the Master of the Foil and Most Remarkable Swordsman of Any Time—His First Duel—His Career in the Army of Napoleon I.—His Wonderful Performance at Madrid in the Presence of the French Army and almost the Entire Population of the Spanish Capital—He Fights and Kills or Severely Wounds Thirteen Italian Masters of the Sword—He Leaves the French Service at the Age of Sixty-five and Dies at the Age of Eighty, almost totally Blind—The Method of Jean Louis still Adhered to by Vigéant and the Other Parisian Fencing-Professors of the Present Day—Noted English Duellists—Lord Herbert of Cherbury—Sir Henry Urton's Challenge—Notable Incidents of English Chivalry—Irish Duellists—One Sand-Mark Only Left—The "Happy Hunting-Ground of Satisfaction"—Famous Duellists of All Countries.

THERE are duellists and duellists. Webster defines duellist as "One who fights in single combat;" and Worcester, as "One who fights duels." According to these high authorities—or, at least, according to Wor-

cester—all men who have fought duels have been or are duellists. This is neither an agreeable nor an acceptable conclusion. We assume that the great majority of men who have fought duels—particularly during the past one hundred years—are not duellists; just as there are gentlemen who sometimes engage in street-fights or get the worst of it with John Barleycorn who are neither fighters nor drunkards. Hume defines duellist as follows: "One who always values himself upon his courage, his sense of honor, his fidelity and friendship." Even this is not entirely satisfactory. We should define duellist thus: "A professional fighter of duels; an admirer and advocate of the *code duello*." Neither Hamilton, Burr, Cilley, Graves, Houston, Barron, Broderick, nor Terry was a professional duellist. A number of these gentlemen were "dead shots," and some of them—or others who might be mentioned—practised at marks immediately preceding their hostile encounters; yet none of these were duellists, in the proper acceptation of the term. Stephen Decatur, who was principal in two duels, and who was also second in two or three, and who believed in the adjustment of private quarrels according to the *code duello*, was really averse to duelling, and maintained that he was no duellist. John Smith, the Father of Virginia, was a professional duellist, and killed a score of men while in the service of Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria. The following anecdote is related of Smith:

> Early in the seventeenth or near the close of the sixteenth century, while Smith was in the service of Ferdinand, Archduke of Austria, the Turks gave a challenge to any single officer of the Austrians, saying that the Lord Turbisha would fight a Christian "for the diversion of the ladies." The

choice in the Austrian camp was by lot, and fell upon Smith, who fought and slew the Turk "within sight of the ladies" assembled on the ramparts, and carried his head to camp. Thereupon a friend of Turbisha sent a particular defiance to Smith, who, to divert the Turkish ladies still further, accepted it, met his antagonist, and killed him also. The victor then sent a message to the fair spectators that, if bent on still another combat for their amusement, they were welcome to his head provided they would find a champion to take it. Bonamlegro accordingly appeared. In this contest Smith was dismounted and nearly overcome, but, regaining his saddle, he inflicted a mortal wound, and was thus a third time victorious.

One of the most noted and most dangerous of American duellists was Colonel McClung, a fellow-officer with Jeff. Davis in the First Mississippi Rifles, and who served with distinction in the Mexican War. McClung came of a good Virginia family, being a nephew of Chief-Justice Marshall; but when under the influence of liquor was morose and dictatorial. He moved to Mississippi in 1834, and had been in the State only a few months when he became involved in a quarrel with Colonel Allen, one of the most beloved and honored men in Mississippi. It was a trivial quarrel, but McClung refused to allow of any settlement, and brought the affair to a duel. The terms were such as would have seemed extraordinary to the Creole admirers of the code, says some writer, and it is doubtful whether they would have recognized it as a legitimate duel. The two antagonists were to stand forty paces apart, armed with bowie-knife and pistol, and were to advance on each other, firing at discretion. Allen kept his pistol covering McClung as he slowly advanced upon him. What was the surprise of the audience to see McClung suddenly raise his pistol,

aim and fire at a distance of over one hundred feet! Allen fell to the ground, shot through the mouth and mortally wounded. McClung's shot on this occasion is the best on record in a Southern duel, one hundred feet being a much longer range than the duelling-pistol is suited to. This was only one of McClung's many affairs, in all of which his opponents were killed, one of them being his own cousin. His last fight was with a young man by the name of Menefee, who was killed.

Andrew Jackson, Charles Lee, Henry S. Foote, and a great many other eminent Americans, had the reputation of being duellists—and so they were, according to Webster; so, also, according to the same authority, were Cain and Abel, David and Goliath, Jonathan and Pudens and Æneas and Diomede. The reader may satisfy himself on this point, if he can.

There have lived many French duellists who were little less than murderers—De Vitaux himself having killed a score of men, at least—a number of whom were of the gilded youth of the French capital. Goumelieu took great pleasure in killing young men, two of his victims (one of whom was Vitaux's brother) having been under sixteen years of age. Goumelieu was afterward killed by the elder Vitaux. The latter, however, who had been known as the paragon swordsman of France, was at last despatched by Baron de Mittaud. Du Vighan, one of the most charming men of his day, was a noted duellist, but was sent to his last account by Baron d'Ugeon, who wounded Du Vighan in three places, from which wounds the latter died. Bourcicaut, Crillon, Saint Phal, and De Clermont were among the royal cut-throats of the reign of Henry III., and were notable experts with the

sword. Bussy d'Amboise never lost an opportunity of provoking a meeting, but he was at last overmatched.

Inequality of arms was not always regarded among French duellists as murderous or unchivalrous after the decline of judicial duelling. The challenged person, having a right to choose his weapons, often endeavored to devise such as would give him a decidedly unfair advantage. Brantôme records with applause the ingenuity of a little man who, being challenged by a tall Gascon, made choice of a gorget so constructed that his gigantic adversary could not stoop his neck so as to aim his blows right. Another had two swords forged of a temper so extremely brittle that, unless used with particular caution and in a manner to which he daily exercised himself, the blade must necessarily fly in pieces. Both these ingenious persons killed their man with very little risk or trouble, and with no less applause, it would seem, than if they had fought without any guile; such was the degenerate spirit of the times.

It was during the reign of Henry III. that the celebrated duel between Quélus and D'Entragues was fought, near the Porte St. Antoine, in which the former was mortally and the latter dangerously wounded. In a moment after the two principals had crossed swords, Ribérac (one of the seconds of Quélus) and Maugérin (one of D'Entragues' seconds) drew their weapons and went at each other furiously and continued fighting until both fell dead. Schomberg (another second of Quélus), a German, after surveying the bloody field, proposed a "finish" to Livaret (the remaining second), and nearly cut off the whole side of the face of the Frenchman at the first slash; but,

in return, was run through the body by Livaret, who fell afterward in a duel with the Marquis de Pienne, the latter being assassinated by a valet of Livaret while leaving the field. It will be seen that four out of the six combatants in this duel were stretched out cold, while the other two were wounded, one mortally and the other severely.

Although Louis XIII. frowned upon the custom, duelling was carried on through his reign with no evidences of abatement. The nobility, in particular, even more than army officers, caught the infectious complaint. It was during this king's reign that duelling became more and more spectacular, from the fact that there were seldom encounters in which there were not two or more seconds who participated. When Montmorency le Comte de Botteville fought De Beuvron in the Palais Royal, in 1627, there were two seconds on each side, one of whom (De Bussy) was killed outright and the other (La Bertha) mortally wounded. The principals fought more than an hour with swords and daggers, and at last fell from wounds and exhaustion; but both recovered. De Botteville killed a number of noted duellists during his time, among whom were the Comte de Pontgibaud, Le Comte de Thorigny, Marquis de Portes, La Frête, and others. He was at last tried for murder, and shortly afterward closed his career on the guillotine, at the instigation of Cardinal Richelieu.

In 1652, during the reign of Louis XIV., Duc de Nemours and Duc de Beaufort fought a duel with swords and pistols, near Versailles, with four seconds each; and besides Nemours, who was shot dead, one of his seconds (D'Henricourt) was killed by Marquis de Villars, and also one of Beaufort's seconds (De Riz)

by the Duc d'Uzerches. Later a duel took place between Le Comte de Coligny and De Guise, in the Place Royale, and Coligny and his second (De Bridieu) were both mortally wounded. In 1660 Rochefort, Des Planches, D'Harcourt, De Rieux, La Frete, and De Chalaix were all expert swordsmen. In 1663 the two latter quarrelled at a soirée, and afterward met with three seconds each, all of whom fought with swords or daggers and wounded each other; and the two very men whom the king sent to prevent the duel took sides and participated in the contest. So incensed was the king at such gross misdemeanor that the parties all skipped by the light of the moon to avoid merited punishment.

Later, in France, came the Marquis de Donza, who was executed for killing his brother-in-law; Brisseuil, Richebourg, Du Chamilly, D'Aydie, Bonton, the Comte de Gace, De Richelieu (that fascinating and wondrous character, over whom even women fought, and who became a Marshal of France, who, it is estimated, killed seventeen expert swordsmen during his career and was himself wounded but once—by Marquis d'Aumount), De Soissons, De Guerchy, D'Eon, and the Marquis de Tenteniac—most of these in Louis the Fifteenth's reign. In 1785 the Comte de Gersdoff and M. le Favre fought with pistols, but neither was hurt. In 1826 the Marquis de Livron and M. du Trône fought on horseback with sabres, and both were wounded. Since then there have come conspicuously to the front many noted French duellists whose names are familiar to readers of to-day—Emile de Girardin, Fayan, Garnarey, Barthèlemy, Dumas, Trobriant, De Clemenceau, Henri Rochefort, and Paul de Cassagnac being among the best known.

M. Paul de Cassagnac is to-day the most distinguished and most dangerous duellist living, and is an expert with sword and pistol. His meeting with M. de Montebello, in 1883, was described briefly as follows in a Paris despatch to the London *Daily Telegraph:*

The duel fought yesterday between M. Paul de Cassagnac and M. Adrien de Montebello is, after the ministerial crisis, the event of the day. There has been for some time a bitter grudge between the two, which was aggravated by M. de Montebello's attempt during the elections to wrest the constituency of Mariadne, originally represented by M. Granier de Cassagnac, from his son. The contest was keen, but the Bonapartist triumphed, nevertheless. For some weeks there seems to have been a sort of truce, but M. Paul de Cassagnac took offence at M. de Montebello congratulating M. Clemenceau on his attack on the government, and on the following day the *Pays* appeared with a furious article against M. Leon Say's chief secretary, from its impetuous editor's own pen. The insult was too gross to be passed over, and M. Adrien de Montebello accordingly at once despatched two of his friends—the Vicomte de Saint Pierre, Senator, and M. Casimir Perier, Deputy—to M. Paul de Cassagnac for the purpose of arranging the preliminaries of a hostile encounter. These gentlemen were promptly joined by Georges Brame, Deputy, and Commander Blanc, acting for M. de Cassagnac, and it was settled that the duel should take place on Saturday afternoon at 1.30 at M. Buloz's estate at Epinay-sur-Seine. Punctual to the minute, principals and seconds appeared at the trysting-place yesterday, but it was soon perceived that the ground selected would not suit, and an hour was spent in search of a better arena. Finally a spot was found that answered every requirement, and the adversaries were soon face to face with each other. It was a battle of giants. M. de Cassagnac is a big, heavy man, rather over than under six feet in height, but he is small in comparison to M. de Montebello, who actually towers above him, though of a very spare build. Both are

very strong and admirable fencers, but the Bonapartist proved himself the better man of the two. After a pass or two, a blue vest worn by M. de Montebello was pierced by his adversary's sword, and he exclaimed that he thought he was touched in the breast. The doctor examined the place, but found no wound, and the combat was continued. It was at the fifth pass that M. de Montebello was wounded in the right arm, M. de Cassagnac's weapon penetrating to the very bone. He dropped his sword, and M. de Cassagnac, turning to his seconds, remarked that he thought it was all over, as he felt that he had struck home. His prediction proved correct, the doctor refusing to allow the combat to be continued. It is affirmed that M. de Cassagnac has declared that, although he had already fought sixteen duels, he had never had such trouble with an adversary before.

It is said of the renowned French swordsmen, Ludovico de Piles and his brother, that, one day, while journeying toward Paris, they stopped over at an inn at Valence, and, seeing a spit turning, ordered supper. "I can only give you crackers and cheese," said the landlord. "Only crackers and cheese!" cried Ludovico, in anger and surprise; "pray, sir, whose meat is that on the spit?" "It belongs to four French officers." "Tell them that two French gentlemen will join them." The landlord carried out his instructions, but soon returned with a reply that "the officers decline." "They do? Ah! bring us some crackers and cheese, and have an apartment prepared for us for the night." The brothers arose early the next morning and were soon on their way toward Paris. All of a sudden Ludovico stopped and said to his brother: "I have left my purse at Valence. I will return for it, while you go your way slowly, and I'll overtake you before evening." He then hurried to Valence, challenged the four officers, and

killed them all, one after the other. He rejoined his brother just before dinner-time, but did not mention the episode we have described. Indeed, it was a year before the latter heard of it, and then it was from Cardinal Mazarin. These brothers De Piles fought many duels, but were never hurt.

The Chevalier d'Andrieux, who flourished during the reign of Louis the Thirteenth, at the age of thirty had killed seventy-two men. Upon meeting his seventy-third adversary, the latter said, "Chevalier, you will be my tenth man." "And you will be my seventy-third," answered D'Andrieux; which proved to be true, for his antagonist was laid on the grass dead in a minute. A notorious fellow named Gautier, after disarming his men and then offering them their lives if they would renounce their hopes of salvation, often cut their throats, for the purpose, as he claimed, of killing them, body and soul. Baron d'Aspremont once fought and killed three men in one day. Once, in a duel of three against three, Baron de Bipon killed his man, and then went to the assistance of the others on his side.

Captain Gideon Croquard, who had killed two masters, and who was rated as one of the most accomplished swordsmen of his day in France, lost his life by coming in contact with the wall of a room in which he was fighting with St. Foix. These two famous duellists met at a café, where St. Foix had ordered a repast, and which, after some fine fencing, he agreed to share with Croquard, "except the dessert," said St. Foix; "only one of us two must partake of that—you understand?" Again their blades came in collision, and in a short time, while being pressed vigorously, Croquard's arm came in contact with the

wall and, quick as a flash, St. Foix's gleaming steel passed through his body. St. Foix declared that the death-thrust was accidental, and had Croquard buried at his (the survivor's) expense. St. Foix was born at Rennes, and died at an advanced age. The Chevalier Chanderclos-Laclos, who was an unprincipled plotter against Louis XVI., was a blood-thirsty duellist, and died at Tarenta in 1803.

During the early part of the reign of Louis Philippe there lived in France a singular character named Duclos, who had fought successfully eighteen duels before reaching his thirtieth birthday. He was a poor devil, but an expert with the sword. He was often seen in public places, hatless and shirtless, and in later years was known as the "Diogenes of the Palais Royal." He lived to an advanced age, but was found one morning dead (with his sword drawn), having perished during the preceding night from the effects of cold and starvation.

In his day the most renowned type of the belligerent journalist was Cyrano de Bergerac, who never appeared upon the boulevards or in other public places without a pen in his felt hat and with his hand upon his rapier. M. de Treville, an accomplished swordsman, fought twenty duels with actors and authors in half as many years. Martainsville, Dessessarts, and Dazincourt (all actors) were excellent fellows with the sword, and had each received cuts in other than fictitious duels.

Monsieur Fayot flourished in Paris from 1820 to 1850 as an accomplished duellist, being a good swordsman and a dead shot with the pistol. He once wounded the well-known General Fournier, one of the best swordsmen of France and noted for having

killed eleven men in duels. Fayot fought seventy-nine duels in the space of ten years, and received during that time only one serious wound. This notorious duellist had a very polite way of hitting an adversary in the knee (if fighting with pistols) and of then bowing himself off the field and into his tilbury. He generally preferred the morning—say between the hours of ten and twelve—as the time for fighting, while his favorite ground was at the well in the Bois de Boulogne, near Auteuil. During the revolution of 1830 Eugene Buffault, Godefroi, Cavignac, Armand Cassel, Roux-Laborie, Marrart, Gardenier, Louis Veuillot, and many other noted Parisian duellists made patriotic use of their swords.

There have lived many famous swordswomen in France, conspicuous among whom, at different times, were Madame de Chateau-Gay, who was perfect mistress of the rapier; there was also La Donze, who killed two professionals at Auvergne. La Baupré and La des Nilis were both experts with the sword; while La Maupin, disguised in male attire, at a *bal masqué* killed three clever Parisian swordsmen in one night. What training may accomplish with women is, perhaps, best shown in Vigéant's account of Jean Louis' daughter—who is, by far, the most excellent and extraordinary swordswoman that ever lived.

Jean Louis, although he never wrote anything about the art of fencing, which he so elevated by his talent, was the greatest master in this art of the present century. The school founded by Jean Louis will live forever, and the fundamental principles he has set forth will be transmitted from generation to generation. The father of Vigéant, the greatest French fencing-master now living, was one of the most

devoted pupils of Jean Louis, and from the narratives of the elder Vigéant his son has recently published a book and biography of the great master under the title *Un Maître d'Armes sous la Restauration.*

Jean Louis is heard of, first, in 1796—the fifth year of the first French Republic—as a small, feeble-looking child (a mulatto), born on the island of San Domingo, of unknown parents—Jean Louis being only the Christian name. He arrived in France and was instructed at Montauban in the Protestant religion, to which he adhered with a fanatic zeal, reading secretly the Bible in a cellar when the revolutionists persecuted all religionists. He was admitted in 1796 as a pupil of a regiment, "though at first objected to on account of his brown complexion and fragile physical appearance." But Jean Louis soon developed wonderful talents during the lessons he received in fencing, and Monsieur d'Erapé, the noted fencing-master of the regiment (a Belgian nobleman), was thereby attracted to the precocious child, and soon himself undertook the instruction of the boy, for whom he predicted a brilliant career.

And he was not mistaken. Jean Louis developed into a wonderful disciple of the *art d'escrime.* He was of rapid, simple execution in all his movements, and, using only *parades simples,* could always with advantage combat fantastical and dangerous tricks of the modern inventors. "Jean Louis," said one of his admirers, "omitted everything that was superfluous; the affected salutations, the *contre-coups,* the capricious pauses, all shocked him, and appeared to him unworthy of such a serious art. One admires both his simple, natural, and well-becoming defence, and the development and rapidity of his attack, his sure

judgment, his impassibility in the defensive, as also the regularity, even in the most unforeseen circumstances, of all his movements, which followed each other like the rings of a chain." "The general suppleness of the body and the facility of the hand," Jean Louis said, himself, "and an accurate and ready conception, constituted the principal qualities of the master who has made me what I am. I think I have succeeded in obtaining these qualities by the force of my will, by work, and also by reflection."

In 1804, at the moment when the French Empire had been proclaimed, Jean Louis had reached his eighteenth year. Already he was an expert in fencing whom few could rival. Although Napoleon I. did not like the duel, the habit of continual war had introduced it in the army to such an extent that its suppression was impossible. And a young man like Jean Louis, fortified by a strong physical education, and every day electrified by the new victories of the armies of Napoleon, could not remain indifferent to this taste for the combat in duel. He therefore had frequently such meetings, but none to give him remorse, as his wonderful adroitness served him as well for his adversary's protection as for his own.

In the city where his regiment was stationed he continually obtained great triumphs in the fencing-hall. An habitual attendant at their public displays of regimental skill, who imagined himself a better artist in the use of the sword than Jean Louis, one day, from jealousy, insulted Jean Louis by loud derogatory remarks to his friends. At last Jean Louis thought it worth while to ask him if he intended those remarks for him, and whether he was seeking a challenge. The boasting individual replied that he did,

and added contemptuously: "The sword is not made for your mulatto hand, Monsieur of the foil." Jean Louis preserved his calmness and consented to a duel, under one condition; namely, that while his adversary should use the sword, he himself would choose the foil with a button on its point. Enraged at this proposition, which he considered an insult, the other accepted; and in vain the friends of Jean Louis tried to dissuade him from such an uneven fight, and called him crazy. "I am so little crazy," replied Jean Louis, "that I shall, under the stipulated conditions, to-morrow administer Monsieur the punishment to which he is entitled."

On the following day the two adversaries met with sword and foil. Jean Louis did nothing but parry for a while the furious blows which the other tried to deal him; then suddenly, improving the opportunity of a violent attack from his adversary, he dealt him by a counter-movement such a blow in the face that the unfortunate man fell on his back terribly cut and with the blood running down from the wound. The wounded man never again placed himself in the way of the mulatto.

While the foregoing duel was fought during the youth of Jean Louis, he had later another—or, rather, others, as they occurred on the same day—which reminds one of the combat of Roland of which Victor Hugo tells in his *Légende des Siècles*. In 1814 Jean Louis was still in the army, which he had not left since 1796. He had been in more than thirty battles in Egypt, Italy, Prussia, and Russia. We now find him in Spain (in Madrid) as the first fencing-master of the Thirty-second Regiment, then invading Spain. This regiment formed part of the Third Division of

the French army which had just entered Madrid. Several regiments of other nationalities—the subjected allies of Napoleon—were part of this division, and frequent quarrels occurred between these and the French troops. Thus, the First Regiment belonging to the same division consisted of Italians; and when some soldiers of the Thirty-second and the First, during a carousal at a tavern in one of the suburbs of Madrid, fell into a dispute, both sides were soon reinforced by their comrades. All ran into the street, and a fierce battle commenced between the two nationalities. Blood was shed, the wounded covered the pavement, and it required the arrival of two companies with their bayonets to end the fight, which had threatened to become a general slaughter. The leaders of this affair were arrested, and a council of war was summoned. Discipline demanded an exemplary reparation.

The council unanimously decided that the fencing-masters and the provosts (their assistants) of both the regiments compromised should assume the responsibility of the quarrel and fight a duel as long as it was possible to continue such a combat. Fifteen fencing-masters on each side were designated—Jean Louis to be the first for the Thirty-second Regiment, and Giacomo Ferrari, a celebrated Florentine master and terrible adversary, to be the leader of the combatants of the First Regiment—the two celebrities to meet first. Since the picturesque fight of the Thirty of Roland's, military history has had no encounter that has been so sanguinary and spectacular as the one of which we write. All the participants were soldiers and accustomed to face death without fear; all resolved to maintain the honor of their regiments.

The physical surroundings and scenery of this combat were not inferior to the lands of the Bretagne, which listened to the sublime battle-cry of Roland, "Drink thy blood, Beaumanoir, and thy thirst will pass!" Let the reader imagine an entire army drawn up in line of battle on one of the plains which surround Madrid. In the centre of this gorgeous array of troops, whose arms glisten under the dark blue sky of Castilia, a large open space has been reserved on an elevation forming a natural platform. Soon the chosen combatants appear on the scene, sword in hand and breasts bare; and all the spectators of this tragical scene (the soldiers in line and the inhabitants of Madrid interested as at the beginning of a bull-fight) turn not their eyes from a single detail of what is going on before them. In the presence of ten thousand witnesses the honor of an army is to be sanctified in the blood of those thirty brave soldiers.

The drum is sounded, sonorous and short words of command are heard, and by a simultaneous movement the crosses of the guns rest on the hard soil and make it tremble like a clap of thunder. Two men, with a rapid and sure step, appear on the little hillock —one of them tall and strong, full of confidence and defiance—Giacomo Ferrari; the other, tall also, with a dark complexion and with muscles which seem to be like steel, holds himself immovable and waiting. This is Jean Louis.

The word is given, and both masters cross their swords. From the very first moment Ferrari tries to strike Jean Louis, but every time he meets the steel of his adversary. He displays all his art, but Jean Louis, calm and attentive, follows all the flourishes of the other. Suddenly the Italian utters one of those

hoarse cries peculiar to the fencing-masters of his race and jumps a little aside, following it with a violent attack from below. This is a Florentine ruse which often proves successful with the Italian. But almost at the same moment a cry of anger, more than of pain, is heard from the Italian; for, with an unheard-of precision, Jean Louis has parried his thrust, and his sword, by a rapid *riposte*, has entered the shoulder of Ferrari. "This amounts to nothing!" cries Giacomo. They recommence; and, almost immediately after, Ferrari is struck in his breast. This time the sword of Jean Louis has penetrated pretty deep. A ghastly pallor spreads over the face of Giacomo, his sword drops from his hands, and he falls heavily to the ground. The witnesses hasten to his aid; he is dead.

Jean Louis has already resumed his first position. He wipes his sword, and, turning its point towards the ground, he waits. The first fencing-master of the First Regiment is carried off dead, but the fight is not finished—it has only commenced! There are fourteen more adversaries—masters and assistants—at the foot of the hillock, impatient to measure their skill with the conqueror and eager to avenge the chief whom they had thought invincible. Jean Louis has taken a rest of hardly two minutes. He is ready. Another adversary rushes toward him. The swords are crossed; a sinister sound, a cry, a sigh—Jean Louis has leaned forward, but again stands erect, with his sword lowered: a second corpse is lying at his feet. The third adversary, an Italian of tall stature, begins his attacks; he multiplies his jumps, feigned attacks, and surprises; and finally coming down like a tiger ready to spring, he aims a terrible blow at the mulatto from

below. But the steel of Jean Louis, after a rapid strike, disappears in the breast of the Italian, who is carried off insensible. Ten more adversaries follow the first three—all experienced masters of fencing—and all ten fall before Jean Louis.

With such a number of victories, without a precedent in the history of the duel, one might have thought the French master to be tired out. In this unheard-of fight, which had lasted hardly forty minutes, Jean Louis had dealt twenty-seven strokes, several of which were fatal. Two provosts remained of the fifteen. Pale, but resolved, they stood at the foot of the hillock, ready to be struck down also. In vain the old colonel of the Thirty-second Regiment tried to prevail upon Jean Louis to desist from further fight and leave it to his assistants to finish the combat with the two remaining adversaries. "No, no," cried Jean Louis; "I shall not leave the post which has been assigned me by the confidence of the Thirty-second Regiment. Here I shall remain, and here I shall fight as long as I can hold a sword." In finishing these words Jean Louis made an energetic gesture with his sword, and accidentally wounded in the leg one of his colleagues. Scarcely had he perceived the accident, when suddenly his feverish ardor vanished, and with tears rolling down his cheeks he turned to his friend and exclaimed: "Oh, but one man of the Thirty-second has been wounded this day, and by me!" The colonel profited by this incident and declared that the honor of the Thirty-second Regiment was fully vindicated. Nothing remained but to offer the hand to the First. An enthusiastic clamor was heard. The colonel pointed out to Jean Louis the two silent provosts of the First and said: "They can-

not come to *you!*" Jean Louis at last was overcome. He threw away his sword; and, advancing towards the two provosts, gave them both his hands. "Vive Jean Louis! Vive le Trente-deuxième!" cried a thousand voices. "Vive le Premier!" cried Jean Louis. "We are but one family; vive l'armée!" This was the signal of the final reconciliation. It was sincere and complete. In another second, adversaries and friends surrounded Jean Louis, all of whom complimented him and wanted to take his hand; but the master freed himself and reminded them of their care for the wounded. This sign of sympathy did the rest to win for him all hearts, and the same evening the wine of Xerez was copiously drunk to the treaty of peace. Thus ended this duel, or rather this chain of duels, which in the nineteenth century renewed the legendary adventures of the ancient days of chivalry.

Jean Louis was twenty-eight years old when the famous combat just described took place. His fame was established and commenced to spread all over France. The rank of officer was repeatedly offered him, but he declined, in order to remain faithful to his art. He was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honor, and in 1816 was transferred to the Third Regiment of Engineers, then in garrison at Montpellier, where he again distinguished himself in his art and gained triumph after triumph. Then the regiment was sent to Metz. Here his fame reached its zenith. From everywhere people came to Metz to take lessons from him. He opened a private fencing-hall, while still remaining in the army, and his authority as an arbiter was likewise highly respected. After a number of years, in 1830, he returned to Montpellier, where he had always felt completely at home, and

opened a regular fencing-hall, where the most brilliant representatives of his art have been educated. In 1849 Jean Louis, then at the age of sixty-five years, left the service, as his regiment was sent to another garrison. He preferred to remain in Montpellier. When, soon after, between two regiments at Montpellier jealousies and rivalries had arisen, and duel after duel had followed each other, the Minister of War sent, at the advice of the commanding general, the latter to Montpellier to ask Jean Louis to establish peace by means of his great popularity. Jean Louis arranged a brilliant fencing-match and brought about a reconciliation on this occasion, *denouncing the practice of duelling*, which advice was followed.

He instructed his daughter in the art of fencing, and she became one of his most distinguished disciples, and conquered many a male adversary. Mlle. Jean Louis married, however, early in life, and laid aside her foil. She died a year after her marriage. In 1865 Jean Louis, eighty years old, lost his eyesight, but still continued to give instructions in his beloved art. Although he did not see the pupil's sword, he felt by the touch of his own whether the pupil was right or wrong. He died November 19th of the same year; and the funeral of the old soldier of the *grande armée* and the founder and master of the contemporary French school of fencing was attended by almost the whole town.

England had many noted duellists during the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries; among whom were Beau Fielding; Captain Cusack, who killed Fulford in Lincoln's Inn Fields; Captain Stoney, who married Lady Strathmore, after fighting two duels on her account—one with the Rev. Mr.

Bate, and the other with Mr. Butt, editor of the *Morning Post;* the Earl of Essex, who was wounded by Sir Walter Blount; Sir Philip Sidney, who was a superior swordsman; Major Oneby, who killed Mr. Gower and was convicted of murder (for being covered with a cloak) and sentenced to death, but who escaped execution by committing suicide; Sir Thomas Armstrong, a notorious bully and duellist; Lord Mohun, who was at last killed by the Duke of Hamilton; Captain Nourse, a gambler, who got into a great rage and cut his throat because Lord Windsor declined to meet him in mortal combat; John Law, who killed Edward Wilson in 1694; and others, more particularly officers of the army and navy.

The most distinguished English duellist that ever lived was Lord Herbert of Cherbury; who was, however—unlike many of the French experts with duelling-implements—a gentleman of true chivalry and honor. Long a resident of France, his lordship entered into all the customs of the French capital with zest and enjoyment, and none could be found to excel him in the use of the pistol or sword. As Herbert once stood in the trenches before a besieged place along with Balagny, a celebrated duellist of the period, between whom and his lordship some altercation had formerly occurred, the Frenchman, in a spirit of bravado, jumped over the intrenchment and, daring Herbert to follow him, ran toward the besieged place, in the face of a fire of grape and musketry. Finding that Herbert outran him, and seemed to have no intention of turning back, Balagny was forced to set the example of retreating. Lord Herbert then invited him to an encounter upon the old chivalrous point, which had the fairer and more virtuous mistress; but this

proposition Balagny declined, accompanying his refusal with a jest so coarse as made Lord Herbert retort that he spoke like a mean debauchee, not like a cavalier and man of honor.

Sir Henry Urton was also a noted English duellist; and during the year 1592, while employed as ambassador to the Court of France, considering the honor of his royal mistress, the Queen of England, insulted by the Duke of Guise, sent that notorious duellist the following spirited challenge:

Forasmuch as lately, in the lodgings of the Lord Dumogre, and in public elsewhere, impudently, indiscreetly, and overboldly, you spoke badly of my sovereign, whose sacred person here in this country I represent, to maintain, both by word and weapon, her honor (which was never called in question among persons of honesty and virtue), I say you have wickedly lied in speaking so basely of my sovereign, and you shall do nothing else but lie whenever you dare to tax her honor. Moreover, that her sacred person (being one of the most complete and virtuous princesses that lives in this world) ought not to be evil spoken of by the tongue of such a perfidious traitor to her land and country as you are, and, therefore, I do defy you, and challenge your person to mine, with such manner of arms as you shall like or choose, be it either on horseback or on foot; nor would I have you to think any inequality of person between us, I being issued of as great a race and noble a house as yourself, in assigning me an indifferent place. I will there maintain my words, and the lie which I gave you. If you consent not to meet me hereupon, I will hold you and cause you to be generally held for the arrantest coward and most slanderous slave in all France. I expect your answer.

The result of this bold challenge we have not met with on record.

There is, perhaps, nothing so dangerous as the

reputation of being what duellists call a good shot—that is, being experienced in the use of pistols—unless it is united with the most amiable disposition. The confidence of superior skill converts the man without principle into a bravo; and he who, under such circumstances, wantonly challenges another is little better than an assassin; for if the individual called out is an honorable man he feels the utmost reluctance to make the slightest concession, knowing that he would be suspected of doing so from fear of his antagonist's known expertness. The blood-stained page of the history of duelling presents many instances of this. The duel between Captain Stackpole and Lieutenant Cecil was one of the many that might be adduced. The first word of dispute between them fixed the duel. There are, however, instances of gentlemen who, regardless of the trammels that the supposed laws of honor have fixed upon society, have been jealous of their honor, and courageous enough to defend it, yet never ambitious for a duel; men who, with a giant's power, have not used it as a giant. One of those was Captain Foy, a gentleman who had been engaged in four or five duels, without ever having been the challenger, and who was so expert in the use of pistols that he would hit a bottle at the distance of twenty paces, or extinguish a candle with a bullet at half the distance. This gentleman, while in quarters with his regiment in the north of England, had one day at the mess-table given offence to a young officer, who, conceiving his honor injured, instantly challenged the captain. Foy asked the officer if he had ever fought a duel, or if he was a good shot, and, being answered in the negative, he said: "Suppose we practise a little before our meeting to-

morrow morning." Then, calling for his pistols, the whole party adjourned into the yard of the inn where they were quartered. A wine-bottle was placed at the distance of twenty paces. Captain Foy took his pistol and shattered it to pieces; then, turning to the young officer, he said: "Now, sir, I am ready to give you satisfaction. To have accepted your challenge after the knowledge of my own skill and your inexperience would not have been consistent with that honor of which I trust I entertain as delicate a sense as yourself." The young officer thanked Foy for his frankness; and, observing that he could not believe that a gentleman who could act thus nobly could be guilty of an intentional affront, declared himself perfectly satisfied, while the conduct of Captain Foy endeared him to the whole circle of officers who witnessed it.

Another notable incident of chivalrous conduct was that of Captain Kirby, of the British army, in his duel with a brother-officer at the Cape of Good Hope. It seems that, after the combatants had been placed, Captain Kirby, who was an accomplished shot, declined to fire, as his antagonist had been assigned to a position of great but unintended disadvantage. Kirby's objection to having an antagonist so placed that he could hardly be missed was sustained by the seconds. New positions were therefore selected, and at the first fire both gentlemen fell severely wounded.

During the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries the French custom of seconds participating in duels pervaded England, and among the nobility was sustained *con amore*. In the highly spectacular combat between Buckingham and Shrewsbury, in which the latter was killed, the seconds on either

side participated in the engagement—one of whom (Jenkins) fell dead on Buckingham's side, while Sir John Talbot (on the side of the Earl) was severely and dangerously wounded.

Probably there has never lived a race of men who actually loved duelling so well as the Irish; not that the Irish really loved to shed human blood or delighted in laying out their adversaries cold, like the French and Italian monsters of two, three, and four hundred years ago. No; the Irish fought for the sport and reputation of the thing, although they fought desperately sometimes, especially when they met with swords. The most noted Irish duellists have been Curran, the Barringtons, Grattan, Dick Daly, Harry Grady, Patterson, Fitzgerald, Amby Bodkin, Jemmy Keogh, Bourke, McNamara, and others who have been mentioned. Lord Norbury made good use of his pistols, or "barkers" as they were called, in Ireland. He was repeatedly "out," one of his duels being with "Fighting Fitzgerald," whose concealed armor Martin of Galway had tried by walking coolly up and firing two balls at him, saying, "If either of those enter you, I am a murderer," and who was afterward hanged for a murder not according to the code. Another case of the use of armor like Gerald's was mentioned by an immigrant in Castle Garden to an attaché of the New York *Sun* during the summer of 1883. Once upon a time, said the immigrant, Fireball McNamara—the name by which Major McNamara, for many years M.P. for county Clare, and second to O'Connell in the famous duel in which he shot D'Esterre, was popularly known—called out a Frenchman, one Viscount de Chatenet, who had the impertinence to claim something for the French at Fontenoy.

They fought with swords, near the battle-ground, and though the Major pinked his adversary several times the sword never penetrated. The Fireball was in a great quandary, when suddenly came to him the voice of a woman speaking in the rich native tongue from a hedge alongside, where some Irish emigrants like ourselves had hidden themselves to see the sport, "Major, aileen, do you think of how they killed the cattle in the old country?" and, taking the hint, the Major made the next lunge at his throat, which was unprotected, and stretched the Frenchman on the sod.

According to a late writer there is at the present time (1884) but one Irish duellist left. The only landmark, now is the O'Gormon Mahon ; and he, like physicians of great fame, does not, save on special occasions, go out, but is called in consultation. He still, however, guards with jealous tenderness his honored reputation. At a recent dinner of the Irish party, when the number of duels in which he had been interested was spoken of, and a distinguished Irish priest who was present attempted to excuse their number by apologetically suggesting that the O'Gorman had been in most of them the challenged party, the old duellist said, with wounded pride : "No, sir; in all of the twenty-two I was the challenger. In two I pricked my man, and in the other twenty, save one, I received an ample apology. In my duel with Smith O'Brien in 1829, out of compliment of his being a junior branch of my family, I raised my beaver after two shots."

The cold rigidity of Saxon and strict execution of English law has transformed "The Happy Hunting-ground of Satisfaction"—a name frequently be-

stowed upon Ireland during the days when duelling was a part of its curriculum of education—into precincts where no more may be seen the fantastic knights of honor with their law-books in one hand and a case of duelling-pistols in the other.

Among other noted duellists may be mentioned Count Don Rodrigo Bivar, celebrated in Spanish history as the "Cid," who, in the eleventh century, fought and killed the father of his affianced; the Carmichaels and Bruntfields, of Scotland, in the sixteenth century; the Marquis of Cavoie, a French nobleman of the seventeenth century, who was noted for his many affairs of honor; Sir John Mitchell, of Scotland; James Crichton (the "Admirable Crichton"); the Count de Lobenstadt, an officer in the Prussian army, who, after killing a brother-officer in 1828, was dismissed from the service and sent to prison for life; Constant Conver, who killed his adversary in Nova Scotia in 1785; General Galeazzo, a nobleman of Italy, who was successful in a full score of combats, killing all his adversaries but four; Adam and Walter Littleton, Scotchmen, who killed their men, and who were both killed in turn; Theodore Neuhoff, of Westphalia, who killed a number of men; George Penruddock, a Scotchman and an officer in the army of the Queen in 1556, renowned for his successful combats; Baron Frederick Trenck, an officer in the Prussian army, who came out of six duels successfully, killing two and wounding four of his adversaries—all between 1741 and 1749; William Vesey, of Scotland, who killed a man each in England, Ireland, and Scotland in 1589–93; General Hans Joachim Zietkin, of the Prussian army; the Baron de Heckeren, of the Russian army; and, of course, a great many others.

CHAPTER XXVI.

REMORSE OF DUELLISTS.

The Shadow which Hung over George Pen. Johnston's Life—How the Witty and Brilliant S. S. Prentiss Walked in the Valley and Shadow of Death—What Mr. Graves Said after Killing Cilley—O'Connell's Guilty Hand—Benton's Distress of Mind—McCarty's Great Remorse—Grief of Gillespie—Remorse of Neuhoff—Insomnia, Insanity, Delirium Tremens, and Suicide—Deaths from Excessive Grief—How Miller, Tom Porter, and Henry Phillips each Killed a Particular Friend, and then Died of a Broken Heart—Major Egerton's Sorrow—Captain Stewart's Oath—Numa Hubert's Hallucination—"The Phantom Never Leaves Me!"—McClung, the Most Determined and Successful Duellist of the Southern States, Kills himself with a Pistol with which he had Sent Others to their Last Account.

EARLY in March, 1884, George Pen. Johnston, a resident of San Francisco, passed quietly over the river; and the *Daily Call*, of that city, in its article descriptive of the great grief which shadowed the life of the otherwise pleasant and congenial Johnston for nearly twenty-six years, declared that "he was a changed man ever after, and the shadow of that tragic event was to his soul like that typified by Poe's mystic 'Raven;' the 'midnight dark and dreary' of its coming was to him the fatal anniversary of the duel, when the shadow invariably deepened on his brooding heart." While few Americans or Englishmen

(this cannot be said so truthfully of others, unless, perhaps, of Irishmen) who have survived fatal duels during the past century and a half are strangers to either grief or remorse, there have lived and died many like the gentle, humane, chivalrous, and affectionate Johnston, whose perfect peace of mind has been forever afterward shattered or destroyed. The San Francisco *Bulletin* also referred feelingly to the "shadow" thus: "One of the older class of journalists in the State has just passed away. George Pen. Johnston just missed the distinction of a pioneer by coming to the State in the year 1850. He held in early days the office of deputy marshal, was a subordinate officer in the custom-house, afterward clerk of the United States Circuit Court, and held a seat in the Legislature for one session. He was during these years a frequent contributor to the Democratic press. In the summer of 1858 he was involved in a duel by which his opponent lost his life. That was ever afterward the shadow of Johnston's life. He came short of the success which his talents had promised. He had a conscience. It is probable that he never was quite free from the self-reproach of having compassed the life of a man. The duel which he fought was according to the duelling code, and he was drawn into it by considerations which in those days and from his point of view justified such encounters. A man with a less sensitive conscience would have passed over the circumstances lightly. But it was not in Johnston's nature to do it. He was in many respects a changed man. His career was abridged, and he was turned from the path which his ambition had marked out." The San Francisco *Evening Post*, in its obituary notice, said: "Old Californians, what-

ever their political creed, will cherish his memory with feelings of deep respect. He took an active part in public life in the early history of the State, and he continued prominent in politics and journalism until his demise. The *Post* regards it a duty to pay a just tribute to his whole life and career, although the principles he aimed to promulgate are so widely divergent from those enunciated in these columns. He was ever a consistent Democrat. As a journalist he advocated the cause of his party with ability. As a man he was as undaunted and brave as a lion, yet withal possessing the gentleness of a lamb. Honorable to a fault, he was the type of a Southern gentleman. His word was his bond, and the chivalrous conduct of the old *Examiner* was in great part the reflex of his life and character. In early times he was one of the gayest and most cheerful of men in California. With a fund of wit and happiness of repartee, he was the soul of good humor and good temper. The blight in his life was taking part in a so-called engagement of honor with a former friend, which culminated in the death of his antagonist. The memories of that hostile meeting hung like a dark cloud over his previous happy life. The lessons from it show the absurdity and misery arising from the falsely-named code of honor."

The brilliant S. S. Prentiss, of Mississippi (a New Englander by birth and education), who fought a number of duels in deference to public opinion, admitted great remorse. His moral and religious training and scruples were antagonistic to the custom, yet he once went upon the field after he had become possessed of wife and children. Probably no gentleman of as much natural wit and sunshine walked so

much in the "valley and shadow of death." He once wrote to a friend, concerning one of his hostile meetings, that he did nothing but "read the Bible and weep and pray." "The possibility of leaving my own family unprotected," said Prentiss, "or of killing a fellow-being, haunted me so that I could not sleep, and I tottered round in the daytime like a worn-out old man." Undoubtedly Mr. Graves, who killed Mr. Cilley, suffered much from remorse. Just before he died he said it required a higher order of courage to decline than to accept a challenge; and he declared that if ever he became involved in another difficulty, his moral obligations, and not fear of public opinion, should guide him in all his actions in the premises.

As vigorously and as humanely as O'Connell deprecated duelling, and as reluctantly as he met D'Esterre, whom he killed, he never got rid of his remorse of conscience from the day of that fatal meeting in the county of Kildare. That dying groan of D'Esterre made a wound in O'Connell's heart which no physician could heal. He once declared in the House of Commons that, having blood upon his hands, he had registered a vow in heaven. And it has also been written of O'Connell that he never attended church after the killing of D'Esterre without first wrapping up in a handkerchief "the guilty hand;" declaring that he could not approach his Redeemer with the hand exposed which had taken the life of a fellow-man.

Senator Thomas Hart Benton, of Missouri (although it has often been stated that the duel was forced upon him), deeply regretted his meeting with Lucas (in which the latter was killed), and some time previous to his death Colonel Benton destroyed all the papers

he had in his possession or that he could obtain concerning the affair. Colonel John M. McCarty, who killed General Armistead T. Mason, suffered great remorse up to the time of his death over the remembrance of the unnatural encounter. McCarty and Mason were Virginians (and cousins), and quarrelled over politics, which ran high at the time—1819.

Captain Gillespie, who, as second of Lieutenant McKenzie in the duel of the latter with William Barrington, in Ireland in 1777, assassinated Barrington during an altercation, and who became afterward an eminent general officer in the British army, suffered a good deal from what the jury seemed to think was "justifiable homicide." It has been said of Gillespie that he always seemed to court death during his many engagements with England's enemies, and that he at last received a fatal bullet while leading his command into the thickest of the fight. Theodore Neuhoff, of Westphalia, the remarkable young Jesuit who, in 1736, gained the throne of Corsica, never overcame the grief he experienced after killing a fellow-student in a duel in 1729, and died in England, in 1756, of remorse and disappointment.

James Paull, who killed Sir Francis Burdette in 1807, became frantic with insomnia afterward, and committed suicide in 1808. Captain Best, who killed Lord Camelford in 1804, although he did everything in his power, almost, to effect a reconciliation, never recovered from the shock he felt at seeing his antagonist fall mortally wounded and left for dead on the field. "No moment of my life has been an entirely happy one," he once said, "since I killed that man. I often see poor Camelford standing up before me." Best died from delirium tremens at the age of forty-

eight. Mr. Thornhill, who killed Sir Cholmeley Dering in 1711, suffered great distress of mind in consequence. One of the most painful events in the annals of duelling was the meeting (in Ireland in 1808) of Messrs. Alcock and Colclough. They had been the warmest of friends; and soon after Alcock's trial for murder, and his acquittal, he became demented and died in an asylum for the insane. His sister, who was engaged to be married to Colclough, also became hopelessly insane.

M. Mira, who killed the young French poet Dovalle, experienced great remorse; he lost all his fortune in various ways; disease killed his horses, his château was destroyed by lightning, his dogs became mad, and he at last died from the effects of excessive grief. There is a story told of an Italian who had killed his brother-in-law in a duel, who repaired to the scene of tragic action a day or two afterward and killed himself with the same sword he had used in the fatal encounter with his relative. Captain Maillard, who killed St. Signol (the two having quarrelled at the Porte St. Martin during the successful presentation of one of Signol's plays), once told a friend that he never went to bed without thinking of the poor fellow he had killed. "This excessive grief will soon kill me," he declared a short time before his death.

Lieutenant Miller, who killed Lieutenant Rattray (both of the same regiment, the Fourth Native Infantry, British army) in India, died in six weeks afterward from remorse. The two officers had quarrelled and agreed to fight; and Miller, who was a dead shot, intended only to slightly wound and not kill his antagonist, as Rattray was engaged to be married to Miller's sister. Tom Porter, who foolishly fought with and

killed his friend Sir Henry Bellasses, in London in 1677, felt great sorrow during the rest of his life. He never forgave himself, he many times declared, for hurrying after and stopping his friend's carriage and dragging Bellasses out to fight. His self-exile in France continued for many years, and at last he returned to England a broken-hearted man. Henry Phillips, who slew his former friend, Benjamin Woodbridge, one night in 1728, on Boston Common, and escaped, died from great grief in France in less than a year afterward.

Major Egerton, an officer of the British army during the reign of George the Third, although he was averse to a continuance of the duel with Colonel Gray after the firing of the first shot, never got rid of the sorrow he felt over the instantaneous death of his antagonist. A gentleman who knew Egerton well once wrote of him: "Never, through all the after-years, did the Major cease to grieve over the unfortunate meeting, or to think mildly and compassionately of the hapless Colonel whom he had been forced to meet in the fatal encounter. It was an additional cause of sorrow to learn afterward that Gray left a wife and child to deplore his loss. The jury before whom he was tried acquitted Major Egerton, but the remembrance of the deed lasted to his dying day."

Captain Stewart, of the British army, who once killed a brother-officer in a duel, and soon afterward registered an oath before a justice—so great was his grief and remorse—never again to engage in mortal combat, was challenged, subsequently, while in Kingston, by a Creole—one D'Egville. Stewart, true to his oath, declined a meeting, and experienced a great deal of brutal treatment at the hands of the Creole,

who at last struck the Captain with a whip on a public street. Stewart then had a grave dug, of the usual dimensions, behind the Iguana rocks, and named as terms that the two men should get into the grave, each taking hold of the end of a pocket-handkerchief with the left hand, and each holding a loaded pistol (cocked) in his right, which should be discharged at the word "Fire!" D'Egville made a desperate attempt to wriggle out of the duel after listening to the terms, but was finally brought to the scratch by his second. Just as he stepped into the pit, however, he weakened and fell; whereupon Stewart gave him a mighty good thrashing, amidst cries of "Serves him right."

Numa Hubert, who shot and mortally wounded George T. Hunt near the old Pioneer Race-course, San Francisco, on the 21st of May, 1854, although forgiven by the dying man on the ground—who cried out to the survivor, "Hubert! Hubert!" (and, as the latter advanced by the side of his second, Charles Fairfax,) "I forgive you, Hubert, and God forgives you"—never fully forgave himself. He often saw poor Hunt, he said, by day and by night. "The phantom never leaves me," he once declared ten years after the unfortunate affair. How could it have been otherwise? How could he ever have been joyous or wholly rational after having listened to those words of forgiveness from a victim in the agonies of death? Ah! those gentle tones shattered Hubert's heart, and the phantom only disappeared that night in Chicago, in 1872, when the sorrowing Frenchman retired well and was soon afterward found dead.

It is said of McClung, the noted Mississippi duellist, that his performances, on seeing Menefee fall, were

those of a maniac, if natural. Rising to his full height, he peered through the smoke to see if his antagonist was surely dead. He then dropped upon his knees, and, pressing his rifle tenderly to his bosom, kissed it affectionately, as a lover would his mistress or a mother her child. It is said that he even uttered a prayer of thankfulness to God "for having directed the bullet so well." This was the last duel in which McClung engaged, as few were willing to risk their lives in an encounter with him. After serving with distinction in the Mexican war he returned to Mississippi; but he had become more morose than ever and deeply melancholy. It has even been claimed by many that he was haunted by the spirits of those whom he had slain in duels—a story which was commonly believed, and particularly when, in 1855, without any explanation whatever, he blew out his brains with a pistol with which he had frequently killed others. Thus, by his own hands, died one of the most determined and representative Southern duellists of the time.

CHAPTER XXVII.

NOTABLE ESCAPES.

How Watches, Buttons, etc., have Saved Lives—Broderick's Life once Saved by a Watch—Broderick and Judge Smith—Lord George Germaine's Pistol Shattered by Governor George Johnstone's Bullet—How Handel's Life was Saved by a Coat-Button—Buckles and Gingerbread Save the Lives of Two Fighting Irishmen—Louis Napoleon's Luck—A Brooch renders Good Service to Richard Daly in his Duel with Sir Jonah Barrington—De Cassagnac's Bullet, which was Intended for Rochefort's Heart, Stopped by a Silver Medal—Charles Blanc's Life Saved by a Five-Franc Piece—General Bouvet's Life also Saved by a French Coin.

DURING the year 1811 a young Englishman was drawn into a difficulty with an ex-officer of the French army (but at the time a professional gambler), and agreed upon a hostile meeting in the woods near Paris with the bully; and a supposed friend (who placed the youth with his face to the sun, and also in a position where the shadow of a tree formed a line of shot in favor of the would-be murderer) provided his principal with an indifferent weapon, which, however, had the unexpectedly good nature to go off and kill the man opposite it. A few months afterward one of the parties to the crime confessed to the Englishman how the "job had been put up on him" by professional criminals to get him to gamble; and, failing in this, to drug him (which they

did), and accuse him of contracting gambling-debts while under the influence of wine; and then, upon his refusal "to settle," to challenge him to fight a duel in the Bois de Boulogne and kill him on account of their ill-success in securing a portion of the large amount of spending-money it was known that he had in bank or otherwise at command.

On June 8, 1792, in England, Lord Lonsdale and Captain Cuthbert (of the Guards) fired twice at each other, the second shot from Lord Lonsdale's weapon striking and shattering a metal button on Cuthbert's coat. The seconds then effected a reconciliation, as it was admitted that the metal button had saved the officer's life.

In 1852 David C. Broderick (killed by David S. Terry in 1859) fought a duel on the eastern shore of the Bay of San Francisco with Judge Smith, a son of Governor ("Extra Billy") Smith, of Virginia. The parties fought with navy-revolvers, at ten paces, and emptied the contents of their weapons (six barrels) at each other, during which Broderick was hit in the stomach. Upon examination it was found that a bullet from his antagonist had gone through the centre of a heavy-cased watch worn by Broderick, inflicting a slight wound; after which the seconds consulted with each other and with their principals, and then terminated the combat. This affair has been graphically described by Charles F. Duane, a well-known Californian, who was present, and who says:

There are very few people who are aware of the fact that David C. Broderick ever fought a duel previous to the one in 1859, when he lost his life. In 1852 Broderick received a challenge to fight a duel from Judge Smith, the son of ex-

Governor Smith of Virginia, who was better known as "Extra Billy" Smith. Judge Smith was also a brother of Austin Smith, who was killed in the late war while fighting in the Confederate service. At that time a man who refused to accept a challenge was not permitted to move in what was considered good society. He was treated with contempt and looked upon as a coward. Of course Broderick accepted the challenge, and the ground was selected for the duel across the bay, about where the centre of the city of Oakland now is. There were but a few shanties there then, and they were located on the shore, where the foot of Broadway Street is. As soon as the news was spread that the place for the fighting had been fixed upon, every Whitehall boat in the harbor was engaged in taking people over the bay. They went back and forth all the night preceding the day of the duel. Ira Cole, two other gentlemen, and myself started from the San Francisco side in a Whitehall boat at one o'clock in the morning of the day of the duel. The fog on the bay was very heavy, and after we had gone some distance past Goat Island the tide was very low and we found ourselves on the mud-flats. We were obliged to remain there nearly an hour, and were surrounded by a great many boats in the same predicament. It was so foggy that we could not distinguish the forms of the occupants of the other boats, but we recognized our friends by their voices as they saluted our boat with "Brig ahoy!" and "Ship ahoy!" and the firing of pistols. A shot fired by some person hit one of the sailors in our boat in the arm and disabled him. Although we could not see each other, all sorts of bets were made on the result of the duel. After remaining on the flats for an hour, we drew lots in our boat to see who should undress and tow the boat to the shore. I believe Ira Cole cheated me, because they all laughed at me when I pulled the short straw by the light of a cigar. As soon as it was decided that I should do the work, I immediately took off my clothes and stepped into the cold mud. I took the direction, as I thought, toward shore, and kept hauling until the break of day, when I felt as though I had towed

the boat twenty miles. About the time that day dawned I reached the shore, and found that I had towed the boat one mile south in a zigzag fashion from where the foot of Broadway Street now is. After I had dug a hole for the water to come in, with the oars of the boat, and had taken a bath, we hauled our boat on shore. We then went over the fields until we sighted two pretty large crowds of people, apparently about a quarter of a mile apart, when we steered our course in that direction, and were soon amidst them. One crowd were the friends of Broderick, and the others were the friends of Judge Smith, who was on the ground, accompanied by his father, Governor Smith. The duel was to be fought with navy-revolvers, at a distance of ten paces, the signal for the shooting being "One, two, three, fire!" At the word "fire" the parties were to shoot, and, if they desired, were to advance toward each other, the firing to continue until all the six shots had been used. John A. McGlynn presented me with a navy-revolver in 1850. It was a very fine one, and while I was shooting with it at a target, on several occasions, the exploded cap caught and prevented the cylinder from revolving. I took it to Brown & Natchez's gunshop, opposite the Plaza, and had the cylinder filed so that the cap could not catch. Vi. Turner, one of Broderick's seconds, borrowed this pistol from me on the day before the duel, for Broderick's use. On the field, when the duellists tossed up for the choice of pistols, Judge Smith's second won the choice, and he took the pistol which I had loaned to Vi. Turner for Broderick. Smith's pistol was the same make, but had not been filed as mine had. Previous to the placing of the pistols in the hands of the principals, Broderick pulled out his heavy double-cased gold watch, which Howard Engine Company in New York, of which he had been foreman, had presented to him on his departure from New York for California. He handed the watch to Vi. Turner, and within my hearing Turner said, "Put your watch in your pocket; if you are shot, die like a gentleman." At this Broderick smiled and replaced the time-piece in his pocket. The pis-

tols were then handed to Broderick and Smith, and the question asked, "Are you ready?" On both answering in the affirmative, the word "fire" was given, and they both commenced firing. I could not tell which of them fired first. After the first shot Broderick's exploded cap caught in the cylinder of his pistol, and he did not have strength enough in one hand to cock it in the usual way. He then grabbed it in both hands and, putting the pistol between his knees, proceeded to cock it. While in this position, facing his opponent, he was struck by a bullet from Smith's pistol. The ball hit him in the stomach and staggered him, and his hat fell to the ground. Having succeeded in cocking his pistol, he returned the fire, and they both kept shooting until they had fired their six shots. The seconds then rushed up to their respective principals, and Turner unbuttoned Broderick's coat. I stood close to him, and on examination we found that the bullet had hit the centre of his heavy-cased watch, and that fragments of the bullet went through both cases and cut his stomach. Judge Smith was not hit at all. After a few moments, Turner asked Broderick if he felt able to renew the duel. His reply was, "Certainly I am." The people on both sides were ordered back, and the seconds of both parties held a consultation with each other, and afterward with their principals. At the consultation of the seconds, Mr. Smith's representative, on behalf of Judge Smith, said that he acknowledged that Broderick was an honorable gentleman. When Broderick's seconds informed him of this fact, he said, "Well, that is sufficient," whereupon the seconds brought their principals half way and Broderick and Smith shook hands. The result was pleasing to all parties concerned. After the duel, it was impossible for all the people to get back to San Francisco on the same day, and many walked up to an old house known as the Estudillo Rancho, a private mansion occupied by Spanish people, which was situated where San Leandro now is. There they obtained horses and rode to San Francisco by way of San José.

In the duel between M. Aguesseau and M. Bertholow, in Paris in 1849, the pistol of the latter was shattered by the bullet from the weapon of the former. In the meeting between Mr. Beresford and Mr. Fitzwilliam, in England in 1795, the principals had just taken their places, when the law-officers appeared and terminated the affair. In 1770, in England, Lord George Germaine and Governor George Johnstone, members of the House of Commons, met in Hyde Park, and at the first fire Germaine's pistol was broken by Johnstone's bullet, and the difficulty was then adjusted by the seconds—Sir James Lowther and Hon. Thomas Townshend. In 1704, at Hamburg, M. Matheuson and George Frederick Handel, the eminent composer, met with swords, and the weapon of the former was broken against a button on Handel's coat, which undoubtedly saved the life of the latter.

McNally, when he fought with Sir Jonah Barrington, received his antagonist's bullet in the buckle of his left suspender, and it turned and sped away instead of entering the body. In the duel between Peter Burrowes and Somerset Butler, in Ireland, the bullet of the latter lodged in a pocket of gingerbread-nuts in the waistcoat of Burrowes, who had purchased a pennyworth of an old woman as he was on his way to the scene of action with his second, Dick Waddy.

On the 4th of March, 1840, just as the Comte Leon (accompanied by Lieutenant-Colonel Ratcliffe) and Louis Napoleon (attended by Count d'Orsay) took their places on Wimbledon Common, with swords and pistols, the police rushed in and arrested the principals and their seconds, and all were placed under bonds to keep the peace.

Alexander J. Dallas and R. A. Hoole, who had quarrelled at their hotel at Washington (D. C.) in 1851, met the following day on the field at Bladensburg, but were promptly arrested before taking their places. In 1802 David B. Mitchell and William Hunter fought near Savannah (Ga.), and at the first fire Hunter's bullet lodged in the clothing of Mitchell. At the second fire another bullet was lodged in the same manner, but Hunter was shot dead. In 1783 two English officers and their seconds met in a field near Kensington Gravel-pits, but were happily prevented from carrying out their hostile plans by the interposition of a clergyman who lived in that neighborhood, and who happened to be passing along as the parties alighted from their carriages; and who, suspecting their intentions, interfered, and by his polite and affectionate address effected an honorable reconciliation. In his duel with Sir Jonah Barrington, Richard Daly's life was saved by his antagonist's bullet hitting his brooch, a portion of which penetrated the breast-bone, however.

In his duel with Rochefort, De Cassagnac's bullet went direct for his antagonist's heart, but stopped at a silver medal worn by the former during the encounter and then glanced off harmlessly. "I should have killed him, certainly," said De Cassagnac, afterward, "had it not been for that blessed medal." In the duel between Armèstee Archard and Charles Blanc, a ball from the former's pistol struck a five-franc piece in the vest-pocket of the latter, and was diverted from fatal action. "That's what I call money well invested," exclaimed Monsieur Mery, the second of M. Archard. A five-franc piece also saved the life of General Bouvet in his duel with General

Ornano. In their duel in the woods near Paris, a century ago, Pierrot and Arlequin fired together and each killed his adversary's second. "What an escape!" cried a spectator—albeit the seconds had both dropped dead. In the fatal duel between Conway and Crittenden, the bullet from the weapon of the former took off a breast-button from his antagonist's coat.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

PATHOS AND SENTIMENT.

The Youth and his Mother—Not Equally Matched—A Happy Accident—"I leave Traitors to the Public Executioner"—He would not Shoot at an Officer whose Life belonged to his Country—The Marquis de Donnisan—Mrs. Bruce and the Lady Clementina—Harvey Aston's Noble Words—Randolph's Emotional Declaration—Oliver H. Perry's Sense of Honor—A Number of Anecdotes—"Have you a Mother?" inquired the Rascal—A Sad Affair—"Thank Heaven!"—"I have never been your Enemy, Sir"—"My God! My Poor Wife!"—"I commit my Soul to Almighty God"—Honor and Religion Two Different Things.

In 1810 violets were looked upon as emblems of imperialism in France — Napoleon himself having been called "Père la Violette." It was during this time that a youth from the country, on his return home to his mother from Paris, one day, while crossing the Pont des Arts, was rudely accosted by an officer of the Guard and slapped in the face. "I am not aware, sir," exclaimed the youth, "why you insult me; but, at all events, I insist upon immediate reparation." "By all means, sir, and at once;" replied his insolent assailant. They soon afterward crossed swords at St. Mandé, and in a minute the young gentleman fell mortally wounded, exclaiming, with his dying breath: "Ah me! this evening was my mother's

birthday, and I was carrying these violets to her; I —I shall see her no more."

Two friends quarrelled; and one of them, being a man of hasty disposition, challenged the other to fight him the following day. The challenge was accepted, on condition that they should breakfast together previous to their going to the field at the house of the person challenged. When the challenger arrived next morning, according to appointment, he found every preparation made for breakfast; and his friend, his wife and children, all ready to receive him. Their repast being over, and the family withdrawn, without the slightest hint of their purpose having transpired, the challenger asked the other if he was ready to attend. "No, sir," replied he; "not until we are on a par. That amiable woman and those six innocent children who just now breakfasted with us depend solely upon my life for their subsistence; and until you can stake something equal, in my estimation, to the welfare of those seven persons, who are dearer to me than my right hand or my right eye, I cannot think we are equally matched." "We are not, indeed," replied the other, giving him his hand; and they became, ever afterward, firmer friends than before.

A pretty exhibition of courage and concession was shown at the meeting of Mr. Fitzgerald and Mr. Scawen, near Tournay (the Netherlands), on September 1, 1773. Mr. S. asked Mr. F. if he would fire first. The latter accepted the offer, and discharged his pistol at Mr. Scawen without effect. Mr. S. then levelled his weapon at his antagonist, who, while bringing his second pistol to a level, accidentally discharged it before Mr. Scawen had fired his first. On

this, Mr. S. said, "Mr. Fitzgerald, you have fired your second pistol." To which Mr. F. replied, "It is true, sir; but I assure you that it was entirely accidental, and I ask your pardon for it." Then, advancing a pace or two toward Mr. Scawen, Mr. Fitzgerald added, "You have both your pistols, sir; I desire you will fire them, and then we will both load again." Mr. Scawen then advanced toward his adversary, and nobly replied, "Sir, I am glad it happened, for I am prepared to say that my disrespectful language was used when I was disordered with liquor, and I am extremely sorry for it." The gentlemen then shook hands, and afterward spent the evening together.

In his duel with Benedict Arnold, Lord Balcarras received his antagonist's fire without injury; and when Arnold exclaimed, "My lord, are you not going to fire?" Balcarras threw his weapon away and replied, "No, sir; I leave traitors to the public executioner!"

When Louis the Thirteenth made an example, at last, by beheading Francis de Botteville, Richelieu, who was very severe on the grandees, while he permitted "smaller fry" to run each other through, said to the king: "We must cut off the heads of some of these distinguished duellists or the time will soon arrive when they will pay no attention whatever to the edicts of your Majesty." And so De Botteville—notwithstanding the repeated entreaties of the Countess (his wife), the Princess of Condé, and many nobles and their wives—was executed, along with a relative (Des Chappelles).

In October, 1883, a lieutenant of dragoons and a banker met near Paris with pistols, and the bullet

from the former struck the latter in the stomach just where the upper part of the trousers came together, and failed to perform further its hostile mission; whereupon the banker discharged his weapon in the air. The two gentlemen then advanced toward each other, shook hands, and went off to breakfast together. When asked why he did not fire at his antagonist, the banker replied that he all of a sudden concluded that it "was a mistaken sense of honor for a man to stand up and deliberately shoot at a French officer whose life belonged to his country."

The Marquis de Donnisan, who was an earnest opponent of duelling, once overheard two of his officers quarrelling and saw them in the act of drawing their swords, a challenge to mortal combat having been given and accepted. At this juncture the Marquis hurried to the spot and cried out: "Hold! Which of you two, think you, will have the pleasure of robbing himself of a friend and a brother, and, at the same time, robbing me of one of my best and perhaps two of my best and bravest soldiers?" Immediate good effect resulted from such reproof, and the two officers at once sheathed their swords, joined hands, and vowed friendship for each other.

It is stated that when Lord Edward Bruce took leave of his mother and the Lady Clementina on his departure from England to the Continent for the purpose of meeting Sir Edward Sackville in mortal combat, he besought them to be prepared for the worst, as it was altogether probable that he would never return; and it has also been stated that, upon hearing of his lordship's death, the two ladies put on mourning, which they never took off during their lives. Subsequently the heart of Bruce was pre-

served and sent from Holland, and interred in the burying-ground adjoining the old abbey church of Culross at Perthshire.

Captain Harvey Aston, who had been severely wounded by Lieutenant Fitzgerald in 1790, was on terms of intimacy with the royal family; and upon his departure for India, some years afterward, the king enjoined him most affectionately never again to fight a duel. It was not long, however, before his fatal meeting with Colonel Allen (also of the British army), in which he was shot through the body and back-bone; and an account of this duel states that Aston, after receiving his death-wound, continued standing, his arm extended and pistol presented for more than a minute; but, sensible that he had but a short time to live, he exclaimed, "It shall never be said of me that the last act of my life was an act of revenge;" and gradually lowering his arm to his side, he sank forever.

M. de Walsh, a young officer of the French army, had but just married a most accomplished lady, who was a relative of the Duc de la Rochefoucauld, and was in the act of embracing his young wife, when he received a letter that made him instantly change color and show such confusion that the lady became alarmed and asked him the nature of its contents. To relieve her anxiety he burned the letter, after assuring his bride that it contained nothing of importance. Subsequently he stated that he had left some papers at Fontainebleau; and that, the weather being fine, he would go in his cabriolet, with only his footboy, and fetch them, and return in time for dinner. He set out immediately; and, leaving his carriage and servant at Villejuif, where he wrote letters to

his wife and several relatives, he entered the forest alone, and in an hour or two afterward was found dead where he had been killed in a duel.

When Colonel Benton—who had visited Mrs. Clay the night before the duel between Mr. Clay and Mr. Randolph—related to the Virginian the story of his visit, and of Mrs. Clay's unconscious tranquillity, and of the sleeping child, Randolph said, "I shall do nothing to disturb the sleep of the child or the repose of the mother." After the duel Mr. Randolph said, "I would not have seen him fall mortally or even doubtfully wounded for all the land that is watered by the King of Floods and all his tributary streams."

In his duel with John Heath, a captain of marines, near Hoboken (N. J.), in 1818, which was the result of a disturbance in the Mediterranean some three or four years before, during which he raised his hand to strike or did strike Heath, Oliver H. Perry, then a post-captain in the United States Navy, said: "I cannot consent to return his fire, as the meeting on my part is entirely as an atonement for the violated rules of the service; for I had no right to raise my hand against a person honored with a commission, although the provocation was very strong." The duel was fought with pistols. Heath fired and missed, and Perry discharged his weapon in the air. The affair was then brought to an end almost wholly through the instrumentality of Stephen Decatur, Perry's second.

On February 21, 1816, at Galway (Ireland), near Merlin Park, Mr. P. Dillon and Mr. B. Kane, attorneys, fought with pistols, and Dillon was killed at the first fire. The parties had always been close friends; and Dillon, who had fought many duels, had

been seconded by Kane in each. It is a singular, as well as a mournful, circumstance that Dillon's father had been killed in a duel with Malachy Fallon on the same spot, and was of the same age as his son when the latter fell—and the Dillons both used the same weapon. Just before Major I. Hillas was killed by T. Fenton, at Kilmacowen (Ireland), in 1816, he said: "I am sorry the mistaken laws of honor oblige me to come here to defend myself, and I declare to God that I have no animosity to any man or woman on the face of the earth." Fenton fired first and shot Hillas dead. In his duel with Lieutenant Conroy, at Plympton-Mary Bridge, near Plymouth, on March 8, 1817, Lieutenant Hindas, after receiving his antagonist's bullet in a vital part, walked to his hotel, where he fell dead, after speaking piteously of his wife and two children, who, he said, would be left without a loving protector.

In 1819 a demon gamester of Paris, who had enticed a young Englishman into his lair and robbed him of nearly ten thousand francs, challenged his victim for alleged slander, and killed the youth under the most distressing circumstances. The terms were that they should fight with pistols and fire at will. Unfortunately, however, the Englishman, who had never before stood upon the "field of honor," let go his fire, and the gamester walked up to the youth and, taking deliberate aim, said, "You report that I have cheated you?" "Yes." "Have you a mother?" "Yes." "Well, I am sorry for her,"—and the boy fell dead in the beautiful Bois de Boulogne; and even the cascades and fountains seemed to murmur at the atrocious act. But the murder of the boy was avenged; for in a short time afterward an

English duellist had sought out the murderer, flung a glass of chablis in his face, had been challenged, had fought with swords, and had killed the French rascal.

In 1772, in England, a Mr. McLean was challenged and killed by a Mr. Cameron; and the mother of Mr. McLean, when she was informed of the sad occurrence, instantly lost her reason; whilst a Miss McLeod, who was to have been married to the deceased, was seized with spasms, and died in three days.

In 1803, in London, Lieutenant W., of the navy, challenged Captain I., of the army, on account of the betrayal of Miss W. by Captain I.; and the parties met in Hyde Park, at six paces. At the first shot the Lieutenant missed, but had two fingers torn off from his right hand. He then deliberately wrapped the wound with his handkerchief, and, looking solemnly upward, exclaimed, "I have a left hand, thank Heaven, which never failed me." The combatants again took their ground and fired, and both fell—the Captain dying instantly. The Lieutenant, who was shot through the breast, raised himself and inquired if his antagonist had been hurt; and, upon being informed that he had killed Captain I., he said, "Thank Heaven!" And then, taking his mourning-ring from a finger, he handed it to his second, and added, "Give this to my poor, dear sister, and tell her this is the happiest moment of my life;" and in a few seconds he expired.

The wife of the Marquis de Sévigné who was killed in a duel in 1651, wore mourning during the rest of her life.

Decatur and Barron—the former mortally and the latter dangerously wounded—exchanged foregiveness on the field. Before the firing which terminated the

career of one of the most gallant and courteous Americans that ever lived, Barron said to Decatur, "I hope, on meeting in another world, that we shall be better friends than we have been in this." To which Decatur replied, "I have never been your enemy, sir."

In the duel between Captain Ross and Lieutenant Martin (of the Queen's Regiment), in India, it was arranged that it should take place very early in the morning of the day set, so as not to alarm Mrs. Ross, who was a bride. Mrs. R., however, suspected all was not right; and as soon as her husband had gone, she got up and dressed herself hurriedly, had her pony saddled, and rode out to the race-course—arriving just in time to see her husband fall, dangerously (it was thought mortally) wounded, and to hear him exclaim, "My God! I am killed. My poor wife! my poor wife!" Mrs. Ross quickly dismounted, and, rushing toward the fallen officer, fell fainting over his body, and died in a short time afterward, a maniac. The officer recovered, however.

Colonel Thomas, who was killed by Cosmo Gardiner, in England in 1783, executed his will upon the evening previous, commencing it as follows: "In the first place I commit my soul to Almighty God, in hopes of his mercy and pardon for the irreligious step I now—in compliance with the unwarranted customs of this wicked world—put myself under the necessity of taking." In 1785, in Massachusetts, Captain Harris, of the Revolutionary army, made his will just before he departed for the field of honor, where he was mortally wounded, dying in less than four hours after the unfortunate meeting. W. G. Graham, who was killed by Horace Barton at Hoboken (N.J.)

in 1827, left behind him the following curiosity of duelling literature: "I frankly admit that I am greatly in the wrong; and that by giving Mr. Barton a blow I have forced him into the condition of a challenger; and that by not doing what he has he would have blasted his character as a gentleman forever. In common justice, I am bound thus to absolve him from all suspicion of unbecoming conduct respecting the challenge. The provocation, though slight, was still a provocation which I could not overlook. It is out of the question for me to explain, retract, or apologize, as Mr. Barton dwells very complacently on his own skill as a marksman, on his experience as a duellist, and on his accuracy as a person of *ton*. I pretend to none of these, and therefore must oppose the most inflexible obstinacy. After he is perfectly satisfied, I may, perhaps, apologize — that is, in case I am fatally wounded. It is needless for me to say I heartily protest and despise this absurd mode of settling disputes. But what can a poor devil do, except bow to the supremacy of custom?"

In the most flourishing period of the reign of Louis XIV. two negro youths, the sons of a prince, being brought to the Court of France, the king appointed a Jesuit to instruct them in letters and in the Christian religion, and gave to each of them a commission in his Guards. The elder, who was remarkable for his candor and ingenuousness, made great improvement, more particularly in the doctrines of religion. A brutal officer, upon some dispute, insulted him with a blow. The gallant youth never so much as offered to resent it. A person who was his friend took an opportunity to talk with him that evening, alone, upon his behavior, which he told him was too tame, es-

pecially in a soldier. "Is there, then," said the young African, "one revelation for soldiers and another for merchants and gownsmen? The good father to whom I owe all my knowledge has earnestly inculcated forgiveness of injuries done me, assuring me that a Christian was by no means to retaliate abuses of any kind." "The good father," replied his friend, "may fit you for a monastery by his lessons, but never for the rules of a court. In a word," continued he, "if you do not call the Colonel to an account, you will be branded with the infamy of cowardice and have your commission taken from you." "I would fain," answered the young man, "act consistently in everything; but since you press me with that regard to my honor which you have always shown, I will wipe off so foul a stain, though I must own I gloried in it before." Immediately upon this, he desired his friend to go from him and appoint the aggressor to meet him early in the morning. Accordingly they met and fought, and the brave youth disarmed his adversary and forced him to ask his pardon publicly. This done, the next day he threw up his commission and desired the king's leave to return to his father; where, he said, it was no dishonor to act up to the principles of one's religion.

CHAPTER XXIX.

THE ROMANCE OF DUELLING.

Helena von Doenniges and her Rival Lovers—A Nevada Courtship and the Consequence—Origin of Salmi Morse's Drama of "On the Yellowstone"—A Tale of True Love—Why a German Count became a Common Laborer upon the Illinois Central Railroad—The Last of a Hermit—A Fatal Duel on the Rhine—The Survivor Flees to New York and Commits Suicide—A Point of Honor—The European Custom called "The American Duel"—The Russian Brothers—The Lawyer and the Physician.

AND now we come to the recital of one of the most romantic duels ever fought at any time in any country—the meeting in the year 1864 between Ferdinand Lassalle, the great social reformer and father of modern socialism in Germany, and the young Wallachian Prince Rackowitza. The cause was a woman—Helena von Doenniges, the daughter of the Bavarian Ambassador in Switzerland, and belonging to one of the oldest aristocratic families of Germany. All three were exceptionally eccentric people. Lassalle was a man of genius and high intellectual achievements, and an Israelite by birth; and, despite his democratic tendencies, an aristocrat in appearance and mode of living, who had been many years dreaming of and preparing for a "republic of Germany," with himself as its President, the elect of the people. But his fate was Helena von Doenniges, whom he first met in 1862, in the artistic and intel-

lectual circles of Berlin society. Fräulein von Doenniges was then but eighteen years of age, a beautiful woman of an exquisite type, with gold-red hair; of unusual accomplishments, superior knowledge, poetical, enthusiastic, a favorite of society. It was a love at first sight—the *coup de foudre* (the lightning-stroke of love), as the French say—between these two handsome people. Like Helena, Lassalle (though twenty years older than the young girl) was of most striking appearance—tall, slender, graceful, handsome, with "the head of a Roman Cæsar and sparkling eyes," as described by Helena, the sole survivor of the unhappy trio, in a book entitled "My Relations to Lassalle." The very same evening upon which their alliance for life had been vowed to each other, the self-willed eccentric tribune of the people carried "his child" or "gold fox" (on account of her hair), as he called his love, in his arms down the stairs of the house where they had met for the first time. The Berlin relatives with whom Fräulein von Doenniges went home that evening were not even astonished at this sudden familiarity—such favorites of society were both the hero and the heroine. But the latter had already a devoted, passionate admirer—the youthful, handsome Wallachian Prince Yanko Rackowitza, a descendant of an old royal Tartarian family, who, then but nineteen years old, was called by Helena, on account of his very dark complexion and black eyes, her "Moorish page" or "young Othello." When she informed the Prince next day that she had found the only man she could marry, his eyes were filled with tears and he sadly answered, "If it be your happiness, I have nothing to say." Lassalle and Helena met several times again, and their complete congeniality cemented still more firmly their hearts. Then

there was a temporary separation. The fair Helena returned to her father's home, in the aristocratic atmosphere of which nobody would have dared to mention the name of the republican and socialist Lassalle. Herr von Doenniges favored a marriage between his daughter and Prince Rackowitza. Moreover, Lassalle had entertained a sort of platonic *liaison* with the old Countess Hatzfeld, another eccentric character, and the rumors of these relations had injured his moral reputation. But the lovers thought to overcome all these obstacles. Again the lovers met in Switzerland, and now formed plans to overcome the objections of Helena's parents to their marriage. Lassalle followed Helena to Geneva, where her parents were then living, but her too hasty confession to her haughty mother brought about a sudden catastrophe. Her parents cursed her for loving this "socialistic Jew," and she fled to Lassalle's hotel, imploring him to flee with her to France and marry her there without the consent of her parents. But his political ambition got the better of his love, probably; for he objected to her proposition, and himself led Helena back to her parents, who in turn treated Lassalle with indignation and contempt. He vowed he would soon return and take the young woman to his own home; but he was answered by her parents that he should never see her again. Her father then imprisoned her in the house, and treated her most cruelly. Lassalle had gone to Munich and brought the influence of powerful friends to bear upon the father. Seeing this, the latter acted more perfidiously than before; he intercepted Lassalle's letters to his daughter, and at last broke her resistance and compelled her to renounce her love, for when Lassalle returned with influential friends to Geneva he coerced his daugh-

ter—who, not having received any word from Lassalle, thought she had been forsaken—to declare solemnly that she voluntarily broke her engagement. Then Lassalle challenged her father, and the latter induced Prince Rackowitza to accept for him the duel. The Prince informed Fräulein von Doenniges; and Helena, who knew Lassalle to be an excellent shot, took new courage, thinking he would severely wound or kill the boyish Yanko, and that then she might seek Lassalle and explain everything. She prepared fully for the flight. But perhaps Lassalle was in despair and wanted to die. At any rate, Prince Rackowitza returned unharmed; but Lassalle had received a deadly wound from the effects of which he died on the third morning after the duel. Helena fell into a torpor and was for months unconscious of everything around her. Prince Rackowitza was inconsolable and in despair over what he had done from a false feeling of honor. He remained awhile with the family, but was soon taken dangerously ill. Helena now forgot her hatred of him and his deed, and took pity on him. When he was in the last stages of consumption she married him, six months after Lassalle's death, to nurse him faithfully till his own death, which occurred five months later. In her exalted way of thinking she did not consider this as a wrong to Lassalle's memory. From her family she was now estranged entirely, and Lassalle's friends all hated her as the cause of Lassalle's death. What should the poor girl do? Helena von Rackowitza had always been passionately fond of the stage, and now sought a new sphere of life by turning her attention to dramatic art. Her relations to Lassalle had already made her famous; and her great beauty, grace, and elegance aided not a little the success of

her *début*, and soon she was a popular and admired actress. Her second marriage, to a celebrated actor, was unfortunate, and the two were soon after separated. Eight years ago she came to America, where she starred on the German and English stage very successfully, and ultimately became the wife of a Russian nobleman and nihilist—a man of great literary talent—who is, strange to say, the leader of the American branch of the party founded by Lassalle. The heroine of this strange romance at present resides in New York and is devoted to literary work. She is still a beautiful and charming woman, and very much admired in society.

The Kansas City *Star* in May, 1884, published the following highly romantic sketch of a Nevada courtship and the duel in consequence; it throws a beam upon the origin of poor Salmi Morse's drama of "On the Yellowstone:"

Six or seven years ago Judge Blackburn was one of the leading jurists of Nevada. His daughter Mary, then not quite seventeen years old, was a lovely girl—tall, lithe, and with a glorious head of deep blonde hair, of that peculiar shade which hesitates on the border-line of the lightest brown. They were at that time at Silver City, Nev., and she was besieged with admirers, whom the Judge endeavored, with a popular sort of parental monopoly, to keep at arm's length. Probably the most obnoxious of all these to him was Harry J. Norton, a bright young newspaper-man, who was publishing a typical mining-camp journal there. Norton was a romantic-looking fellow, dark-haired and handsome, and had a history full of adventure. He had been a soldier, had fought his way into Mexico; he had been a scout and in Government employ; had threaded the labyrinths of the Yellowstone into the most marvellous fairyland that the foot of man ever trod; he was the sole survivor of a wild raid of the Apaches on the Gila River, and escaped by sheer and desper-

ate courage alone; he had been a gold-miner, a hunter all alone in leagues of prairie-land, and, above all, he was a keen observer, an easy and graceful talker, and these "moving incidents by flood and field" wove themselves into his conversation and lent it an ineffable charm. He was a man of undoubted nerve; will-power was a dominant trait of his character; and it is not at all strange that he soon captivated the belle of the camp.

Judge Blackburn, however, regarded him with dislike and suspicion. He said freely that he considered him a dangerous and dissolute man, and declined to entrust the future happiness of his child in his hands. Norton loved her tenderly and purely, and was not the man to be balked. Next to himself the most prominent suitor was a rich Mexican who had drifted North, and whose name has escaped the pen. He was, however, rich, rather dashing, and a really dangerous rival anywhere. Norton fancied that he was standing in the way and prejudicing the Judge against him, and he lost no time in finding a pretext for a quarrel and challenging him to a duel. The challenge was instantly accepted, the Mexican, as the challenged party, choosing Colt's revolvers, at twenty paces, and an early hour next morning as the time.

Prompt to the minute they met. During the night Norton had worked as usual at his office, coolly grinding out "copy" for the printers and correcting proof as nonchalantly as though he was anticipating nothing more serious than a good sleep at the end of it. The last sheet of "copy" he wrote was a brief obituary of himself, and, hanging it on his hook, told the foreman, without mentioning its nature, to run it in the next issue in case he did not return.

The place selected for the duel was a level spot in the rear of some shattered adobe houses. They stood back to back, and at "One, two, three" were to wheel and fire. At "three" Norton turned deliberately and sent a bullet straight through his opponent's heart. The Mexican's ball had passed over his head.

It was yet in the early gray of dawn, and the journalist

hastened to Blackburn's house and told Mary plainly just what had happened, also that he must instantly fly.

"I will go with you," she said.

She never re-entered the house. Norton procured her wraps in the camp, and they left together before the sun was up. Of course she was soon missed, and, linking her absence with the news of the duel, which reached him shortly, and of Norton's departure, Judge Blackburn did not have much difficulty in arriving at an understanding of the case. He was a stern old man, and started in pursuit, fully determined, so he often afterward said, to kill them both. His instant construction was that the journalist had enticed the girl away, and, in the relentless old code of morality, he prefered death to dishonor.

Norton, however, had no such notion. They struck the stage and took passage, as any lady and gentleman might, for Virginia City. *En route* the angered father pressed them so hard that they were compelled to abandon the stage, and, securing horses, finished the trip in the saddle. They arrived in Virginia City half an hour ahead, and when Judge Blackburn arrived he was confronted by a marriage-certificate. Although he concluded not to do any killing, he never entirely forgave Norton, and returned to his home feeling that he had been deeply wronged. Nobody was particularly affected by the death of the Mexican, and the prosecution quietly died out for lack of interest.

For two years the young couple led a roving life, drifting wherever the shifting fortune of nomadic Western journalism drew the husband. For a time they were in the Black Hills, but some "gold-brick" confidence-men whom Norton exposed combined their influence to freeze him out. His next objective point was Leadville, and, reluctant to take his girl-wife to so turbulent a camp, Norton sent her home to her parents in Nevada, and went to fight the battle alone. He was soon a popular character there, and became editor of the *Chronicle*, which had recently been started.

While at Leadville Norton published a book, half romance and half history, entitled, "On the Yellowstone." It was the

idealized story of his adventures, and, while it never reaped the author a fortune, its sale was wide. In 1879 hard work and a reckless life broke Norton down, and he was seized with pneumonia. His wife was telegraphed for, and came in on the big lumbering stage on the evening that he died. They took her to the bare log-cabin in which he lay, and the scene at the bedside was pitiful beyond all words. In the delirium of grief she clung to the corpse, and had to be finally taken away by sheer force. Norton was buried under the piñon trees in the Carbonate hills, and the widow of less than twenty went back to Nevada, carrying with her the dead Bohemian's few effects, including the manuscript of a revision of his book "On the Yellowstone," making more of a story and less of a history of it. A purse was raised for her among her husband's old associates, and she drifted out of sight. It was afterward learned that she went with her father to the Pacific Coast, and a few years ago became suddenly enriched by a legacy left her by a relative. It was with this money that she made her theatrical venture in New York, again opposing the wishes of her parent, and again without warning leaving his house. Salmi Morse's play "On the Yellowstone" was in reality a dramatization of Henry Norton's book.

The following tale of true love is from a Chicago despatch (February 10, 1884) to the Associated Press, and tells the romantic story of how a German count became a common laborer upon the Illinois Central Railroad:

The papers have built a very handsome romance out of a variety of actual facts. One year ago, Alfred, Count Salm-Salm, lived in the city of Bonn and was a student of the famous university. He was a handsome young man, nineteen years of age, with unlimited resources. His father, Prince Frederick Salm-Salm, is one of the highest and wealthiest nobles of the German Empire and titular chief of the aristocracy of Rhenish Prussia. Prince Salm-Salm, who was colonel on the staff of General McClellan during the late

war, and at its close entered the service of Maximilian in Mexico as adjutant-general, and subsequently fell in the service of Emperor William at the battle of Gravelotte, in France, during the German war, was a relative of Count Alfred. Alfred fell in love with a beautiful lady of the city of Bonn. She was also loved by another student, and the rivalry between them became so warm and personal that a duel was the consequence. The Prince forbade all further intercourse between his son and the lady, and publicly announced that he would no longer be responsible for the Count's debts growing out of this state of affairs. The Count quit school and came to America.

After the departure of his son the father became penitent, and a long time having elapsed without any tidings of his son, the Prince, through detectives and the press, offered a large sum of money for news concerning him, but none came, and so he was given up for dead. Last week Carl Schneider, who had been a private in the King's Hussars garrisoned at Bonn, met Count Alfred, both being common laborers on the Illinois Central Railroad. He advised the Prince by letter, and a trusted messenger, Mr. Maltzahn, was despatched from Germany. He arrived here a few days ago. The young Count was found, the father's forgiveness tendered, his anxiety expressed, and the consent of the Count obtained to return home immediately. With his old clothes of a railroad-laborer he threw off the name of Frederick Reinhart by which he was known, and with a new suit he again assumed his hereditary title—Alfred, Count Salm-Salm. He left for New York yesterday, and will sail for home at once. To make the story perfect, he has remained true to the maiden and is to marry her, though he relinquishes a portion of his fortune in so doing.

The following is from the St. Paul (Minnesota) *Pioneer Press* of November 24, 1871:

Hermits are commonly held to be creatures of romance rather than reality, yet there are such beings even in this

prosaic age. A recluse died in Saline County, Kansas, a week or two ago who for twenty long years had lived absolutely alone. He dwelt in a large cave, some ten miles from the town of Petra, and nothing was known of his early career until after his death. That career then proved to have been very touching and mournful.

The hermit's name was Franklin Elliott. During the years of his solitary existence in the cave he was an object of constant speculation and curiosity. Once or twice only in the year he came into the town. He would then barter game or pelts for powder, shot, and salt,—seldom anything else,—speaking as few words as might be, and then hastening away. Sometimes he would be seen in the woods carrying a long rifle and quantities of game. If he saw people approaching he would try to avoid them by turning aside into the forest. If that happened to be impracticable, he would stalk moodily straight on. When spoken to he would reply briefly and coldly, and at once depart. He had "a commanding air, a proud, set face, and in spite of his squalid attire, long elfin locks, and singular mode of life, inspired as much respect as curiosity." The cave in which he lived was commodious, having been enlarged, evidently by himself, from a small hole to an apartment twenty-five feet square and ten or twelve feet high. When examined after his death it was quite void of furniture. Pieces of stone and niches in the rocky walls apparently served as chairs, tables, and shelves. A rifle and fowling-piece were found, a long, broad bowie-knife, fishing-tackle, cooking-utensils, and a number of books. Among the latter were copies of Shakespeare, Sterne, Addison, Schiller, Southey, and Spenser. In one corner was a heap of blankets and skins, and on these lay the solitary occupant of the retreat—dead.

Two gentlemen had been hunting near by and were overtaken by a storm. Seeking refuge at the cave, they knocked at its heavy iron door. No response being made to their repeated summons, they pressed cautiously to the inside, and saw what we have described. They also found a small tin box, such as is used by lawyers, and in this were papers that

made clear the unhappy man's history. He had been well born, educated, and affluent. It would appear that he must have been early in life elected to the Legislature of his native State, Kentucky. Before this he had become passionately attached to a young girl. A likeness of her, showing that she must have possessed remarkable beauty, qualified by a rather sensuous and cruel expression, was also found in the box. Sets of letters, in different hands, made the whole drama clear. "Olive," for such was her name as written on the portrait and in the letters, had led Elliott at first to think his love for her returned. In other words, she amused herself with him after the fashion of many of her sex without having any real feeling. While the game was going on some one crossed her path for whom she conceived a veritable passion. She corresponded with this fresh admirer, but lacked moral courage to tell the other one the truth, Either for this reason or out of contemptible vanity she kept up her affairs with both. Elliott discovered all, as letters in the tin box, written by "Olive" to both himself and his rival, proved; such letters, bearing the same date, were found side by side, and stained with blood, in the same package.

In the same package was a yellow printed slip cut from an old newspaper. It gave an account of a frightful duel fought between the two men with rifles at twenty-five paces. Elliott shot his antagonist through the head. The cause of the duel, as described by the slip, was a dispute, at cards. It described the slain man, Bailey, as "handsome, brave, and lax of principle." What happened afterward as regards "Olive" is unknown. Neither law nor public opinion was severe on duelling in Kentucky a quarter of a century ago, so that there was no particular reason for Elliott to fly. He went abroad, however, and seems to have remained in Europe two or three years. Whether moved to return and to seek a solitary life by the stings of conscience or by the misery of a broken heart can only be conjectured. It is only known that he did return, and that he abandoned friends and society forever, and lived like the melancholy Jaques in an "abandoned cave," until death mercifully closed his eyes. The

compassionate will be glad to be told that tender hands reverently disposed of the poor outcast's remains, gave them decent burial, and marked the spot with a memorial stone. Upon it is inscribed, "Franklin Elliott. A Stranger. November 7, 1871."

The following account of the suicide of Baron von Sternberger's son, and partly what led to it, is taken from the New York *Herald* of a recent date:

In the early dawn of an August morning in 1882 two young men crossed swords in mortal combat in a secluded spot not far from Heiderhoff Castle, on the Rhine. They had been rival suitors for the hand of Fräulein Maria Marx, the daughter of a wealthy gentleman who lived in the castle. The meeting was the outcome of a quarrel that had occurred between the young men when it became known that the young lady had accepted one and rejected the other. The duel progressed hotly until, after a feint, one of the young men fell to the ground a corpse, the sword of his antagonist having passed almost through his body.

Richard von Sternberger, the son of the late Baron von Sternberger of Bonn, and the betrothed of Fräulein Marx, was the survivor of the fatal encounter. For some weeks after the duel his name was kept from the authorities, but it eventually became known. Von Sternberger's friends had counselled him to leave the country, and while search was being made for him the successful duellist evaded his pursuers and took passage for this city in disguise. Upon his arrival here the fugitive accepted a menial position in a Brooklyn restaurant. As time wore on the search was abandoned, but young Von Sternberger, although advised of every move that had been made, for safety's sake still concealed his identity. He had become weary of his occupation, and some months ago accepted what to him was more congenial employment in a drug-store at No. 1396 Second Avenue, kept by Adolph Hesse. . . . Mr. Hesse soon found that his apprentice was an exemplary young man and had the

utmost confidence in his integrity. Being of good education, Von Sternberger quickly became proficient in business. . . . Young Von Sternberger spoke hopefully of returning to Germany in six or seven years, when the duel had been forgotten and his debts were all settled, and making Fräulein Marx his wife. He constantly corresponded with his betrothed, and in a letter which he received from her in September last she stated that her family persisted in attempts to induce her to marry a wealthy landowner who lived near the castle. She also said that she was still faithful to her vow, and implored him to return to Germany and fulfil his pledge. In his answer to the letter Von Sternberger said that circumstances were such that it was impossible to go back home for at least six years, and he begged her to patiently await his return.

A little over a month ago Von Sternberger received a letter from his betrothed which, translated, reads as follows:

"My Ever and Only Beloved: This is the last time I dare to call you such. I never thought it possible. The mere idea of it is enough to drive me mad. That now has become a certainty. We are bound to part. How I have thought it all over the last week and tried to get a last anchor of hope! But I am hopeless. I have stood alone weeping and praying, and on the other side everybody against me. I asked them to desist from threatening me, but the threats of other people force me to write this letter. I received your letter, and with that my last hope was gone. Six years! An endless long time, which will change many things. I fully believe that you love me, but that long time may cool your love. When you come back you will be just in the prime of your years, but I, on the other side, will have lost the bloom of youth. I am a woman. You, however, are bound by your word, and would not hesitate a moment to keep it, even if you would be made unhappy; and rather than put you to that sorrow I will not hold you to your pledge any longer. I love you too much to draw you into unhappiness, and it is quite enough if one is unhappy. My parents and sisters refuse their consent and never will give it to me. I am

entirely in their power. If you could come back in one or two years, as you said at the time you promised me, I would have withstood all their threats, but the last hope is gone. I lose my hold. I see the end only too plainly. . . . Now this dream comes to an end. It was so joyful; but, like all dreams, it must vanish, whether they have a joyful or sorrowful waking, and as God pleases. As to me, everything is immaterial. Whatever may come, life has lost its charms for me. If only I were dead!

"Farewell, farewell, my Richard. May you be happy! Beloved of my heart, farewell. MARIA."

For several days after the receipt of this letter Von Sternberger appeared down-hearted.

The account proceeds to detail the unhappy ending of the young man's love and life. He committed suicide by the use of morphine.

The following sketch, entitled "A Point of Honor," is from the New Orleans *Times-Democrat:*

Public opinion within the last few years has opposed itself to duelling at the South. Either duels are met with ridicule when the combatants leave the field unharmed, or, if the issue is tragic, there is a universal outcry against a barbarous practice. The *duello* has had a very long day at the South, and it is quite time its course should be run. But still it is not indigenous to this latitude, though it must be acknowledged it has thrived wonderfully under certain conditions of social life which no longer exist. The custom is not of Southern origin at all. It was borrowed from Northern nations — the Germans, Danes, and Franks. Their judicial combats and private duels make up a large part of their history, and it was only when he was sixty years old that a man was exempt from an obligation to conform to their sanguinary laws. The duel was introduced into France by its Frankish conquerors, and throve there so well that in the time of Henry IV. six thousand persons fell in duels during a period of ten years.

The early settlers of Louisiana were descendants of these duelling Frenchmen, and they transmitted the fantastic observances of the code of honor to their descendants. From the highest to the lowest, all fought—those who were fearless, because they considered it a sacred duty to peril life for a point of honor; those who were timid, because they shrank from the social ostracism which followed a refusal to give or demand satisfaction for an affront. What constituted an affront had a very wide margin; so wide, that the merest trifles were sufficient to bring about a hostile meeting. A gentleman, and a stranger, in a café in New Orleans, was challenged and shot because he happened to call for the same dishes as a duellist who sat at the next table. Another met with the same fate because, in his ignorance of the French language, he used the familiar *tu* instead of the more formal *vous*.

I have heard many sad stories connected with this duelling epoch, but one related to me by a relative of one of the victims struck me as peculiarly significant of the fantastic exigencies of the code of honor. I do not give the real names of the parties, but there are probably some persons still living in New Orleans who have heard the particulars of the tragedy and will identify the actors in it.

Gaston de Villeneuve and René Beauchamp were cousins, and more than cousins in their brotherly love for each other. They were wealthy, handsome, ambitious, and possessed exceptional talents. What was very rare among the Creoles of that day, instead of giving themselves up to the *dolce far niente*, as was the custom of wealthy young men in Louisiana, they threw themselves with ardor into the study of a profession. They were admitted to the bar the same day, and began their profession as partners. This pleasant companionship remained unchanged until Beauchamp fell desperately in love with Lucille D——, the belle of the season, who some time before had shown a marked preference for his cousin, a preference which Gaston in his cool, quiet way seemed to ignore. Jealousy was the first discord in these harmonious lives. But when Mlle. D—— accepted René, the jealousy he

had felt for his cousin passed away, and the old affection revived. But a new order of things sprung up under these new conditions. A barrier grew up between them which René could not understand, but no longer were mutual confidences exchanged, and the lives which from infancy had been united seemed to drift far apart. Gaston chafed against this state of affairs, and once or twice made an effort to restore the old relations, but his usual reticence seemed to check any confidence which might be hovering on his lips. One day, however, he burst out impetuously,

"How changed you are, René!"

"Am I?" with a bright smile; "well, yes, I suppose I am, for I never knew before what happiness really was. Oh, I dare say I'm very lazy, and you hold me in contempt because I'm not as much interested in making a name for myself as I used to be. I'll leave that to you, *mon cher*. You have ambition enough for both of us."

"But that is not the question," Gaston said gravely.

"Pardon me, but it *is* the question. Can't I see what you think of my indifference to business? But, after all, what did we propose should be the aim of our efforts? Happiness, wasn't it? Well, now, if I have found a royal road to it and hold it within my grasp, surely I ought to be satisfied, and you too."

"A fool's paradise!" sneered Gaston. "It is said to love a good woman is an education in itself. But love her—bah! A woman who doesn't scruple to say she loves your plantation better than yourself. René, I have been silent too long. Listen to me and you will hear what will open your eyes to the truth. Your blindness is pitiable, and it makes me angry to see you the dupe you are."

René drew himself up, his face white as death and his eyes blazing with rage.

"Monsieur de Villeneuve may spare his wrath and his solicitude," he answered in the measured tones of suppressed fury. "I understand the motives of his malicious insinuations. I will strive not to forget that the same blood flows in our veins; but to do that, from to-day we must be strangers."

"It shall be as you say," Gaston said sadly; "but it seems to me we have already been strangers for a long time."

The cousins parted that day,—Gaston sore at heart for the breach between them, and regretting that what he had considered honorable scruples had sealed his lips until it was too late to convince René of the unworthiness of the woman whom he was about to make his wife. René was so hot with wrath that he took a dozen turns around the square before he regained coolness. What did Gaston mean? Lucille had probably rejected him, for he knew she was a flirt, and that speech of Gaston's was nothing but a little ebullition of jealous spite. They would soon make it up again. He turned his steps to the residence of his betrothed. She looked cross and troubled as she met him.

"I'm in an awful humor, René," she cried; "I've been crying my eyes out. I can't get a natural flower to match my dress at the ball this evening, and I won't wear artificials. I will not go if I can't get flowers to suit me."

In Lucille's presence the young man forgot his anger, forgot everything but the lovely vexed face which looked up at him with real tears in the beautiful eyes.

"What kind of flower must it be, *m'amie?*" he asked tenderly.

"It must be scarlet of this peculiar shade," showing a piece of ribbon. "All kinds of red flowers can be found but just this tint. Oh, you can't help me! Nobody can help me."

"But that is just exactly what I can and will do," he said, drawing her to him. "In our conservatory this morning bloomed a wonderful Mexican plant—scarlet bells, just that shade, I am sure. No one has ever seen anything like it, and no one could get it if they offered a fabulous price for it. That's what you women like, isn't it, *m'amie*—to wear something that no other woman could get, not if she gave her eyes for it? Well, in an hour that flower shall be in your hand."

Lucille clapped her little hands together and laughed with delight. She lavished caresses upon her lover, and they were not less precious to him because he had bought them with a rare flower. In fact he never reasoned upon any act of hers,

quite content to adore her blindly. To her the slightest accessory of the toilet which might enhance her beauty was the most important thing on the face of the earth. We all know some of these human butterflies, whose gauzy wings never lift them to a higher flight than a becoming coiffure or the insolent flattery of some men's eyes.

"But that disagreeable cousin of yours," Lucille cried pettishly, as she was parting with her lover. "I do hope he will not be at the ball this evening. He looks at me as if he could kill me, and I hate him, too."

"But you did not always hate him," René said, a sudden suspicion entering his mind.

"Did he tell you that?" She had become very pale. "What did he say about me? He would tell any lie to part us,—he would forge anything,—for he loved me, though I never told you so. Beware of him, for he will part us yet."

"It is not likely," René said gravely; "we do not even speak."

"Ah, you have quarrelled!" clapping her hands in her childish way and laughing. "I am so glad, for now I will not be obliged to speak to him."

Lucille was radiant that night with the brilliant tropical flowers in her hair and on her bosom. About midnight she found herself near Gaston, and, glancing furtively at him, noticed to her dismay that he wore at his buttonhole a spray of the rare exotic. She looked down at her corsage. The flower was not there.

"Look, René," she cried excitedly to her lover, on whose arm she leaned. "Do you see? Gaston has my flower. It certainly dropped from my corsage, and he knows it, and it is under the circumstances an insult to both of us that he is wearing it so conspicuously."

"Perhaps he does not know it is yours."

"But he does, I tell you. I saw him staring at the flowers in my hair. It is insolence, and he means it. If you do not force him to give up that flower, never speak to me again."

René was only too willing to obey this imperious mandate. With two strides he was beside his cousin.

"Monsieur," he said haughtily in a low voice, "the lady whose flower you have appropriated without permission requests you to return it to her through me."

Gaston laughed insultingly.

"Suppose, Monsieur Beauchamp, I decline robbing myself of a flower which has never been in the lady's possession simply to gratify her caprice? I have not the honor to be one of her slaves as you are, and that flower is mine."

With a sudden movement René tore the glove from his left hand, and with it struck his cousin on the cheek.

"Liar!" he hissed.

Pale as death, Gaston made a sudden movement forward, but in a second recovered himself.

"You will hear from me to-morrow," he said, and left the room.

This encounter between the cousins had occurred in a little anteroom which was nearly empty, so few of the guests witnessed it. There was but one answer possible in those times to such an insult. A challenge was sent by Gaston, and accepted by his cousin; the place of meeting, a little outside the city; and the hour, sunset.

The day was spent by Gaston in painful reflection. He was the son of a pious Huguenot mother, who died in his childhood, but the memory of her teachings had always, to a certain extent, influenced his mind. Could he take the life of a man he loved as a brother? He knew well under whose influence René had acted. A few words could have exonerated him from the charge of appropriating the flower, but, with his cheek still tingling from the blow, those words were never spoken. The merciless code of honor demanded that satisfaction should be given and taken before explanation was possible.

"But I will not fire at him," he thought, as he made up a small package of letters and addressed it to René. "If he kills me—well, when he opens this he will understand his own injustice."

The two young men stood opposite each other at the appointed time. The love between them, so rudely rent asunder, had left many strong roots in the hearts of each.

"If I am not killed," thought René, "I will ask Gaston to forgive that mad blow. There must be some mistake."

Even then he longed to throw his arms around the neck of his more than brother and ask him to forgive and forget. But the code is merciless. Both fired simultaneously—Gaston in the air, and René, as he thought, far to the right: but a muscular contraction in his arm defeated his purpose, and to his horror he saw his cousin stagger and fall. He was beside him in a second.

"Have I killed him, doctor?" he cried to the surgeon who was examining the wound.

"Better get out of the way, Beauchamp," Dr. S. answered. "It's a bad business for you. He won't live an hour," he whispered.

"I won't stir," he cried vehemently, throwing himself on his knees beside his cousin. "Oh, Gaston, my brother, my only friend, I did not mean this! Forgive me, for I have been mad; but I loved you all through the madness."

The dying man looked at him with a sad smile.

"Then, why, why—?" he asked faintly.

"It was that fatal flower," René groaned, answering the half-question. "Lucille told me it was hers."

"Your mother gave it to me yesterday." Gaston's words came in short, quick gasps. "Lucille had a motive in parting us. You will find it in my desk. I forgive you, René; but oh! you will never forgive yourself. God pardon us both."

And with that prayer on his lips, the trembling soul took its flight. The remorseful agony of René could not be painted in words. His friends hurried him out of the city, but he took with him the little package of letters directed to him by his cousin, with a little note from Gaston himself full of forgiveness and affection. He read in those letters, written by Lucille herself, the unwomanly advances she had made to his cousin, and how continually they had been re-

pulsed by him. In fact his disgust had been made so plain that her last note was vindictive and threatening. René looked at the date. It was the very day that, covered with blushes, she had hid her face on his shoulder as his plighted bride.

René Beauchamp seemed to outlive his anguish, as many other men have done, and will do to the end of time. He lived that life where people walk, and talk, and are apparently in nowise different from others, but where the affections and interests of life are dead. In time he became a stern, silent old man, without sympathy for his kind, and rejecting it for himself. But on the yearly recurrence of "All Souls' Day" the grave of Gaston de Villeneuve bore on its marble slab these words, in violets and immortelles: "Does not repentance atone?"

Many years ago René went where his question was answered. Whether a repentance which isolates a man from his fellows and leads him to dwell with the bitterness of his own heart is a healthy repentance can be answered by every one according to his own creed. But when life has been a *via dolorosa*, where the feet are wounded at every step, it strikes me that the infinite mercy of God will accept the slow martyrdom as atonement.

In New Orleans many years ago the *habitués* of Rue Royale were accustomed to see a berouged and powdered old woman taking her morning walk. It was the wealthy Mme. de P——, once the beautiful Lucille D——. She probably felt no remorse for the tragedy she had caused—in fact she had doubtless forgotten it. But she never forgot the lost beauty which all her money could not restore, and she shrank and shivered at the near approach of the inevitable hour of death, which her wealth could not postpone.

From an European journal we take the following:

Two brothers, sons of a prominent Russian family, were students at the best college in St. Petersburg, and on graduation became officers in the same crack regiment. The

young men differed greatly in their mode of life from their comrades, and only seldom joined in the customary revelries of the *jeunesse dorée*. Three years after leaving the regiment the elder brother married a beautiful young girl of excellent family. Gradually, however, the newly-wedded pair became estranged in affection: so much so that after three years of married life they occupied separate rooms. In the mean time the younger brother fell in love with his sister-in-law. At first the young wife, surrounded by a host of admirers, was not aware of the passion she had kindled in her brother-in-law's heart, but soon she in turn experienced toward her adorer a love so passionate that she was unable to struggle against it. The young husband's jealousy was rightfully aroused. Terrible scenes ensued, followed by mutual recriminations, a challenge, and finally a duel between the two brothers. The elder, the outraged husband, was wounded in the side; the younger, who had wounded his brother, remained untouched by the latter's bullets. The last act of this life-drama, begun so tragically, was that of a farce. After the duel the wounded man was first brought into the city and then taken abroad, where the combined care of his wife and brother snatched him from the jaws of death. Out of gratitude for this he allowed his wife to secure a divorce from him, taking all the blame on his shoulders. This she did, and then married her lover.

The Belgian papers received in New York in July (1884) present a romantic story touching a late duel with rapiers in their country between M. Chevanier and M. Salontine—the former an advocate and the latter a physician. The advocate was attended by his mistress as his second,—dressed in male clothing,—and when M. Chevanier was pierced to the heart by his adversary's blade, the advocate's mistress caught up his sword and thrust it into the victorious duellist's heart. The woman was at once arrested and placed in prison on a charge of murder; but she has

no lack of defenders, who, in their denunciation of the *code duello*, contend that she is no more guilty of murder than was her victim, and that, while she had the palliating motive of revenge and sudden passion, his crime was deliberate and cold-blooded.

But the romances of love and hate that have to do with duelling are literally without end; and as our record of them must stop somewhere, it may as well be here.

Under this head, however, we will mention a peculiar thing. The most romantic—as well as the most absurd (and, always, deadly)—manner of duel is a custom which prevails in a number of European countries, and is, curiously enough, called the "American duel," and, although *absolutely unknown outside of Continental Europe*, has become more and more popular during the past twenty years on account of its recognition as an "American institution." The fundamental idea of the "American duel" is simply that neither adroitness nor skill, *but chance*, determines the result. It is at one and the same time romantic and reckless, diabolical and sinister; and as decidedly un-American as anything possibly can be. The *modus operandi* of conducting such "affairs of honor" is as follows: Two persons fall out with each other and agree to settle their difference by recourse to the "American duel." They select their attendants, who supply two pistols, one of which is loaded to kill. The weapons are then covered with a handkerchief, after which the challenging party first draws, and then the other. The one drawing the loaded pistol must die by his own hand, either at once or later. He may have a respite for a few months, or perhaps a year. But he cannot escape his fate; for the *code* is inexorable, and

the victim must fulfil its pitiless obligation. Many an inexplicable case of (supposed) suicide in Germany has turned out afterward as an "American duel." Only a short time ago Valentine Zavadò, a talented young student at the Agricultural Academy of Vienna, whose death was at first attributed to suicide, left letters declaring that he had met his death by an "American duel." Lately, in Moravia, a landlady rushed to an apartment from whence the sound of a discharged weapon came, and found a young gentleman of affluent circumstances dying. She at once summoned a physician, to whom the victim of the strange "code of honor" confessed that he could not accept relief, as his wound was the result of an "American duel." Even women indulge in this absurd custom—only a few days since, indeed, a very talented and beautiful young actress of Pesth (Hungary) fell a victim to the deadly obligations of the absurd and romantic *code duello* unfairly and ridiculously called the "American duel."

CHAPTER XXX.

HUMORS AND PLEASANTRIES OF THE FIELD.

Randolph and Clay—Foote and Prentiss—Sam Houston's Anecdote of his Duel with White—Why Blount Challenged Thatcher—The Chivalric Adams of Milledgeville—Curran's Never-Ending Humor—A Faithful Watch—D'Israeli and O'Connell—"I'll Take Anything but your Medicine"—How Palmer and Coles Made up—The Audacious Judge Dooly—Meeting on an "Equal Footing"—St. Foix and St. Evremont—Serious Fun with a Dwarf—"Fa-sol-la D'Urfey" and "Sol-la-mi Bell"—Bad for the Comet—A Happy Frenchman—Park and Creed—Jay and Littlepage—Israel Putnam—The Two Merchants of Boston—The Duel *à la Carotte*—Zachary Taylor—The Facetious Weston—The Two Gascons.

THERE is, undoubtedly, what may be termed the humorous side of the duelling-ground, notwithstanding the natural seriousness of its general surroundings; and the writer has therefore, by way of conclusion, grouped together some of the more mirthful incidents and episodes which have come under his observation while in the pursuit of information of the graver and more dramatic sort.

After the duel between Henry Clay and John Randolph, in 1826, and while the two distinguished Southerners were shaking hands, Randolph said jocosely, "You owe me a coat, Mr. Clay," the second bullet of the latter having passed through the skirt of the Virginian's coat, or flannel dressing-gown, very near the hip; to which the Kentuckian promptly

and pleasantly replied, "I am glad the debt is no greater." And it has been stated by some one that Clay once remarked, while conversing with a gentleman about the duel, years afterward, that he might as well have tried to shoot at a pair of tongs as at Randolph.

Senator Foote, of Mississippi, who during his life became engaged in three affairs of honor—one with Mr. Winston, of Tuscumbia, Ala., in which he was wounded in the left shoulder; another with J. T. H. Claiborne, of Mississippi, in which neither was hurt; and another with the brilliant S. S. Prentiss, also of Mississippi, in which Foote was severely wounded—was one of the most courageous Americans of his day; but it was proverbial of Foote that, while he would stand up to be fired at without the slightest hesitation, he was said to be so poor a shot that "he could not hit a barn-door at ten paces;" and it has also been said that, "after Prentiss had been placed to his stand," he heard the breaking of a twig in a tree near him, and looking up saw a youth belonging to one of his neighbors, and exclaimed, "Get down from there, my little man, for the Governor is a mighty poor shot and may hit you."

During the week preceding the duel between General Sam Houston and General White, Houston remained at the home of Sanford Duncan, practising meanwhile with pistols. At this temporary home, says a writer in the Bowling Green (Kentucky) *Intelligencer*, were two belligerent young dogs, named "Andrew Jackson" and "Thomas Benton" on account of their pugnacious dispositions. These dogs were continually fighting—Houston's political sentiments leading him to espouse the cause of the Jack-

son pup, which, very much to his delight, was a constant winner in the frays. The hour for rising and preparing for the duel, on the arrival of the day, was 3.40 A.M. Just before that hour "General Jackson" barked beneath the window of his admirer's room, awakening him. Houston arose without disturbing his attending friends, and began the task of moulding bullets with which to fight White. As the first bullet fell from the mould, a game-cock which Houston admired scarcely less than he did the dog crowed a loud, clear note. Houston, with that element of superstition which finds a place in nearly every mind, accepted the early greeting of his friends as happy omens, and, marking the bullet on one side for the dog and on the other side for the chicken, made up his mind that his pistol should be loaded with it, and that he would fire first that particular ball at General White. Houston afterward said that he was not superstitious, but that these two circumstances made him feel assured of success—thus disproving his own words. The bullet was used, and White fell at the first fire. After the duel Houston selected a chicken-cock and a dog as a coat-of-arms, and many were the comments made by those unfamiliar with the facts, in after-years, when, as President of Texas and Senator in Congress, he sported so strange a crest. These facts are authentic, having been related by General Houston to Sanford Duncan, Jr., while the two were once *en route* to Washington during Houston's term as U. S. Senator from the "Lone Star State."

Speaker Carlisle is said by the Hamilton (Ohio) *News* to have once challenged an exasperating litigant to fight a duel. The latter accepted promptly,

and, as was his right, selected the place and weapons, which he chose to be, respectively, Boston Common and clapboards. After which Mr. Carlisle quietly let the matter drop. When the Hon. George Thatcher was in Congress from Massachusetts in 1797, he was challenged by the Hon. Thomas Blount, of North Carolina, to fight a duel. Now as it happened, Thatcher was a conspicuously brave man, but unalterably opposed to duelling; so he informed the North Carolinian, mirthfully, that as his wife and children were greatly interested in all matters of such importance, he must consult them, and should certainly not fight a duel unless with their permission. In a day or two afterward the two gentlemen met, and Blount said to Thatcher, "I knew you were a coward and would not fight." "Of course you did," replied the other, "and that is the reason you challenged me." Fisher Ames, in alluding to the affair afterward during a conversation with Dwight Foster, said, "There is the advantage of having a wife, you see."

A merchant of Milledgeville (Ga.), named Edmunds, was challenged in 1881 by a person named Adams, in order that, as the challenger declared, "I may wipe out your insult with blood, sir." The insult offered by Edmunds, by the way, consisted in privately marking a number of the coins in his money-drawer, so that the chivalric Adams was neatly exposed when he stole them.

Mons. F. Bouvet, who fought a duel with Mons. Roger du Ford, in France, in 1850, was at the time of the hostile meeting the President of the "Peace Society," and only a short time before had delivered a speech in the Chamber of Deputies against duelling.

These gentlemen fought with pistols, but neither was hurt.

It is said of John Philpot Curran, the brilliant Irish wit, that he went upon four fields brimming over, as usual, with fun. In his duel with St. Leger, who had challenged Curran for alleged unprofessional language, he stood off at ten paces and received his antagonist's fire, and then discharged his own weapon in the air. St. Leger died in three weeks afterward, and Curran said of him that he "had gone off at the report of his own pistol." In his duel with John Egan, who was of prodigious size, the latter declared that it was like putting up a turf-sack before a razor; to which Curran responded, "I tell you what it is, Mr. Egan: as I wish to take no advantage of you, let my size be chalked out upon your side, and I am quite content that every shot which hits outside that mark shall go for nothing." They then fired aimlessly, left the field friends, and in his next duel Egan acted as Curran's second. In Curran's duel with Attorney-General John Fitzgibbon, the terms were that the parties might discharge at will their weapons, and Curran, who was always quick and active, got in the first fire, while Fitzgibbon drew a most deliberate aim, but missed, at which Curran exclaimed, "It was not your fault, Mr. Attorney" (who was surprised to see his antagonist still unhurt), "for you were deliberate enough." Some time ago the New York *Sun*, in an article on Irish duels, referred to Curran's affair with Major Hobart, which took place in 1790, and which terminated after an exchange of harmless shots: "The climax of duelling absurdity was reached when Curran challenged Major Hobart, Chief Secretary for Ireland, in 1790.

Curran, being affronted by a man named Gifford, declared he would submit to the greatest deprivation which could befall any man and do without fighting the rest of his life sooner than fight such a fellow; but as the man was a revenue officer, Curran maintained that Major Hobart should dismiss him for impertinence, or fight in his stead. The Secretary demurred; but as Curran insisted, he referred the question to Lord Durhampton, the Commander-in-Chief, who decided thus: 'A Secretary of State fighting for an exciseman would be rather a bad precedent, but a major in the king's service is pugnacious by profession, and must fight anybody that asks him.'"

Some years ago Mr. Lewis, M.C. from Virginia, and General Thomas H. Cushing fought a duel with pistols, and the ball from Mr. Lewis's weapon hit Mr. Cushing's watch. The differences between the two gentlemen were then amicably adjusted, and Lewis, stepping up to Cushing, said, "I congratulate you, General, on having a watch which will keep time from eternity."

The great D'Israeli once made himself the laughing-stock of England by challenging Morgan O'Connell, son of Daniel O'Connell, for words uttered by the latter in the House of Commons, as follows: "I cannot divest my mind of the belief that, if this fellow's genealogy were traced, it would be found that he is the lineal descendant and the heir-at-law of the impenitent thief who atoned for his crimes upon the cross." Still, the name of Benjamin D'Israeli is to-day one of the most brilliant and prominent in British history.

In England, in 1790, two physicians, named Mead and Woodward, met in combat with swords, and after

a while Woodward, while attempting to make a deadly lunge, slipped and fell. Mead at once had his antagonist in his power, and exclaimed, "Take your life; I do not want it." To which the prostrate Woodward replied, "I'll take anything but your medicine; I can't take that."

After John Byrne was wounded, in Ireland, by Lord Mountgarret, some friends asked him how he felt when the bullet struck him; and he replied, "I felt just as if I had been punched by the mainmast of a man-of-war." Byrne was attorney for the Crown in Ireland at the time of his duel with Mountgarret. When Francis Hely Hutchinson, Collector of Customs at Dublin (Ireland), fought and badly wounded Lord Mountmorris, he stepped up to where his prostrate foe was lying and congratulated him upon being no more seriously hurt than he seemed, and the two shook hands and then conversed with each other for some time.

In 1851, during an election on Prince Edward's Island, the Hon. William Palmer called the Hon. George Coles a coward for declining to receive a challenge from a servant. "I'll show you I'm no coward, sir, even if I did decline to accept a cartel by the hand of a menial in his shirt-sleeves, and I now make good that declaration by challenging you, sir." "And I accept," replied Palmer. The next day the duel took place, and Palmer fired without effect, while Coles threw his pistol high into the air, exclaiming, "I am just coward enough and Christian enough, Palmer, to decline to shoot a man even after he has tried his best to dispatch me. I am satisfied, if you are." "I am perfectly satisfied, sir, that you are a man of courage and honor," responded Palmer;

and the two gentlemen left the field arm-in-arm, and shortly afterward dined together, and then retired to their respective homes filled with affection for each other, or with Mumm—probably goodly portions of both.

In 1776 Captain Talbut and Lieutenant Dunworth, of the Revolutionary Army, quarrelled, and fixed a time and place for a duel, which circumstance was communicated to General Washington by General Greene, who wrote curiously: "I did *not wish to know anything about the affair*, but many of my officers know that *I know all about it*, which perplexes me a little, knowing duelling to be against all civil and military law."

A good many stories are told at the expense of Judge Dooly, of Georgia. He laughed out of duels with an audacious wit, says an Atlanta paper, that compelled even the admiration of his enemies. On one occasion, when a number of them threatened that if he didn't fight his name would fill the columns of a newspaper, he declared, laughingly, that he would rather fill ten newspapers than one coffin. Once he went on the field with a man who had St. Vitus' dance. His opponent was standing at his post, his whole frame jerking nervously from his malady. Dooly, in the soberest manner, left his post, and, cutting a forked stick, stuck it in the ground in front of his opponent. "What does this mean?" asked his opponent. "Why," says Dooly, "I want you to rest your pistol in that fork, so that you can steady your aim. If you shoot at me with that hand shaking so, you'll pepper me full of holes at the first fire." Then there was a laugh all around, and the duel was put off without a day.

During the years 1815–16 John Randolph, of Virginia, attended St. John's Church, in Georgetown, near Washington (D. C.), and was believed to have come under the influence of religious impressions, occupying, generally, a pew with Francis Barton Key, the author of the "Star-Spangled Banner." It was during this time that Mr. Randolph, losing control of himself one day, and seeing a good opportunity of striking at Henry Clay (then Speaker of the House of Representatives), let loose a flight of invectives at Mr. Bolling Robinson (a member from Louisiana), but remained silent thereafter when Clay dwelt upon the gravity of the occasion and "hoped that, if the honorable gentleman from Virginia intended no insult, he would recall the offensive and misapplied words." His silence brought out a challenge from Mr. Robinson, which Randolph declined to accept on the ground of religious scruples, such action being urged by Parson Addison (of St. John's Church), Mr. Key, and Charles Fenton Mercer, M.C. from the Loudon (Virginia) district. This course led to so much imputation on Mr. Randolph's chivalry that he became deeply wounded, and soon after gave up his devotional exercises altogether, and declared that he would "never again take refuge under the communion-table." When Randolph entered Congress, in 1799, he arrived in Washington with a case of duelling-pistols, which, it was said, he had carried with him to keep Robert Goodloe Harper—a Congressman from South Carolina (although a native of Virginia), and leader of the Federal Party in the House—in order. The trouble, however, in those days, was to keep Randolph in order, who was noted for his exasperating

wit and eccentricity, as well as for his eloquence, independence, and incorruptibility. He was at peace, really, with but few men, and was the recipient, during his eventful life, of many challenges; all of which he treated with contempt, except that from Robinson, just alluded to, and the one which he accepted from Clay.

In December, 1773, in England, Mr. Temple and Mr. Whately fought a duel in which Mr. Whately was severely wounded. It was brought about by the transmission from England to Boston, through the agency of Benjamin Franklin, the celebrated correspondence known at that time as the "Hutchinson and Oliver Letters." The humorous side of this affair consists of a letter written by Lord Walpole to a friend, upon the eve of the disturbance, in which he said: "We are now picking a duel between a Mr. Temple and a Mr. Whately, the latter of whom has been drilled with as many holes as Julius Cæsar or a colander." Walpole also writes of the duel between Captain Winnington and Augustus Townsend, which took place in Hyde Park, London (England), in 1741, and of which he says that, after meeting in the Park, "they scratched one another's fingers, tumbled into two ditches,—that is, Augustus did,—kissed, and then walked home together."

In 1816 Admiral de la Susse was challenged by a German for "waltzing against him" at a residence in the Faubourg St. Honoré, Paris; and the parties met in the Bois de Boulogne, where the German fired first without effect, after which La Susse hit the German at the place about where the heart ought to have been located, and the latter dropped as if dead; but upon examination it was found that the fellow

was not only alive, but unhurt—thanks to the well-padded cuirass which he wore. But the vigorous kicking subsequently administered to the obese Teuton by the indignant Admiral compelled him to give up waltzing for many a day; and a certain *salon* in the Faubourg St. Honoré was never graced by his Teutonic presence thereafter. An officer under Ney one day informed that great Marshal that he had challenged a brother-officer. "What for?" interrogated Ney. "For slapping me in the face." "Go to him and say you have washed your face, as it was easier to get rid of the effects of blackguardism by water than by fighting; and say also that I have commanded you to withdraw your challenge." Upon an another occasion a gentleman informed Talleyrand that he had sent a challenge to an officer of the army who had thrown him out of a two-story window. "Thrown you out of a two-story window! What for?" exclaimed Talleyrand, with much amazement. "Because, sir, he says he caught me cheating at cards." "Let me advise you," said the other, pleasantly. "Don't fight on account of so small an affair; and don't play cards again with that particular person, excepting on the ground-floor." A Frenchman named Madailan once sent a challenge to Marquis de Rivard, who had lost a leg in the service of his country. The old soldier replied, "I accept your challenge on one condition—that you cut off one of your legs, so that we may meet on an *equal footing*." As might have been expected, it was all laugh and no fight after that. St. Foix, one of the most noted duellists of France, once laughed at St. Evremont, his rival, while the latter was eating a *bavoraise* at the Café Procope, in Paris, and re-

marked that it was a mighty small dinner for a gentleman. A duel was the consequence, and St. Foix received quite a wound, while bandaging which he said, "Even if you had killed me I should have stuck to it that a *bavoraise* is a mighty small dinner for a gentleman."

Two gentlemen (one a Spaniard and the other a German) who had been recommended, by their birth and services, to the Emperor Maximilian II., both fell in love with, and paid court to, the fair Helène, the Emperor's daughter, Scharfequinn, whom each sought in marriage. After a long delay Maximilian one day informed the two lovers that, esteeming them equally and not being able to bestow a preference, he should leave it to the force and address of the claimants to decide the question. He did not mean, however, to risk the loss of the one or the other, or perhaps of both, and could not, therefore, permit them to encounter with offensive weapons; but had ordered a large bag to be produced, and had decreed that whichever succeeded in putting his rival into this bag should obtain the hand of his daughter. The two gentlemen expressed their willingness to engage in even so ridiculous a contest for so superior a prize, and fought in the presence of the whole court, the contest lasting more than an hour, the Spaniard finally yielding, having been put fairly into the bag by the German, Baron Eberhard, who took it and its Castilian contents upon his back, and very gallantly laid them at the feet of the young lady, to whom he was married the following day. This is the only duel or tournament of the kind on record.

There was once a dwarf named Jeffery Hudson, who

was retained in the service of the Duke of Buckingham in 1628, and who was once sewed up (when he was eighteen inches high) in a cold pie, upon a visit of Charles I. and his Queen to Buckingham, at Burleigh-on-the-hill. He was greatly tormented at court, of course, and the King's porter, a man of gigantic stature, once drew Jeffery from his pocket at a masquerade. This dwarf was afterward commissioned a captain in the royal army, and attended the Queen to France in 1664, where he received a provocation from a Mr. Crofts, which he took so deeply to heart that he issued a challenge to the offender, who appeared on the ground armed with a syringe, to the great merriment of the spectators. Jeffery, however, felt the additional sting, and demanded immediate satisfaction, which Crofts felt compelled to give; and the two were speedily provided with pistols, and then mounted on horseback, and given the signal to gallop toward each other and fire—which they both did, Crofts falling from his saddle dead, with a bullet-hole in his heart. In 1682 Jeffery was arrested as an accessory in the Popish Plot, and committed to the gate-house in Westminster, where he died, in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

During the reign of Charles II. there was a brilliant poet and playwright named Tom D'Urfey, who often entertained Queen Anne by singing his own songs, and who was an accepted wit at court, and was greatly admired by Addison. His character was much like that of Sheridan. It is said of him that "he was bred to the bar; but, with too much wit and too little diligence for the law, and too meagre means to live upon as a gentleman, he experienced the

varied fortunes of men with sparkling talents who trust to their pens for their support." "He has made the world merry," says Addison, "and I hope they will make him easy as long as he stays among us." D'Urfey once had a quarrel with a musician named Bell, and the two met at Epsom with swords, but exhibited great caution, their meeting having been humorously compared to the rencontre of Clinias and Dametas of Sir Philip Sidney's "Arcadia," as follows:

"I sing of a duel in Epsom befell,
'Twixt Fa-sol-la D'Urfey and Sol-la-mi Bell;
But why do I mention the scribbling brother?
For, naming the one, you may guess at the other.
Betwixt them there happened a terrible clutter;
Bell set up the loud pipes, and D'Urfey did sputter—
'Draw, Bell, wert thou dragon, I'll spoil thy sweet note;'
'For thy squalling,' said t'other, 'I'll cut thy throat.'
With a scratch on the finger the duel's despatched:
Thy Clinias, O Sidney, was never so matched."

In 1819 two young gentlemen of Lisbon (sons of shop-keepers of that city) quarrelled over a girl, and soon afterward met on the quay, each armed with a musket, which they fired at a signal of a boy beating a drum, at thirty yards' distance. One of them was shot in the head and fell as if dead, and the other absconded. The former returned to his father's house, bound up his wounds, recovered, and married the fair object of the eccentric strife.

In 1793 the Prussian officers of the garrison of Colberg established an economical mess, of which certain poor emigrants were glad to partake; and one day they observed present an old major of hussars, who was covered with the scars of wounds

received in the Seven Years' War. A conversation quickly commenced, and soon turned on duels. "And you, Major, how many duels have you fought?" asked a young, stout-built cornet of the war-worn hero, viciously. "None, thank Heaven!" replied the veteran, in a subdued voice. "I have fourteen wounds, and, Heaven be praised, none are in my back. So I may be permitted to say that I feel myself happy in never having fought a duel." "But you shall fight one with me!" exclaimed the cornet, reaching across the table at which the party were sitting, to give the scar-honored guest a blow. The latter, greatly agitated, grasped the table to assist him in rising, when an unanimous cry was raised of "Stehen Sie ruhig, Herr Major!" (Don't stir, Major!) And as quick as it was possible for such an act to be executed, all of the officers present sprung to their feet and, seizing the insulting scamp by the collar of his coat and by the seat of his trousers, they threw the offender out of the window, and then sat down at the table as if nothing unusual had occurred.

On the 13th of August, 1778, General Howe, who had saved Georgia from the invasion of Provost's troops, but who was subsequently driven out of the State by Colonel Campbell, of the British army, was severely criticised by Christopher Gadsden, of South Carolina; and a duel was the consequence, in which Howe's bullet grazed Gadsden's ear. The seconds (Charles Cotesworth Pinckney for Howe, and Bernard Elliott for Gadsden) then interfered, further hostilities were prevented, and the combatants became warm friends. Major André, who was then in Georgia, penned a humorous poetical description of the affair, the following being the concluding verses:

"Such honor did they both display,
They highly were commended;
And thus, in short, this gallant fray
Without mischance was ended.

"No fresh dispute, we may suppose,
Will e'er by them be started;
And now the chiefs, no longer foes,
Shook hands, and so they parted."

When Edward Thurlow, Lord Chancellor of Great Britain, was on his way to the field to fight Andrew Stewart, in 1769, he stopped at a tavern near Hyde Park and ate an enormous breakfast. The parties exchanged shots without effect; and Stewart, while talking over the affair some time afterward, said that "Thurlow stood up before me like an elephant."

Walpole, in his description of the meeting between his uncle, Horace Walpole, and William Chetwynd, in a letter to Horace Mann, in 1743, wrote that the former had fought a duel, and "had scratched a scratch three inches long on the side of his enemy." The cause of the duel was on account of a heated debate in the House of Commons, at the conclusion of which Walpole stepped up to Chetwynd and tweaked his nose. The meeting took place in Hyde Park.

A French officer at Cambrai, just after Waterloo, while smarting over the result, insulted an English officer; who, in turn, challenged the Frenchman, and was killed. Upon the following evening the survivor entered a café, were there was a mixed crowd, and exclaimed: "I am in luck, gentlemen; a long time ago I had killed one Portuguese, one Spaniard, one Austrian, and one Prussian; and now, at last, I have

killed one damned Englishman. I am happy. Vive l'Empereur!"

After Major Park and Captain Creed had been placed *hors de combat* by the two Tipperary duellists (Mathew and Macnamara), Park, while covered with wounds, remarked, smilingly, to his companion: "I say, Creed, we are, in a certain sense, the conquerors after all, for we have kept the field of battle—eh?"

"You smell like a goat," said St. Foix to an officer of the Guard one day. "Sir!" exclaimed the latter, drawing his sword. "Put up your sword, you foolish fellow," cried the famous duellist, who was everlastingly getting into scrapes; "put up your sword; for if you kill me you will not smell any better, and if I kill you you will smell a great sight worse."

One day, while two Frenchmen were throwing off their jackets leisurely, preparatory to a fight, one of them saw a boat crossing the Seine, and cried out to his antagonist, "Quick! quick! my friend, for the authorities are coming, and they will separate us." In an instant their swords were at work, and before the law-officers could reach the scene the combatants were dead. Upon another occasion a Parisian got into a row with two men, and agreed to meet them both. "What, one against two?" cried the others, chuckling. "Yes; have you never seen one against two? Come on, then, both of you. I'll at least get my name in the *Chronicle!*" (Brantôme's.) And he did, too—in the obituary column, though.

After his duel with Samuel Martin, which took place in Hyde Park on the 19th of November, 1763 (and in which he was severely wounded), John Wilkes was asked by the Prince de Croy—this was his fourth duel on account of his political writings in the *North*

Briton—to what extent the liberty of the press could be carried in England, and replied that he could not tell, but was trying mighty hard to find out. Notwithstanding the many disturbances Wilkes encountered during his career as publisher of the *North Briton*, he was said to be "one of the most fascinating persons over the bottle that ever lived." Wilkes was once challenged by a Scotchman named Forbes, who had never met the object of his dislike, but who expressed his desire to fight the author of such an offensive publication as the *North Briton*. In his duel with Martin the combatants met with pistols at fourteen paces, and Wilkes was hit in the body at the second fire.

On the 23d of December, 1883, A. C. Lowery, editor of the Georgetown (New Mexico) *Courier*, received a challenge from Joseph N. Laffer, "a school commissioner" of Silver City (N. M.), in the following words: "You can select a friend of youres who can correspond with H. H. Whitehill, whome I Shall Select to Settle our difficulty. You must do this at once, as I must have satisfaction, and that without delay." To which the facetious scribe replied: "We are not fighters from Bitter Creek, nor bad men from Bodie. We have not lost any fights, are not hunting any; but if we are obliged to fight, we don't propose to lose any, either. Our seconds will confer with Mr. Whitehill and choose the public streets of Georgetown, distance three feet, weapons stockings loaded with mud."

When Amby Bodkin and John Bourke fought, a child of the latter was held upon a neighbor's shoulder to see the combat. They fought with pistols, in Ireland, and both were slightly wounded at the first

fire. At the second fire Bodkin was dangerously injured. Their seconds also fought with pistols at ten paces, and were both desperately wounded. The child grew up to be Sir John Bourke, and used to tell the story of his father's duel with exceeding gusto.

In 1785 Mathew Carey, who had commenced an editorial career in Philadelphia by writing an essay against duelling, shortly afterward challenged Colonel Oswald, and at the meeting was severely wounded. An Irish Judge (Fletcher) once addressed a jury, in a case in which a surviving duellist (Fenton) was defendant, as follows: "Gentlemen of the jury: It is my business to lay down the law to you, and I will. The law says that killing a man in a duel is murder. Therefore, in the discharge of my duty, I tell you so. But I tell you, at the same time, that I have never heard of a fairer duel than this in the whole course of my life." In 1785 Lewis Littlepage challenged John Jay in New York on account of a suit instituted against Littlepage by Jay for the payment of moneys loaned the former by Jay at a time when Littlepage was sadly in need of bed and board. Mr. Jay declined to fight with a man who had so grossly abused his kindness, and referred to the challenging party as one "with my money in his pocket and my meat still sticking in his teeth."

There is a good story told of De Reuilly—who lived during the reign of Henry IV., and who devoted much of his valuable time to resisting the encroachments of duelling customs upon French society, and who was socially cut on that account by many of his friends, a number of whom branded the young officer with cowardice. Two duellists once met De Reuilly in the woods near Paris, and drew their swords

and hilariously called upon the anti-duellist to defend himself; which he did by handsomely disarming and wounding both of his assailants; after which he had the sufferers conveyed to his own home, where they were nursed and otherwise cared for until their complete recovery.

Ney, who was remarkably fond of duelling, never lost an opportunity, while young, of meeting in combat with friend or foe. One day he met and crippled for life a celebrated fencing-master of a chasseur regiment; but in after-life, when he had become a marshal, he sought out his former antagonist, and had him comfortably provided for.

"Old Put," of our Revolutionary army, was the hero of two "affairs of honor." The first grew out of a difficulty between Putnam and a brother-officer, in which the latter assumed a hostile attitude and demanded immediate satisfaction. Putnam at first declined, on the ground that their services belonged to their country, and that it would be little less than unpatriotic for them to jeopardize their lives unnecessarily in time of war; but ultimately concluded to meet his bellicose brother-officer "according to usage." So they agreed to meet at daylight the following morning, without seconds. Israel arrived first, armed with an old gun loaded with slugs. In a short time afterward his antagonist put in an appearance, armed with a sword and two pistols. When the latter had arrived at within about thirty yards of Putnam he was saluted by a shot from the General's musket, and instantly halted and cried out, "What are you doing, sir? Is this the proper conduct of an American officer and a gentleman of honor?" "What am I doing?" replied the old war-

rior, coolly. "Why, I am defending my life against a man who wants to murder me. And if you don't beat a retreat in less time than it takes old Heath to hang a Tory, you are a gone dog." "But, sir, I—" *Bang!* and away went Putnam's musket again; and away went his antagonist at an O'Leary rate of speed, laughing in spite of all his anger and astonishment. Putnam's other "affair" was with an English officer who was a prisoner on parole, and who, taking offence at the General, sent the latter a challenge, which was accepted. At the time appointed the Britisher appeared, and found Putnam sitting on what seemed to be a keg of powder. The latter at once saluted his antagonist, and told him to sit down with him on the keg; and Putnam then set fire to a slow match, which apparently communicated with the contents of the barrel, and coolly said to his companion that the chances for them to be blown into atoms were equal. The British officer first glanced at Putnam, then at the keg, and then at the slow match,—the fire of which was approaching the powder,—and then jumped up and made preparations for a hasty exit; during which Putnam shouted, "You're just precisely as brave as I took you to be. But you needn't hurry, for there's nothing in this barrel but onions. I thought I'd try you with onions first—you don't like the smell; ha! ha! ha! you don't like the smell!" But the punctilious advocate of the *code duello* had genteelly retired.

In 1820 a merchant of Boston, named Zebedee Cook, was challenged by another merchant, named George Barrell, and replied by saying simply that he had made up his mind that it was the best way for

merchants to adjust their business difficulties without resort to pistols. Barrell then wrote: "Let us settle our business difficulties, then, and fight afterward." To which Cook replied: "With all my heart. But what, in the name of goodness, shall we fight about, after we have settled our difficulties?" There was no duel.

During the reign of Louis XVI. of France there lived a fellow named Lamolière, who was an accomplished wielder of both sword and pen. On a certain occasion, determined to emphatically demonstrate his contempt for a brother-author, he attended the first night's production of *Ernestine* (a comedy in three acts), and feigned profound sleep. Unluckily, however, Lamolière actually fell into the arms of Morpheus; during which some person dropped a carrot into his mouth. The next day he challenged and fought the offender, but was placed *hors de combat.* The event was ever afterward known as the *duel à la carotte.*

A Washington correspondent of the Providence (R. I.) *Press* presents that paper with the following account of the manner in which Zachary Taylor once brought about a termination of a misunderstanding between two eminent American soldiers:

When General Zachary Taylor was President, his son-in-law, Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, afterward a President himself, was in the Senate. At one particular time under this administration Colonel Bissell, afterward Governor of Illinois, who had headed an Illinois regiment in the Mexican War, was in the House of Representatives. One of Bissell's enemies took occasion to remark, in debate in the House one day, that in a certain battle on Mexican soil Bissell's

cowardice nearly lost the day to the American arms. "Nothing," he declared, "but the skill and bravery of Colonel Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi, and his brave regiment prevented a disgraceful rout." Bissell jumped up promptly, and angrily denounced this statement as false. In fact, he said the case was just the other way—Colonel Davis's cowardice nearly lost the day; Colonel Davis's regiment lost its heart. Colonel Bissell's bravery and ability saved the day; his regiment was only less brave and skilful than himself. It does not appear that the representative to whom Colonel Bissell gave the lie cared to take it up. But Senator Jefferson Davis immediately sent Colonel Bissell a polite note inviting him to retract or fight. The Colonel replied that he preferred to fight, and, after the blood-thirsty manner of those days, named muskets, slugs, and five paces as the terms. He expressly requested that the place and the hour be so arranged that the police could not possibly interfere. Senator Davis agreed with his antagonist as to the conditions, and the seconds were instructed accordingly. Colonel Bissell was on the ground at the early morning hour named; so were his second and his surgeon. But Senator Davis did not appear. After waiting several hours Colonel Bissell returned to the city and went to his rooms. There he found the President's private secretary with an invitation to come at once to the White House. Of course he went, and, as he had expected, found his challenger in the library with President Taylor. The latter said to Colonel Bissell that, thinking it a pity that two such men should make war upon one another, he had himself arrested Senator Davis, and had sent his private secretary to arrest Colonel Bissell. Now that he had them, he proposed to keep them, at least until after lunch, and, as they were his guests, they must also be friends. So they shook hands with more or less cordiality, and declared the duel off.

Weston, of facetious memory, having borrowed on note the sum of five pounds, and failing in payment,

the gentleman who had lent the money took occasion to talk of it in a public coffee-house, which caused Weston to send him a challenge. Being in the field, the gentleman, a little tender in point of courage, offered him the note to make it up, to which our hero readily consented, and had the note delivered. "But now," said the gentleman, "if we should return without fighting, our companions will laugh at us; therefore let us give one another a slight scratch and say we wounded each other." "With all my heart," says Weston; "come, I'll wound you first." So drawing his sword, he whipped it through the fleshy part of his antagonist's arm, till he brought the very tears into his eyes. This done, and the wound tied up with a handkerchief, "Come," said the gentleman, "where shall I wound you?" Weston, putting himself in a posture of defence, replied, "Where you can, sir; where you can."

Two Gascons having quarrelled, a challenge passed between them. When they were come to the ground, one of them said to the other, who was in a posture to commence the combat, "Ah, my friend, how you charm me! I shall regret exceedingly to kill so fine a fellow as you. Ask your life, and I will grant it to you." The other said that he was not come to that pass yet, but was prepared to defend himself. The first speaker repeated his kind offer: "Ah, my good fellow, do ask your life; I will willingly give it you." But the other, who saw through his fanfaronade, called upon him instantly to stand to his defence, that the fight might be commenced. "Ah!" said the first, "I do admire the fine appearance you make in your posture: you are a perfect Cæsar. Why should such a

fine fellow be caused to bite the dust? Will you really not ask your life?" "No, no!" thundered out the other; "defend yourself or I will kill you!" "You ravish me!" cried the man of mercy. "But if you *are* determined not to ask your life of me, why, I ask *mine of you!*"

CHAPTER XXXI.

HUMORS AND PLEASANTRIES OF THE FIELD— CONCLUDED.

Rescuing a Man from Drowning, and Killing him Afterward in a Duel—Romieu's Answer to a Challenge—Fox's Reply to his Second—Meurice and his Antagonists — Tom Moore's Duel with Jeffrey—Zephaniah Reeve, the Quaker—Colonel Breauté's Affairs—Tierney and Pitt—"I'm a Gone Community"—What Conway Said to Cadwallader—Barrington's Duels—Joshua R. Giddings—Ben Wade and Bob Toombs—Shooting at a Wooden Leg—Humors of the Law—The Louisiana Creole of Ante-Bellum Days — Fighting Fitzgerald — Ignatius Loyola — Pat Power's Ways—Abraham Lincoln's Wit—His Friend a Good Second—Hill Carter's Method—A Philosophical Mathematical Tutor—Bishops and Archbishops—Adventures of Croquard—Sainte-Beuve—Only a Lawyer—An Unfortunate Donkey—All about a Goose—The Liverpool Sea-Captain—The Affair of Nineteen Years between Two French Officers—Barrington's Story of Skelton's Duel.

ONE of the most humorous of all the many humorous incidents of duelling is the following: Monsieur Mary-Lavour, while bathing, one day, in the Marne, saw a man named Gaillard disappear, as if drowning, and hastened to his relief and saved him. So grateful was the person afterward that he many times sent nosegays to his noble rescuer, and in various other ways betrayed promiscuous manifestations of never-ceasing gratitude—to such an extent that Monsieur M. requested his admirer to desist. Instead, however, Gail-

lard became, if anything, more zealous in his demonstrations of love; which so enraged his rescuer that he threw a plate of strawberries at him, one day, in a restaurant, and was hit with a decanter of water by Gaillard in return. A duel was the consequence of this rupture. and Mons. M., hoping to get rid of his pertinacious adorer, took good aim, but missed. Gaillard also missed, and cried, "O mon père! mon père! I am so glad you are unhurt." Mary-Lavour only replied by saying, "Will you mind your own business, sir, hereafter, and molest me no more?" "O mon père! I can never—" "Load again," rejoined Monsieur,—and Gaillard was buried upon the following day, at Mary-Lavour's expense.

Romieu, the French poet, once received a challenge from a rival in these words: "Sir, I enclose with this note a ballad which I beg you will peruse with attention, and if you think you can add a few appropriate words, and they suit me, I will accept you as a collaborateur." He replied as follows: "Sir, I have perused your ballad with great attention. *I leave you the choice of weapons.*" When Voiture, the French poet, was challenged by a rival, he replied: "The game is not equal: you are big and I am little; you can fight and I cannot; you are brave and I am not. However, if you want to kill me, *I will consider myself dead.*"

In the duel between Fox (who was a very stout man) and Adam, so soon as the ground had been measured, Fitzgerald (second of the former) said, "You must stand sideways, Mr. Fox, as much as you can." "Why so?" asked the statesman; "I am as thick one way as the other." In his duel with M. Charles Meurice, M. Perpignan had the first fire and

missed. Meurice then advanced, placed his pistol within three feet of his antagonist's heart, and asked, "What were you thinking about just now?" "I was thinking that if I were you I would not fire," replied Perpignan. Meurice spared the fellow; and in a short time afterward met a notoriously heartless person, who likewise fired first and missed. Meurice again advanced; and as he did so he heard his adversary muttering something, and said, "You uttered a prayer just then, didn't you, thinking your last moment had come?" "Pardon me, Monsieur Meurice, but you are mistaken; I was making a vow to the Holy Virgin never again to aim at the head." He never again aimed at the head.

For seizing and bearing away the false hair of one of the ladies of James's Court, in 1606, James Lowe, a gentleman of the bed-chamber, was challenged by Lord Herbert, who had recovered, with some difficulty, the ambrosial appendage aforesaid. The parties were arrested, however, on their way to Hyde Park, and taken to the Tower, where they were cooled off during a stay of two months. In 1852, in Boston, James C. McKie sent a challenge to William O. Eaton, in which he wrote, "Were you a gentleman I would send a friend to wait upon you," etc. For this note McKie was arrested, and held to answer bail in the sum of two thousand dollars.

In 1806 Tom Moore, the charming poet, got into a great rage with Francis Jeffrey (since Lord Advocate of Scotland), who had written an article for the *Edinburgh Review* attacking Moore's poems with some severity, and wrote the latter a letter, calling him a liar and demanding a meeting. Jeffrey accepted, of course. On the day of the "encounter,"

on which it had been arranged to have the Bow Street officers rush upon the combatants just as they were about to fire (which was carried out with precision), and while the seconds were loading their pistols with paper pellets instead of bullets, the two principals approached each other, and Jeffrey exclaimed, "What a very beautiful morning this is, isn't it?" Moore replied calmly, with a smile, "It is, indeed, a very beautiful morning—much too beautiful for such purposes as we have met for." They were then permitted to chat together until the minions of the law put in their appearance. Moore and Jeffrey became great friends afterward, but the former alienated himself from his second for thirty years for "giving the thing away."

The Earl of Pompet, who lived in London from 1740 to 1800, was a monomaniac on challenging—that is, challenging parties who generally did not care to fight. On one occasion, however, he picked up the wrong man (General Woyston), whom he had challenged for making faces at him in court. The General made a prompt denial, but insisted on a meeting; which the fiery Earl, however, crawled out of, crab-fashion.

One Zephaniah Reeve, a Quaker, once became so unmindful of the lessons of his religious training as to issue a cartel of defiance, in 1735, to the Lord High Chancellor of England, Robert Henley; who not only declined the challenge, but apologized to Reeve for unprofessional conduct, and invited his belligerent "Friend" to dinner; and the latter demonstrated his cordial acceptance of the apology by accepting Henley's invitation to dine. One of the most eminent foes ever arrayed against the custom of duelling in

England was Richard Steele, who, after publishing many anti-duelling articles in the *Spectator*, fought and dangerously wounded an officer of the British army. Thiers, the illustrious French statesman and author, early deprecated the custom; but, in 1849, challenged Monsieur Rixio, an eminent statesman and diplomat of France. After fighting nearly a score of duels to prove that Dante was a greater poet than Ariosto, a Neapolitan nobleman at last admitted that he had read the works of neither.

There is a story told of Colonel Breauté, of the French army: how he had been repeatedly called out by a stripling lieutenant (who had become disturbed by some fancied offence), and had as often declined the call, until at last the youngster had denounced the old Colonel as a coward, and had actually slapped him in the face; and then, as the story goes, how Breauté met the young officer and wounded him, and cut off a piece of court-plaster from his face; and how the veteran kept on calling out and wounding the poor lieutenant until the fifth time, when he informed the doomed youth, gravely, that he was going to kill him—which act of polite murder Breauté performed, even to the evisceration of his victim. Louis XV. once lectured two officers who had fought and wounded each other about an Angola cat, in the course of which his Majesty remarked to the offenders that they "should have fought with claws, not with swords."

In the duel between Mr. Tierney and Mr. Pitt the parties met on Sunday, at Putney Heath, and fired once at each other without effect. At the second fire Mr. Pitt discharged his pistol in the air, when the seconds interfered and terminated the affair. No

sooner was the result known than squibs, epigrams, pasquinades, and caricatures appeared on all sides; one of the best being a ballad, in imitation of "Chevy Chase," of which the following stanzas are a part:

"Two orators, whose venomed tongues
Had left a point in doubt,
With weapons of more deadly mould
Resolved to fight it out.

"The one, a squire of manners blunt,
A patriot stanch within;
The other of a lordly breed—
A courtier tall and thin.

"Fire-arms they chose—artillery dire—
Pistols, flint, powder, shot;
Battle the powder—what the *ball*,
The poet knoweth not."

There was humor—even if of the most devilish kind—in the short dialogue between Antragues and Quelus, just before their fight. "Thou hast both a sword and a dagger," said Quelus, "while I have only a sword." "The more thy folly," said Antragues, "to leave thy dagger at home. We came here to fight, not to adjust weapons."

When Lord Harcourt was English ambassador at Paris, his secretary, Sir John Blaquiere, was applied to, one day, by Major Bushe, a noted Irish duellist, for an introduction to the king of France. Sir John responded by asking the Major if he had ever been presented to his own sovereign, and he replied that he never had been. Sir John then remarked that, such being the case, he could not reasonably comply with his request. The Milesian then got fiery, and denounced Blaquiere as wanting in manners, and wound up by challenging him to fight. The duel

took place near Paris; and Bushe, who was considered by many as the most famous shot in Ireland at that time, missed his man and got winged himself. Upon his return from France, Bushe said that he wanted to pay his respects to the king and got shot for it.

Equal to Curran in pure wit and humor was William I. Ferguson, of California, who was mortally wounded in a duel on Angel Island (San Francisco Bay), in 1858, by George Pen. Johnston. The combatants had exchanged two shots, and Ferguson had fired his third, when, looking right into the jaws of death, he exclaimed, laughingly, to his second, "I'm a gone community." *Mercutio* was not gamer.

In his duel with General John Cadwallader, near Philadelphia, on the 22d of February, 1778, General Thomas Conway received his antagonist's bullet in the mouth, and fell forward on his face. He then raised himself and humorously addressed Cadwallader as follows: "You fire with much deliberation, General, and certainly with a great deal of effect." It is a noteworthy fact that Cadwallader challenged Conway — a bristling young Irish-American — for his persistent calumniations of General Washington, and that the hostile meeting between these two distinguished general officers of the Revolutionary army occurred upon the birthday of the illustrious object of their dispute. Conway, as soon as he was able to sit up after his wound (from which he recovered), wrote to his commander-in-chief a letter in which he expressed great grief for all he had said or written, and asked Washington's forgiveness for any and all of his offensive acts.

Sir Jonah Barrington, in his sketches, relates a

number of good stories. Of his own duel with Richard Daly—"who had the greatest predilection for a single combat of any person (not a society fire-eater) I ever recollect," says Sir Jonah, "having fought sixteen duels in three years" —he admits that, while he was conscious of never having spoken a word against the fighting barrister, he felt the necessity of accepting the challenge—it being his first invitation, and public sentiment at that time in Ireland being such that he could not reasonably decline. "It being," as Crosby (Barrington's second) said, "my first blood, I lost no time, but let fly without a single second of delay, and without taking aim. Daly staggered back, put his hand to his heart and said he was hit, and Crosby gave me a slap on the back which staggered me, and a squeeze of the hand which nearly crushed my fingers, and cursed the underloading or damp powder; while I was extremely glad to discover that Daly was not seriously hurt." A short time after this affair Barrington was challenged by Leonard McNally—who had been refused by Henry Deane Grady, a superior shot—and promptly accepted. In his second letter to Barrington, McNally wrote: "I hope you won't disappoint me as that scoundrel Grady did." In the duel Barrington's bullet hit the buckle of McNally's suspenders; and Henry Harding, Sir Jonah's second, in addressing McNally, shouted: "Mac, you are the only rogue I ever saw that was saved by the gallows!" Curran, in his account of this affair, says: "His distress at not being able to induce anybody to fight him at one time was truly pitiable. McNally being, it seems, under some cloud, Harry Grady, who wounded everybody with whom he fought, refused that favor to him.

Everybody followed this inhuman example. The poor man could get nobody to shoot him, and was the picture of misery. In vain he fumed, and fretted, and affronted. All seemed determined on being 'guiltless of his blood.' Never was an Irish gentleman so unfortunate. At length Sir Jonah Barrington, *out of Christian charity*, accepted his cartel, and shot him into fashion. McNally was a man again. McNally himself used to say, afterward, that Barrington's shot was his salvation."

The Cleveland (Ohio) *Leader* of a late date tells the following story about Joshua R. Giddings, the famous Abolitionist: Giddings had made some fiery remarks on abolition and the South on the floor of the House. In this he drew a Southern Senator rather roughly over the coals. The Senator became very angry, and sent him a challenge. He would have an apology or blood. Giddings accepted the challenge, but he wrote that he was unacquainted with the use of the pistol or other fire-arms. As challenged party he had the choice of weapons. He would name rawhides, tough, long, and wiry. The two combatants should have the thumbs of their left hands bound tightly together, and, with rawhides in their right hands, thrash each other until one gave in. The Southerner refused to accept the challenge, and the matter dropped. Had he accepted it, Giddings, who was a tall, muscular fellow, would have cut him to pieces.

A short time before the breaking out of the Rebellion, Ben Wade, of Ohio, while making a characteristically bitter speech in the U. S. Senate, turned many times toward Bob Toombs, of Georgia; and, to all intents, hurled his oratorical violence right into

the Georgian's face. Immediately after the adjournment many friends of Toombs sought his presence, and asked him what he proposed to do. "You must challenge the old wretch!" cried a fire-eating South Carolinian. "Oh no, I musn't," replied Toombs; "for that same old wretch is the deadest shot in the district. Wade and I have been out practising many times together, and he can hit a ten-cent piece at thirty paces every time; and—and—to tell you the truth, gentlemen, *I can't!*"

One of the most singular (and in some respects humorous or ridiculous) incidents connected with duelling transpired in India some years ago. Two officers, accompanied by a second each (all of the Queen's Regiment), engaged in mortal combat with pistols, and one of the principals was killed. The survivor was brought to trial; and the two seconds, who were subpœnaed as witnesses, declined to testify, on the ground that they would criminate themselves, and the prisoner was acquitted for want of evidence. The seconds were thereafter arraigned; the survivor was subpœnaed as witness, and assumed that he, too, would criminate himself. But the court ruled that the witness would not criminate himself, as he could not be held again for the same offence. He then proceeded, reluctantly, of course, with his sworn statement of the unfortunate affair, and the seconds were convicted of manslaughter.

When Captain Foster (who had a wooden leg) and Mr. Molineaux fought, the former insisted that Mr. M. should have a piece of board stood up against his left leg, equal in height to his wooden limb. Molineaux objected at first; and only consented, at last, because Foster declared that the duel should not

proceed unless his terms were acceded to. Just before firing, Molineaux said to his second, "I'll have my revenge for this;" and, sure enough, his bullet crashed into Foster's wooden leg, while he himself lost a little finger. Foster shot at the board, however.

The following illustrates the proverbial punctiliousness of the Louisiana Creole of *ante-bellum* days. For the account the writer is indebted to a gentleman of San Francisco, a former resident of the Crescent City. Messrs. A and B and Dr. C (we will call them) were one evening at the St. Charles Hotel (New Orleans) conversing together, when Mr. A indulged in vulgar and otherwise ungentlemanly language; at which Dr. C, an old French Creole, quietly remarked to Mr. B, "Sir, you will please excuse me if I take my leave, as I cannot listen to such language. Mr. A is not one gentleman, and I cannot associate with him;" and the doctor departed. Upon the following morning Mr. A sent Dr. D (the son of an old and intimate friend of Dr. C) to Dr. C with a challenge. The latter received the young gentleman very warmly, and exclaimed: "I am very glad to see you, Doctor; I knew your honored father very intimately, my young friend; but what affords me dees great pleasure of your visit?" "My dear Doctor," replied the other, "I am the bearer of a challenge from Mr. A." "A challenge from Mr. A! Non, sir! Mr. A is not one gentleman; and, pardon, sir, I can only fight with one gentleman. You are one gentleman, my dear sir; and I will fight you with pleasure —now or to-morrow—with one rapier, sword, pistol, or cannon, if you like. But fight with Mr. A? Why, Mr. A is one blackguard! Must I fight with one blackguard? Non! Never! Jamais!"

Judge Tessier, of the County Court of New Orleans, was one of the most polite and courteous gentlemen of his time, both while on the bench and in his social and business relations with the world at large. Mr. Ogden, a French Creole, was a practising attorney at the New Orleans bar, and was *par excellence* a "gentleman of the old school." Mr. Jones, an attorney of Vermont, was in the Crescent City, attending to legal business. One day, in Judge Tessier's court, a case was on trial in which Mr. Ogden appeared for the defendant and the gentleman from Vermont for the plaintiff. During the progress of the trial Mr. Jones not only intimated that one of the witnesses was not telling the truth, but, after having been admonished by the judge, used language not at all respectful toward his brother-attorney; at which Mr. Ogden left his seat and, approaching Mr. Jones, said: "Sir, you are a stranger in our country; and, as a member of the same profession, I advise you not to be so rude in your action, and so objectionable in your language. We are not used to such manners in the courts of Louisiana." Mr. Jones took no heed of the advice given by Mr. Ogden, and continued in his own way until Mr. Ogden again advanced toward him and said: "The first time, sir, I advised you to alter your manner and your language; this time I warn you, if you continue in your course, I will chastise you." Mr. Jones continued to badger the witness and to contradict his statements, when Mr. Ogden approached him for the third time and slapped his face. Mr. Jones sprang to his feet, and appealed for the protection of the court; to which Judge Tessier replied: "You want de protection of dis court when

you have de five fingers on your face? Yes, sir! I give you de protection of de court. Mr. Sheriff, as an officer of dis court, you take Mr. Jones in safe-keeping, and afford him de protection he asks." Then, turning to Lawyer Ogden, Tessier added, "Mr. Ogden, we take de soup together to-day."

There is a good story told of "Fighting Fitzgerald," who had determined to become a member of "Brookes's," and, although elected, had received one blackball. Entering the club one day, he set a number of nervous men to shrinking and prevaricating by inquiring, in loud tones, who had cast the obnoxious sphere; and concluded: "I am an Irish jontleman—a jontleman by my father's and by my mother's side—and a jontleman *who has never missed his man!* But," he added, in a calmer voice, "I am satisfied that some jontleman must have cast the blackball by mistake." When the Rev. Mr. Hill was killed in a duel by Colonel Gardner, of the Carabineers, an obituary in the *Edinburgh Review* concluded by touching the unfortunate chaplain off as follows: "Mr. Hill was an Irish gentleman of good address, great sprightliness, and an excellent talent for preaching; but rather of too volatile a turn for his profession."

The character of the target makes all the difference in the world, sometimes, to even an expert shot, thus: Some years ago, at the Cape of Good Hope, a little thin fellow who could shoot unerringly at a mark, or snuff a candle twelve times in succession, missed his man (a tremendous fellow) in a mortal encounter, and was hit himself. "How, in the name of wonder, could you have missed him?" inquired a friend; "you, who can snuff a candle so neatly—how

do you account for it?" "Only in one way, sir," replied the wounded man; "the candle, you know, cannot fire at me."

The inconsistency of some men's lives makes us smile. For instance, Ignatius Loyola, the founder of the Jesuits and a notably holy man in many ways, was a famous duellist. If the Bible is true, God Almighty forbids murder. "Thou shalt not kill!" is the sixth commandment. And yet, Loyola, the founder of the Society of Jesus, called out a man for denying the divinity of our Saviour, and run him through.

Many clever stories are told of Pat Power, of Ireland, who was not only a famous shot, but a charming, chivalric fellow. He was fat and intemperate, and as full of mischief as an egg is of meat. Among many of his affairs of honor was one with Bill Brisco. When taking aim he said he had still a warm friendship and a natural tenderness for such a gentleman of honor, and would show it. So he only shot off Brisco's whisker and part of his ear. On one occasion he ordered supper in a coffee-room, and, while waiting for it, he read the newspaper. After waiting some time the waiter laid two covered dishes on the table, and when Power examined their contents he found they were two dishes of smoking potatoes. He asked the waiter to whom he was indebted for such fare. The waiter pointed to two gentlemen in the opposite box. Power desired his servant to attend him, and, directing him in Irish what to do, quietly supped off the potatoes, to the great amusement of the Englishmen. Presently his servant appeared with two more covered dishes, one of which he laid down before his master, and the

other before the persons in the opposite box. When the covers were removed there was found in each a loaded pistol. Power took up his and cocked it, telling one of the others to take up the second, assuring him they were at a very pleasant distance for a close shot, and if one fell he was ready to give satisfaction to the other. The parties rushed out without waiting for a second invitation, and with them several persons from an adjoining box.

Incomparably witty, as well as sarcastic, was Abraham Lincoln's remark when—after accepting a challenge and agreeing to fight, he was shown the spot selected for the hostile meeting (which was on the Missouri side of the Illinois River)—he said that the site was singularly appropriate, as it was within convenient distance of the penitentiary. It is well, by the way, that the gentleman selected by Mr. Lincoln for his attendant in his threatened duel was a man of infinite jest; for he arranged that the combat should be fought with dragoon-swords, which put a ridiculous termination to the affair, as Mr. Lincoln's adversary (General Shields) was a much shorter man than himself. We can just see the immortal Father Abraham going for the eminent Missourian with a dragoon-sabre. The ebullitions of Lincoln's wit continued to effervesce, however, even after the dragoon-sabres had been anointed with the oil of peace, for the illustrious Railsplitter then proposed to Shields that they play a game of "Old Sledge," to see which should pay the expenses of the trip—and Shields "pungled."

In 1414 Henry V. of England sent the Dauphin of France a challenge; and in reply the latter presented Henry with some tennis-balls, with a message

to the effect that the latter had better confine himself to the use of something less mischievous and more appropriate than the playthings of war.

The Washington (D. C.) *Sunday Herald*, not a long time since, related the following anecdote of a well-known Virginian:

Hill Carter, of Virginia, a lineal descendant of King Carter, of Shirley, on the lower James River, was for many years an officer of the navy of the United States; but resigning, he found his estate in a dilapidated condition. From his training in the navy he had become a rigid disciplinarian, thoroughly systematic and practical. He first directed his overseer to pull down the old fences and pile together all the crooked and dried rails and fire them. All of the old rickety cabins and other out-houses were next burned. Then all of the old wagons, carts, ploughs, hoes, axes, rakes, baskets, spinning-wheels, and looms were piled together and burned. The next order was to gather up every old horse and mule that could not work, and all non-producing mares, cows, sheep, and hogs, and the old dogs that could not hunt, and place them in a lot. When this was done the animals were all killed, placed in one vast heap and burned. On his several plantations were some seventy-five or a hundred old negroes, male and female, that had not performed any labor for many years. Some were cripples and some almost past walking from old age. To support so large a number of non-producers did not comport with Mr. Carter's idea of discipline and economy. So he told the overseer to gather together in a certain lot all of these old negroes; but when the overseer went out to execute the order, the old darkies, knowing how the old fences, cabins, farming implements, and the old stock had been served, had gone by the break of day to the fields and were all ready for work. The ex-naval officer proved himself a model and successful planter. Hill Carter was of an irritable nature, and by virtue of his education dictatorial. On one occasion, while riding over one of his plantations,

the overseer had displeased him, and he undertook to horse-whip him. The overseer, being the stouter of the two, took the whip from him and lashed him severely. He then challenged the overseer to mortal combat, but the overseer declined to fight, for the reason, he said, that if he was maimed or killed it would leave his wife and children without support. Mr. Carter said he would settle on his wife and children a competency if he would fight him. The overseer accepted the proposition, and—the property-settlement made—the parties met, the terms of the duel agreed on, the pistols loaded, and they were just taking position when the sheriff of the county arrived on the field and arrested the parties. Mr. Carter never changed his property-gift to the overseer's family, nor did he dismiss him from his employ. He said he would let him keep the property because he might again want to fight him.

A certain mathematical tutor at Cambridge who had been confidentially made the recipient of information to the effect that a graduate and a pupil had about completed preparations for a hostile meeting, sought out the latter and inquired, "What is all this about? why do you fight?" "Because he gave me the lie," frankly and promptly replied the young man. "He said you lied, eh? Well, let him prove it. If he proves it, then you did lie, of course; but if he does not prove it, why, then it is he who has lied. Why should you shoot one another?"

In the gallery of Dusenne, one time, a crack shot was affording a good deal of entertainment to himself and others by shattering one after another the puppets set up to be fired at. There was one man present, however, who could not laugh. That man was the proprietor of the puppets. At last they were all down but one—that one was Napoleon. The marksman took quick aim, and down went the

First Consul. The proprietor gave a wild scream, and exclaimed, "You cannot fire as well upon the ground!" "Come out and see!" Bang! and down fell the proprietor. "He could fire as well," groaned the prostrate one.

M. Olivier, Bishop of Evreux, and Monseigneur Affre, Archbishop of Paris, met one day, and the latter dwelt at length upon the imperfections and inconsistencies of the laws against duelling; when Bishop Olivier asked, "Suppose, Monseigneur Affre, some one of standing should slap you in the face, what would you do?" The Archbishop was slightly thrown from his equilibrium, but replied, "I know what I ought to do, but I do not know, really, what I should do."

Croquard was not unlike St. Foix in many respects, although not so gallant and proficient in the use of the sword, and was always without a sou. One day, at the instance of the Comte de Chambord, he called upon a contractor and challenged him, at which the latter picked Croquard up and held him under a pump and pumped water on him until he was completely drenched. He once challenged a linen-draper, whose wife informed Croquard that her husband was ill and would not recover before six months. In precisely six months from the day of his first visit Croquard again called, and was again met at the door by the wife of the linen-draper, who invited the nomadic duellist to breakfast. He declined, although hungry, saying that he wanted to fight more than he wanted to eat. "Won't monsieur try a glass of Madeira?" inquired the diplomatic woman, with well-affected affability. "Madeira!" ejaculated Croquard, with a smack of his lips like the

crack of a whip. "Oui, oui, my dear madame; and your good husband shall remain ill for another six months." Croquard once got enraged with an actor named Mouton, and was about to challenge the Thespian, when he remembered that he owed him five francs. "How unlucky, mon Dieu!" he cried, after having unsuccessfully attempted to borrow that amount from others present, "that I should owe a man money whom I want to fight."

Sainte-Beuve once fought a duel holding an umbrella—during the preliminaries of which he said that he had no objection to being killed, but that he was determined not to get wet. When the Duke of Wellington wanted the Tenth Regiment kept at Dublin he admitted that many duels would grow out of such action; "but that's of no consequence," he added. Some years ago two inexperienced shooters met in the woods near Paris, and at the first discharge of their pistols a cry went up at a point only a few yards away, and it was quickly discovered that a well-known attorney had been hit. "If it is only a lawyer," cried one of the combatants, "let us fire again."

During the progress of the duel between Senator William M. Gwin and Representative J. W. McCorkle, in 1853, a poor donkey nearly half a mile away was shot dead—and the donkey was not even a spectator. Sterne once fought a duel about a goose, and Raleigh one concerning a tavern-bill. An Irishman once challenged an Englishman because the latter declared that anchovies did not grow on trees. A member of Louis the Eighteenth's body-guard challenged three men in one day—one because he had stared at him, another because he had looked at

him askew, and the third on account of his passing him by without looking at him at all. A Liverpool sea-captain was once challenged, and named harpoons as weapons. A Frenchman who had been called out named twenty-four loaves of "siege-bread"—"We shall eat against each other," he said, "until one of us shall die; for one of us is sure to die." Many who have received challenges have accepted and named horsewhips or cowhides. Two Tennessee editors, who had long quarrelled, repaired to the field to fight, but settled their difficulty, after firing one shot, by agreeing to merge their papers into one concern and enter into partnership with each other; which they carried into effect after their return.

Parson Brownlow was once challenged to fight a duel for something he had published in the Knoxville (Tennessee) *Whig*, and replied as follows: "Yes, sir, I accept the challenge; and, since I am the challenged party, it is my right to choose the weapons, time, and place. As the place, I select the nastiest hog-pen in the vicinity of Knoxville; time, just after the first July shower; weapons, dung-forks: the man who stays in the pit longest to win the fight." It is hardly necessary to add that the challenger "backed out" and became at once the laughing-stock of East Tennessee.

One of the most remarkable duels (or series of duels) of any age was the affair between two French officers named Fournier and Dupont. This duel was commenced in 1794, and lasted nineteen years. Fournier had challenged and killed a young man named Blum, at Strasburg, under distressing circumstances; and General Moreau, the commandant, who had issued cards for a soirée which was to take place

upon the evening of the day of Blum's funeral, had hinted to his chief of staff (Dupont), just before the commencement of the arrival of guests, that the presence of Fournier might mar the character of the festivities. So, when Fournier appeared, he was denied admission by Dupont, who was at once challenged, and fought (with swords) and wounded Fournier. In a month or two they fought again, and Dupont was wounded. Immediately upon the recovery of the latter the combatants again met, and both received severe and dangerous wounds. Before retiring from the field, however, they had an agreement drawn up and sworn to that, whenever afterward they came within one hundred miles of each other, each should travel fifty miles toward the other, and renew and continue the fight until at least one of them was placed *hors de combat.* In the mean time they corresponded with each other, met and fought many times during ten or twelve years, always shaking hands, and sometimes dining together after their fights. At length both became general officers, and, during the year 1813, were ordered to Switzerland. Dupont arrived at the post at night, put up at the best inn, and learned shortly after his arrival that Fournier occupied an adjoining apartment. In a few moments they were at it again, sword in hand, and the fight was temporarily ended by Dupont running his steel through his antagonist's neck and pinning Fournier against the wall. While in this situation Fournier challenged Dupont for a meeting upon the following day. "Early in the morning, with pistols, in the woods near Neuilly!" cried Dupont, greatly to the astonishment of Fournier, who was a distinguished shot. "Good!" re-

plied the latter. "Hear me," added Dupont; "I am about to engage in matrimony, and have concluded that this matter of ours must first be permanently settled; so I propose that we each arm ourselves with a pair of loaded pistols, go into the woods together, then separate and walk off in opposite directions one hundred paces, then turn and fire at will." The proposition was accepted by Fournier, and the combatants met upon the following morning, went to the woods together, separated, paced off a hundred steps, turned, and commenced to advance hostilely. Dupont, while on his hands and knees, got sight of Fournier behind a tree, and at once took up a like position. He then stuck out a flap of his coat, as if in a kneeling position, and in an instant a bullet went through it from Fournier. Then Dupont hung his cap on the muzzle-end of one of his pistols, and by degrees stuck it out to one side until at length Fournier blazed away. Dupont then stepped out from behind the tree and advanced upon his astonished antagonist with drawn weapons and said, "General, your life is in my hands, but I do not care to take it. I want this matter to end, however, right here; and in case of a fresh disturbance, I want you to never lose sight of the fact that the weapons must be pistols—your favorite weapons—and that I am entitled to the first two shots; distance, three feet." This incident took place nineteen years after the first meeting between the two officers, during which period they had fought each other seventeen times. No fresh disturbance, it may be added in conclusion, ever broke out between them, which was very natural when it is remembered that Dupont was entitled to the first two shots.

In 1858 M. de Pène, a Parisian journalist, was challenged by a whole regiment. Dumas fought with Gaillardet, near Paris, over a controversy concerning the authorship of "La Tour de Nesle." Marshal Ney once challenged every man in a theatre. In his fatal duel with Lieutenant Cecil, Stackpole, after firing, said, shaking his head and smiling, "By George, I have missed him!"

Barrington's story about Frank Skelton's duel with the exciseman ought not to be omitted; and is, therefore, presented:

At an election for Queen's County (Ireland) between General Walsh and Mr. Warburton, of Garryhinch, about the year 1783, took place the most curious duel of any which have occurred within my recollection. A Mr. Frank Skelton, one of the half-mounted gentlemen described in the early part of this work—a boisterous, joking, fat young fellow—was prevailed on, much against his grain, to challenge the exciseman of the town for running the butt-end of a horsewhip down his throat the night before, while he lay drunk and sleeping with his mouth open. The exciseman insisted that snoring at a dinner-table was a personal offence to every gentleman in company, and would therefore make no apology.

Frank, though he had been nearly choked, was very reluctant to fight; he said "he was sure to die if he did, as the exciseman could snuff a candle with his pistol-ball; and as he himself was as big as a hundred dozen of candles, what chance could he have?" We told him jocosely to give the exciseman no time to take aim at him, by which means he might perhaps hit his adversary first, and thus survive the contest. He seemed somewhat encouraged and consoled by the hint, and most strictly did he adhere to it.

Hundreds of the townspeople went to see the fight on the green of Maryborough. The ground was regularly

measured; and the friends of each party pitched a ragged tent on the green, where whiskey and salt beef were consumed in abundance. Skelton, having taken his ground, and at the same time two heavy drams from a bottle his foster-brother had brought, appeared quite stout till he saw the balls entering the mouths of the exciseman's pistols, which shone as bright as silver, and were nearly as long as fusils. This vision made a palpable alteration in Skelton's sentiments: he changed color, and looked about him as if he wanted some assistance. However, their seconds, who were of the same rank and description, handed to each party his case of pistols, and half-bellowed to them, "Blaze away, boys!"

Skelton now recollected his instructions, and lost no time: he cocked both his pistols at once; and as the exciseman was deliberately and most scientifically coming to his "dead level," as he called it, Skelton let fly.

"Holloa!" said the exciseman, dropping his level, "I'm battered, by Jasus!"

"The devil's cure to you!" said Skelton, instantly firing his second pistol.

One of the exciseman's legs then gave way, and down he came on his knees, exclaiming, "Holloa! holloa! you bloodthirsty villain! do you want to take my life?"

"Why, to be sure I do!" said Skelton. "Ha! ha! have I *stiffened* you, my lad?" Wisely judging, however, that if he stayed till the exciseman recovered his legs he might have a couple of shots to stand, he wheeled about, took to his heels, and got away as fast as possible. The crowd shouted; but Skelton, like a hare when started, ran the faster for the shouting.

Jemmy Moffit, his own second, followed, overtook, tripped up his heels, and, cursing him for a disgraceful rascal, asked why he ran away from the exciseman.

"Ough, thundher!" said Skelton, with his chastest brogue, "how many holes did the villain want to have dhrilled into

his carcass? Would you have me sthop to make a *riddle* of him, Jemmy?"

The second insisted that Skelton should return to the field, to be shot at. He resisted, affirming that he had done all that honor required. The second called him a coward.

"Be me sowl," returned he, "me dear Jemmy Moffit, may be so! You may call me a coward, if you plaze; but I did it all for the best."

"The *best*, you blackguard?"

"Yes," said Frank; "sure it's better to be a *coward* than a *corpse:* and I must have been either one or t'other of them."

INDEX.

INDEX.

NAMES UNITED BY A HYPHEN INDICATE THE PRINCIPALS IN DUELS.

A	PAGE
Ackland-Lloyd	211
Adair, General	442
Adam-Fox	194, 554
Adams-Edmunds	531
Affre, Archbishop	570
Agar-Flood	211
Aguesseau-Bertholow	490
Aiguillon-Guignes (Mlles.)	153
Aikin-Kemble	247
Alba-Soulé	199
Alcock-Colclough	230, 481
Alcock-Sewell	210
Aldama, Alfonso de	27
Aldworth-Buckingham	168
Aldworth-Chudworth	209
Alfièri-Ligonier	252
Alfonzo of Portugal-Ferdinand of Spain	70
Alister-McCallum	229
Allen-Aston	497
Allen-Dulany	148
Allen-McClung	450
Allston-Reed	269
Alphonse-Isidore	228
Alta Villa de la Puente, Marquis de	27
Alvaney-O'Connell (Morgan)	213
America, first duel in	80
America, first fatal duel in	258
American Code of Honor	83
American student at Göttingen	58
Amboise, Bussy	452
Amelung, Captain F. L., U. S. A.	370
Anderson-Jones	268
Anderson-Stephens	210
André, Major	542
Andrieux, Chevalier de	457
Angero-Lemery	436
Angier-Moncelet	213
Archard-Blanc	491
Archer-Porter	371
Armstrong, Charles	240
Armstrong-Long	230
Armstrong, Sir Thomas	469
Arnold-Balcarras	495
Asselin-Saint Victor	191
Aspremont, Baron d'	457
Aston-Allen	497
Aston-Fitzgerald	226, 497
Aubarrie, M	240
Aumount, Marquis de	454

B	PAGE
B. (Duke of)-Lord B	237
Bagnall-Stuart	250, 256
Bagnezi-Strozzi	231
Bailey-Elliott	512
Bailey-Forbes	254
Bailey-O'Callaghan	227
Bainbridge-Cochran	262
Baird-Wright	420

PAGE

Balagny 469
Balcarras-Arnold 495
Ball-Kilkenny 212
Banister, Midshipman J., U. S. N. 370
Barbagon-Carroll 307
Barbier Dufai-DeVere 236
Barney-Sartiges 436
Barnave-Cazales 209
Barnave-Noailles 209
Barne-Matthews 255
Barnwell-Clavering 251
Barrell-Cook 548
Barrington, Sir Jonah 39, 473
Barrington on Irish duellists 41
Barrington-Dalrymple 440
Barrington-Daly 491, 559
Barrington-Gilbert 132
Barrington-McKenzie 240, 480
Barrington-McNally 490, 560
Barron-Decatur 81, 366, 500
Barthèlemy 454
Barthelmy-Courtney 239
Barton, Midshipman U. S. N. 371
Barton-Graham 501
Bassett, Surgeon, U. S. N. 371
Bassompierre-Guise 143
Bate, Rev. Henry 147
Bate-Stoney 469
Batthyany-Rosenberg 70
Battleheim-Thomas 174
Batre-Maximilian (of Germany). 228
Baupré, La 459
Baynard-Eu, first judicial duel in England 31
Bayard-Sotomayor 229
Beauchamp-Villeneuve 517
Beaufort-Nemours 453
Beaumont-Manuel 195
Beane-Wilson 331
Bedford-Buckingham 213
Beguin-Chelais 240
Beirne-Elam 86, 302
Belden-Rapley 372
Bell-D'Urfey 541
Bell-Williams 371
Bellamont-Townshend 254
Bellasses-Porter 224, 482
Bennett-May 333

PAGE

Bennett-Stewart 78
Bennett-Williams 236
Benton, Thomas H. 479
Benton-Lucas 479
Berard-Brives 213
Beresford-Fitzwilliam 490
Bergerac, Cyrano de 458
Berkeley-Boldero 249
Bernstaff 74
Bertholow-Aguesseau 490
Best-Camelford 186, 480
Best-St. John 209
Beveno-Dorsey 420
Bezarier-Valois 232
Biddle-Pettis 287
Bipon, Baron de 457
Biron (Duke of)-Clarence (Prince) 241
Bissell-Davis 549
Bivar, Count Don Rodrigo 475
Black-Roebuck 256
Blackburn, Rev. Dr. 148
Blackburn-Woodcock 418
Blanc-Archard 491
Blanc-Lacombe 255
Blaney-Fitzjames 253
Blaquiere-Bushe 558
Blain-Peachy 419
Bliss-Stone 390
Bloomfield, Samuel C. 260
Blount-Essex 469
Blount-Thatcher 531
Blue, William K. 260
Blum-Fournier 572
Blundell-McGuire 227
Boardman-De Betten 251
Bodkin, Amby 473
Bodkin-Bourke 545
Boldero-Berkeley 249
Bolton-Brookes 252
Bolton-Stewart 209
Bonaparte (Charles)-Rossi 229
Bonaparte (Pierre)-Nienkerke 212
Bonaparte (Pierre)-Rovigo 212
Bonaparte (Pierre)-Valette 212
Bonnetain-Mirabeau 256
Bonton 454
Borda, G. de 27
Boswell-Stuart 255

PAGE
Bothwell, James H..... 48
Botteville-De Beuvron..... 453
Bouligny-Cummings..... 388
Bourke..... 473
Bourbon-D'Artois..... 196
Bourcicaut..... 451
Bourke-Bodkin..... 545
Bouteville, Francis de..... 495
Bouvallon-Dujarier..... 153
Bouverie-Tankerville..... 208
Bouvet-Ford..... 531
Bouvet-Ornano..... 491
Bowie, James J.....260, 295
Bowie knife, origin 112
Bowie-Wright-Currey-Crane.... 112
Bowlingly-Roman..... 389
Boxing, origin 137
Boyd-Campbell..... 162
Braddock-Gumley..... 208
Bradshaw-Huston..... 262
Brank-Smith..... 386
Brazer-Park..... 419
Breauté, Colonel..... 557
Breckinridge-Cutting..... 437
Breckinridge-Leavenworth..... 390
Breckinridge-Robert..... 270
Bremen-Rae..... 252
Brent, Hugh..... 289
Bric-Hayes..... 248
Bridieu..... 454
Brisco-Power..... 566
Brisseuil..... 454
Brives-Berard,..... 213
Broderick-Smith 486
Broderick-Terry.....81, 392
Brookes-Bolton..... 252
Broughton, father of boxing in England..... 137
Brown-Butler..... 230
Brown-Reynolds..... 386
Brown-Townshend... 131
Brownlow, Parson..... 572
Brace, James..... 229
Bruce-Sackville.....182, 496
Bruntfields, The 475
Brusch-Knoring..... 254
Bryant, Lieut. S. H., U. S. A..... 371
Bryas-Dion..... 217

PAGE
Buck-Moore 262
Buckingham, Duke of..... 241
Buckingham-Aldworth 168
Buckingham-Bedford. 213
Buckingham-Shrewsbury.....36, 472
Buckinghamshire-Curran 43
Buckinghamshire-LeNeve..... 208
Buffault..... 459
Bugueaud-Dulong..... 241
Bull, Ole..... 229
Burdette-Paull..... 230, 480
Burnett-Houston..... 438
Burr, Aaron..... 264
Burr-Hamilton 81, 334
Burrett-Egan 42
Burrowes, Peter 40
Burrowes-Butler..... 490
Bushe-Blaquiere 558
Butler-Brown..... 230
Butler-Burrowes..... 490
Butt-Stoney..... 469
"Butting" 138
Bynum-Jenifer..... 429
Bynum-Perry 332
Byrne-Mountgarret..... 534
Byrne-O'Connor..... 227
Byron-Chaworth..... 169

C

Cadogan-Paget 249
Cæsar-Marc Antony..... 435
Cain 26
Caire-Goulard..... 248
Cadwallader-Conway..... 260, 559
Cahill-Rutherford..... 171
Caldwell-O'Sullivan 251
California, fatal duels in..... 78
Camp-Woolfolk..... 389
Campbell, Attorney-General..... 388
Campbell-Coffin 263
Campbell-Boyd..... 162
Campbell-Gardenier 260
Campbell-Grady..... 43
Campbell-Lorn 229
Cambrai, French and English officers at..... 543
Cambridge, tutor at..... 569

PAGE

Camelford-Best..... 186, 480
Cameron-Hughes..... 301
Cameron-McLean..... 500
Caney, Midshipman, U. S. N..... 371
Cannon-Pierson..... 260
Canning-Castlereagh 208
Canrobert, Marshal..... 27
Canto-Porto..... 332
Carascosa-Pepe 231
Cardineaux-De Fleur..... 210
Cardington-Stanfield..... 249
Carey-Oswald..... 546
Carlisle, Speaker..... 530
Carlisle-Lafayette..... 435
Carmichaels, The..... 475
Carpenter-Price..... 119
Carpenter-Pride 227
Carrel-Girardin..... 241
Carroll-Barbagon..... 307
Carrouges-Leguis 248
Carson-Vance..... 389
Carter, Ben..... 100
Carter-De Courcey..... 313
Carter, Hill..... 568
Carter-Walker..... 332
Casey-Scully..... 257
Cash-Shannon..... 391
Cassagnac, Paul de 27, 29, 455
Cassagnac-Montebello..... 455
Cassagnac-Rochefort..... 491
Cassel, Armand..... 459
Castine-Moore..... 229
Castlereagh..... 39
Castlereagh-Canning 208
Castries-Lameth... 246
Cavignac..... 459
Cavoie, Marquis of..... 475
Cazales-Barnave..... 209
Cecil-Stackpole.....188, 471, 575
Cellini, Benvenuto..... 28
Chambers Lake.... 387
Chanderclos Laclos, Chevalier... 458
Chapron, Léon..... 27
Charles I..... 31
Charles V.-Francis I.....11, 22
Charleston (S.C.) duelling society. 79
Chastaignerie-Jarnac 22, 179
Chateau Gay, Mme. de..... 459

PAGE

Chateauneuf-Lachesnaye..... 240
Chatenet-McNamara..... 473
Chattan-Kay, duel of clans..... 46
Chauriance-Laguerre..... 256
Chauvigny-Lameth..... 247
Chavoix-Dupont... 228
Chaworth-Byron..... 169
Chelais-Beguin..... 240
Chetwynd-Walpole..... 543
Chevanier-Salontine..... 525
Chevremont-Ledoux..... 387
Chickley-Stanley..... 162
Child-Joor..... 385
Chivalry, court of..... 23
Christophe, of Hayti..... 125
Christie-Scott..... 161
Chudworth-Aldworth..... 209
"Cid," the..... 475
Cilley-Graves.....81, 374
Claiborne-Foote..... .... 385, 529
Clare-Curran..... 42
Clarence-Biron..... ... 241
Clarke-Innes..... 212
Clark-Payne..... ... 250
Clary-Valentine..... 212
Clayton-Lambrecht..... 249
Clavering-Barnwell..... 251
Clay, Henry..... 77
Clay-Marshall..... 260
Clay-Randolph 421, 498, 528
Clayton, Hon. Thomas... 77
Clemenceau, Dr..... 28, 29, 454
Clemens-Rhett..... 442
Clingman-Yancey..... 432
Clinton-Dayton..... 438
Clinton-Swartwout..... 263
Clonmel-Llandoff..... 42
Clonmel-Tyrawly..... 42
Close-Ruthven..... 256
Cobden-Hastings..... 435
Cochran-Bainbridge..... 262
Cocke, Midshipman, U. S. N..... 371
Code duello, Irish..... 48
"Code Henri"..... 125
Code of Honor, American..... 83
Coffin-Campbell..... 263
Cohen-Wintzel..... 307
Coker-Stewart..... 389

PAGE

Colberg, Prussian officers at..... 541
Colclough-Alcock..... 230, 481
Coleman-Thompson 169
Coles-Palmer..... 534
Coligny-Guise..... 454
Colles-Maher 256
Collett, Captain, U. S. A..... 371
Collins-Winters..... 389
Conroy-Hindas..... 499
Conver-Constant..... 475
Constable-Percy..... 254
Constant-Des Issarts. 253
Conversano-Martina..... 252
Conway-Cadwallader..... 260, 559
Conway-Crittenden 285, 492
Cook-Barrell..... 548
Cook-Gardner 301
Cooley-Rhett 386
Cooper, Dr. Charles D..... 336
Cooper-McMichael..... 446
Cooper-Wood..... 156
Coote-Warwick..... 175
Cornwall, W. A 310
Cortez 120
Corry-Grattan..... 42, 170
Cotter-Nugent 313
Cottineau-Landais 260
Courtney-Barthelmy..... 239
"Cowboys"..... 88, 100, 102
Cowper-Dyer..... 210
Coyle-Ogle..... 43, 228
Crabbe-Jenkins..... 306
Crane-Bowie..... 112
Crane-Tobey..... 419
Creed-Macnamara..... 43
Creoles, Louisiana..... 563
Crichton ("the Admirable")..... 475
Crillon..... 451
Crittenden-Conway..... 285, 492
Crofton-French..... 252
Crofts-Hudson..... 540
Crowther-Helsham 249
Croquard 570
Croquard, Captain Gideon..... 457
Cumac-Gough..... 255
Cumming-McDuffie..... 285
Cummings-Bouligny..... 388
Cunningham-Daly..... 391

PAGE

"Curly Bill"..... 90, 92
Curran..... 39, 40, 473
Curran-Burrowes, incident..... 40
Curran-Buckinghamshire..... 43
Curran-Clare..... 42
Curran-Egan 532
Curran-Fitzgibbon..... 532
Curran-Hobart..... 532
Curran-St. Leger 532
Currey-Crane-Bowie-Wright..... 111
Cusack-Fulford..... 207, 468
Cushing-Lewis 533
Cuthbert-Lonsdale..... 486
Cutting-Breckinridge..... 437

D

Dade-Stuart..... 268
Dallas-Hoole..... 491
Dalrymple-Barrington..... 440
Daly, Dick..... 473
Daly-Barrington..... 491, 560
Daly-Cunningham. 391
Daniel-Johnson..... 302
Daniels-Ganahl..... 432
Dantzler-Keith 388
D'Artois-Bourbon..... 196
David-Williams..... 256
Davidson-Lindsay 432
Davis-Bissell..... 549
Davis-Garcia..... 90
Davis-Leigh..... 386
Davis-Ridgeway..... 302
Dawson, F. W..... 87
Dawson-Gary..... 87
D'Aydie..... 454
Dayton-Clinton..... 438
Dazincourt..... 458
De Armas-Jackson..... 307
De Betten-Boardman..... 251
De Beuvron-De Botteville..... 453
De Chalaix..... 454
De Clermont..... 451
De Courcey-Carter..... 313
De Guerchy 454
De Massas-Dichard..... 190
De Reuilly..... 546
De Rieux..... 454

PAGE

De Riz-D'Uzerches..... 453
De Soissons..... 454
De Vere-Barbier Dufai..... 236
De Vitaux..... 451
De Walsh..... 497
Decatur-Stephen.....262, 369
Decatur-Barron.....81, 366, 500
D'Egville-Stewart..... 482
Delancey-Haley..... 109
D'Entraquet-Quélus.....222, 452, 558
Denver-Gilbert..... 308
D'Eon..... 454
D'Erapé..... 460
Dering-Thornhill.....228, 481
Des Guerres-Fondelles..... 225
Des Nilis, La..... 459
Des Planches..... 454
Destaing-Regnier..... 251
Dessessarts..... 458
D'Esterre-O'Connell.....223, 473
Devéze-Soailles..... 196
D'Harcourt..... 454
D'Henricourt-Villars..... 453
Dibble-Lundy..... 419
Dichard-De Massas..... 190
Dickinson-Jackson (Andrew).... 280
Dickson-Evans..... 255
Dillon-Grammont Caderousse.... 228
Dillon-Fallon..... 499
Dillon-Kane..... 498
Dillon-Rawlings..... 36
Dion-Bryas..... 217
Dion-Scholl..... 216
D'Israeli-O'Connell..... 533
Dixon-Thomas..... 418
Dollfus, Edmond..... 27
Donnisan, Marquis de..... 496
Donovan-Hanson..... 228
Donza, Marquis de..... 454
Dooly, Judge..... 535
Dorsey-Beveno..... 420
Doty-Leicester..... 80
Douze, La..... 459
Dovalle-Mira..... 481
Dowdigan-Hawkins..... 419
Downing-Smith..... 263
Downs-Robins..... 306
Doyle-Hutchinson..... 43

PAGE

Drayton-Lee..... 441
Dromgoole-Dugger..... 268
Du Barry-Rice..... 197
Dubert-Ellesler..... 419
Du Chamilly..... 454
Duclos..... 458
Dugger-Dromgoole..... 268
Du Gueschin-Troussel..... 248
Duigenan, Dr..... 43
Dujarier-Bouvallon..... 153
Dulany-Allen..... 148
Dulong-Bugneaud..... 241
Dumas..... 454
Dumas-Gaillardet..... 575
Dumont-Lane..... 432
Dunovant-Legare..... 389
Dunworth-Talbut..... 535
Dupont-Chatoix..... 228
Dupont-Fournier..... 572
Duprez-Lebré..... 167
Duprez-Leverrier (Mlle.)..... 154
Duran, Carolus..... 27
Duras-Rosan-Turenne..... 236
Dusenne, pistol-practice at..... 569
Du Trône-Livron..... 454
D'Urfey-Bell..... 541
Du Vighan-D'Ugeon..... 451
Duelling among Indians, Mexicans, Cubans, Japanese, 118; in America, 76, 258; in England, 30; in French army, 24; in German countries, 54; in Ireland and Scotland, 39; in West Indies, 124; laws and edicts against, 13, 35, 37, 54, 56, 70, 73, 74, 77, 84, 125, 179; origin. 11
Duel, in a grave, 482; in a tub, 240; in the water, 390; seated in chairs, 253; with billiard-balls, 193; with one gun, 250; with scissors, 230; the American..... 526
Duels, artillery, 135; across a table, 107; between men and women, 158; bloodless, 421; in a carriage, 236; in balloons, 134, 235; in fiction, 145; in the dark, 161; naval, 135; of clergymen, 147; of women, 147; on the stage,

PAGE
144; on horseback, 130; rarity of fatal, 29; university, 55, 62; with combatants chained, 90; without arms..... 140
Dyer-Cowper..... 210

E

Eaker-Hamilton (Philip)..... 265
Eaton-McKie..... 555
Eberhard, Baron..... 539
Edmunds-Adams..... 531
Edward III.-Philip de Valois.... 435
Egan-Barrett..... 42
Egan-Curran..... 532
Egerton-Grey..... 189, 482
Egerton-Morgan..... 236
Elam-Beirne..... 86, 302
Elbert-Pratt..... 279
Ellesler-Dubert..... 419
Elliott-Bailey..... 512
Elliott-Mirfin..... 253
England-Rowlls..... 249
Englishman at Heidelberg..... 60
Esclands, De Ferry d'..... 27
Essex, Earl of..... 435
Essex-Blount..... 469
Essex-De Montford..... 207
Eu-Baynard..... 31
Evans-Dickson..... 255
Evans-Wright..... 419
Expert swordsmen and duellists of Paris: professional, 26; amateur, 27; editors, 27; painters.. 28
Ezpeleta, Baron de..... 27

F

Fair-Gist..... 269
Falkland-Powell..... 252
Fall-Robins..... 306
Fallon-Dillon..... 499
Faut-Irby..... 388
Fawcett-Munroe..... 37
Fawcett-Thompson..... 198
Fayan..... 454
Fayot-Fournier..... 458
Felton, John..... 241

PAGE
Fenshaw-Hartinger..... 230
Fenton-Hillas..... 499
Ferdinand and Isabella..... 70
Ferdinand of Spain-Alfonzo of Portugal..... 70
Ferguson-Roach..... 254
Ferrari-Louis..... 463
"Fighting Fitzgerald"..... 565
Finch-White..... 261
Fisher-Tunens..... 252
Fitzgerald..... 473
Fitzgerald-Aston.....226, 497
Fitzgerald-Kingston..... 253
Fitzgerald-Norbury..... 42
Fitzgerald-Scawen..... 494
Fitzgibbon..... 39
Fitzgibbon-Curran..... 532
Fitzjames-Blaney..... 253
Fitzwilliam-Beresford..... 490
Flanagan, William, challenged by colored man..... 156
Fleet-Mann..... 446
Fletcher, Judge..... 546
Fleur-Cardineaux..... 210
Flood..... 39
Flood-Agar..... 210
Flournoy-Holt..... 386
Flournoy, Lt.-Col. Thos., U. S. A. 386
Folsom-Russell..... 331
Fondelles-Des Guerres..... 226
Foote-Claiborne.....385, 529
Foote-Prentiss.....384, 529
Foote-Winston.....383, 529
Forbes-Bailey..... 254
Forbes-Wilkes..... 545
Force, Marquis de la..... 442
Ford-Bouvet..... 531
Foster-Molineux..... 562
Fottrell-Ross..... 256
Fouquier, Henry..... 27
Fournier-Blum..... 572
Fournier-Dupont..... 572
Fox-Adam.....194, 554
Fox-Randall..... 389
Foy, Captain..... 471
France (Dauphin)-Henry V..... 567
Francis I.-Charles V.....11, 22
Francis I.-Montgomeri..... 143

PAGE
Francis-Hastings..... 251
Frazer-Rose..... 255
Frederick the Great..... 55
French-Crofton..... 252
Freeman-Smith..... 389
French-Italian regimental duel .. 462
Freychappel-Swiegel 226
Fright, death from 251
Frost-Hunt 306
Fulford-Cusack.....207, 468
Fullerton-Shelburne..... 193
Furgeson-Johnston.....411, 559

G

Gace, Comte de..... 454
Gadsden-Howe.....259, 542
Gaillardet-Dumas..... 575
Gaillard-Mary Lavour 553
Galeazzo, General..... 475
Galway..... 42
Gamble-Schuyler..... 173
Ganahl-Daniels..... 432
Garcia-Davis..... 90
Gardener-Smedberg..... 420
Gardenier..... 459
Gardenier-Campbell..... 260
Gardiner-Hill.....148, 565
Gardiner-Thomas..... 501
Garnarey..... 454
Gardner-Cook..... 301
Gary-Dawson. 87
Garza-Torres..... 257
Gascons, two..... 551
Gatechair..... 26
Gautier..... 457
Gawler-Valentia..... 226
George IV..... 228
Gerald-Norbury..... 473
Germaine-Johnstone..... 490
Gersdoff-Le Favre..... 404
Ghest-Ollivier..... 120
Gibson-Irving..... 332
Giddings, Joshua R..... 561
Gilbert-Barrington duel..... 132
Gilbert-Denver..... 308
Gillespie, Captain.....240, 480
Girardin, Emile de..... 454
PAGE
Girardin-Carrel..... 241
Gist-Fair..... 269
Glencairn-Monro 242
Glover-Jackson..... 208
Godefroi..... 459
Gontran-Ingelgerius..... 248
Gordon-Thomas..... 198
Gough-Cumac..... 255
Goulard-Caire..... 248
Goumelieu-Vitaux 451
Gourgaud-Segur..... 253
Gourlay-Westall..... 248
Gower-Oneby.....241, 469
Grady, Harry.....473, 560
Grady-Hodson (Rev.)..... 256
Grady-Campbell..... 43
Grady-O'Mahon..... 43
Graham-Barton..... 501
Graham-Julius..... 247
Graham-Lemon..... 315
Graham-Maguire bar-room fight. 103
Graham-Walker. 315
Graihle-Marigny..... 387
Grammont-Caderousse (Duc de). 28
Grammont Caderousse-Dillon.... 228
Grandpré-Pigne.....134, 235
Grant-Seymour..... 256
Grattan.....39, 473
Grattan-Corry.....42, 170
Grattan-Londonderry..... 249
Graves-Cilley 81, 374
Graves-Lacy..... 268
Gray-Pope..... 388
Gray-Southesk..... 229
Grayson-Sparling..... 253
Green-Hester..... 388
Green-Munro..... 199
Green-Price..... 275
Green-Gunn..... 441
Grey-Egerton 189, 482
Grey-Lempster..... 228
Gronard-Jones..... 269
Grumbleton-Power 198
Grymes-Terrell..... 261
Guignes-Aiguillon (Mlles.)..... 153
Guinnett-McIntosh..... 259
Guise-Bassompierre..... 143
Guise-De Luz..... 131

PAGE

Guise-Coligny..... 454
Guise-Urton..... 470
Gunn-Greene..... 441
Gustavus Adolphus..... 72
Gustavus Adolphus-Seaton..... 73
Guthrie-Meyers..... 131
Gwin-McCorkle..... 431, 571

H

Hacker-Londen..... 419
Hagan, Dr. James..... 306
Haley-Delancey..... 109
Hall, S. P..... 112
Hall-Hurley (women)..... 154
Hall-Leckie..... 388
Hamilton, Alexander, opposed to duelling..... 14
Hamilton, Colonel..... 185
Hamilton, General James..... 422
Hamilton-Burr..... 81, 334
Hamilton (Philip)-Eaker..... 265
Hamilton-Mohun..... 35, 184, 469
Hamilton-Morgan..... 227
Hammet-Ryan..... 306
Handel-Matheuson..... 490
Hanson-Donovan..... 228
Harden Hickey (Baron)..... 27
Harley-Loftus..... 249
Harney-Ihrie..... 439
Harney-Sumner..... 439
Harris, Capt., U. S. A..... 501
Harrison-Thurston..... 670
Hartinger-Fenshaw..... 230, 256
Hastings-Cobden..... 435
Hastings-Francis..... 251
Hatchell-Morley..... 250, 252
Hawkey-Seton..... 37
Hawkins-Dowdigan..... 419
Hawkins-Malden..... 228
Hayes-Bric..... 248
Hayes-Nugent..... 313
Hayes-Peppard..... 227
Heath-Perry..... 498
Heckeren, Baron de..... 475
Heckeren-Pouchkin..... 75
Helsham-Crowther..... 249
Henderson-Morgan..... 432

PAGE

Henley-Reeve..... 556
Hennis-Jeffcott..... 213
Henriquez-Phillips..... 250
Henry II. of France..... 22
Henry II.-Montgomeri..... 143
Henry IV. of France..... 22
Henry IV.-Orleans..... 436
Henry IV.-Rothsay..... 436
Henry V.-Dauphin of France..... 567
Herbert, Lord..... 469
Herbert-Lowe..... 555
Herries, Lord..... 48
Hervey-Pulteney..... 213
Hesse-Leon..... 212
Hester-Green..... 388
Hickey-Macklin..... 306
Hickey-Moses..... 306
Hill-Gardner..... 148, 565
Hillas-Fenton..... 499
Hindas-Conroy..... 499
Hirsch-Hirsch (brother and sister) 158
Hobart..... 40
Hobart-Curran..... 532
Hodson (Rev.)-Grady..... 256
Holt-Flournoy..... 386
Hook-Wright..... 278
Hoole-Dallas..... 491
Hope-Jones..... 371
Hopkins, Edward..... 260
Hopkins, Captain S. G..... 289
Hopkins-Taylor..... 419
Hornpesch-Richardson..... 230
Hotot (Agnes)-Ringsdale..... 155
Houston's crest, General..... 529
Houston-Burnett..... 438
Houston-Moore..... 438
Houston-White..... 284, 529
Howard-Sidney..... 36
Howard-Welcher..... 261
Howe-Gadsden..... 259, 542
Hubert-Hunt..... 417, 483
Hudson-Crofts..... 539
Hueston-Lambranche..... 307
Huger-Rutledge..... 269
Hughes-Cameron..... 301
Hughes-Tucker..... 261
Hunt-Frost..... 306
Hunt-Hubert..... 417, 483

PAGE
Hunter-Mitchell..... 491
Hurley-Hall (women) 154
Huston-Bradshaw..... 262
Hutchinson, Provost..... 39
Hutchinson-Doyle..... 43
Hutchinson-Mountmorris.... 43, 534

I

I. (Capt.)-W. (Lieut.)..... 500
Ihrie-Harney..... 439
Impey-Willis..... 254
Inge-Stanly..... 430
Ingelgerius-Gontram..... 248
Innes-Clarke..... 212
Irby-Fant..... 388
Irish *code duello*..... 48
Irving-Gibson..... 332
Isaacs-Ladd..... 260
Isabella, Queen..... 27
Isidore-Alphonse 228
Issarts-Constant 253
Isturitz-Mendizabal..... 214
Italian-French regimental duel .. 462

J

Jackson, General 367
Jackson-De Armas..... 307
Jackson (Andrew)-Dickinson..... 280
Jackson-Glover..... 208
Jackson-Watkins 166
Jackson-Wells..... 167
James, Paymaster, U. S. A..... 261
Japanese officers..... 128
Jarman-Wright 278
Jarnac-Chastaignerie.. .....22, 179
Jay-Littlepage. 546
Jeffcott-Hennis 213
Jeffries-Smith..... 268
Jeffrey-Moore..... 555
Jenifer-Bynum..... 429
Jenkins-Crabbe 306
Jenkins-Talbot 473
John of England-Philip of France. 435
Johnson-Daniel..... 302
Johns-McAdam..... 387
Johnson-White..... 389

PAGE
Johnston, George Pen..... 476
Johnston-Furgeson.....411, 559
Johnston-Maxwell 230
Johnston-Stanley 442
Johnstone-Germaine..... 490
Jones-Anderson..... 268
Jones-Gronard..... 269
Jones-Hope..... 371
Jones-Musgrave..... 252
Jones-Nugent..... 418
Joor-Child 385
Joseph II. of Germany..... 54
Joynt-McKim..... 230
Judicial duel: in France, 18; in England, 30; in Scotland, 45; in Italy..... 70
Julius-Graham..... 247
Jullien..... 229

K

K. (Count)-Captain W..... 54
Kane-Dillon..... 498
Kay-Chattan, duel of clans 46
Keiser-Whitson..... 172
Keith-Dantsler 388
Kelley-Spear..... 419
Kemble, Edward 314
Kemble-Aikin 247
Kemble-McDougal 331
Kennedy-Walker..... 307
Kentucky, first duel in..... 270
Keogh, Jemmy 473
Kerr, Lord Mark..... 231
Kewen-Woodleif..... 417
Kilkenny-Ball..... 212
Kingston-Fitzgerald..... 253
Kirby, Captain..... 572
Knoring-Brusch. 254
Kusserow-Lawrence..... 433

L

Labenne, Comte de..... 27
Lacaze-St. Beuve..... 436
Lacombe-Blanc..... 255
Lachesnaye-Chateauneuf..... 240
Lacy-Graves..... 268

PAGE
Ladd-Isaacs..... 260
Lafayette-Carlisle..... 435
Laffer-Lowery..... 545
La Fontaine..... 196
La Frete..... 454
Lagnene-Chauriance..... 256
Lake-Chambers..... 387
Lamartine-Pepe..... 212
Lambranche-Hueston..... 307
Lambrecht-Clayton..... 249
Lameth-Castries..... 246
Lameth-Chauvigny..... 247
Lamolière..... 549
Landais-Cottineau..... 260
Lane-Dumont..... 432
Lanier, Lieut., C. S. A..... 372
Lanusse-Marigny..... 269
Lassalle-Rackowitza..... 504
Lauerdale-Arnold..... 247
Lauerdale-Richmond..... 247
Laurens-Lee..... 259
Laury-Vieyra..... 224
Lautieri..... 26
Law-Wilson..... 469
Lawrence-Kusserow..... 433
Lawson-McKnight..... 262
Leavenworth-Breckinridge,..... 390
Lebré-Duprez..... 167
Leckie-Hall..... 388
Ledoux-Choremont..... 387
Lee-Drayton..... 441
Lee-Laurens..... 259
LeFavre-Gersdoff..... 454
LeFancheur, Rev. Michael..... 442
Leftwich, of Virginia..... 86
Legare-Dunovant..... 389
Leggett-Morrison..... 419
Legouvé, Sieur..... 27
Legnis-Carronges..... 248
Leicester-Doty..... 80
Leigh-Davis..... 386
LeNeve-Buckinghamshire..... 208
Lenfant-Melfant (with billiard-balls)..... 193
Lennig..... 58
Lenox-Swift..... 229
Lenox-York..... 228
Lemery-Angero..... 436
PAGE
Lemon-Graham..... 315
Lempster-Grey..... 228
Leon-Hesse..... 212
Leon-Napoleon..... 490
Leon-Velasco..... 131
Lepaugh-Runyan feud..... 158
Lesseps, Count Ferdinand de..... 27
Lesses..... 389
Leverrier (Mlle.)-Duprez..... 154
Levito-Nicotera..... 214
Levy-McCain..... 388
Lewis-Cushing..... 533
Lincoln (A.)-Shields..... 567
Lindemann, Comte..... 27
Lindsay-Davidson..... 433
Lindsay-Livingston..... 245
Lindsay, Lord..... 48
Linn, Senator..... 77
Lippincott-Tevis..... 318
Lisbon, two gentlemen of..... 541
Littlepage-Jay..... 546
Littleton, Adam..... 475
Littleton, Walter..... 475
Livaret-De Pienne..... 453
Livaret-Schomberg..... 452
Livingston-Lindsay..... 245
Livron-Du Trône..... 454
Lixen-Richlieu..... 164
Llandoff-Clonmel..... 42
Lloyd-Ackland..... 211
Lloyd-Wright..... 278
Lobenstadt, Count de..... 475
Lochiel-Pellew..... 47
Lockyer-Sutton..... 227
Loftus-Harley..... 249
Londen-Hackett..... 419
Londonderry-Grattan..... 249
Long-Armstrong..... 230
Lonsdale-Cuthbert..... 486
Lorn-Campbell..... 229
Louis XIII..... 22, 495
Louis XIV..... 23
Louis XV..... 557
Louis, Mlle. Jean..... 459, 468
Louis-Ferrari..... 463
Lowe-Herbert..... 555
Lowery-Laffer..... 545
Lowquay-McCoard..... 230

PAGE

Loyola, Ignatius..... 566
Lucas-Benton..... 479
Luna-Valencia..... 70
Lundy-Dibble..... 419
Luz-De Guise..... 131
Lyle (Mrs.)-Stewart (Mr.)..... 159

M

McAdam-Johns..... 387
McCain-Levy..... 388
McCallum-Alister..... 229
McCarty-Mason.....266, 428, 480
McCarty-Wise..... 443
McCorkle-Gwin..... 431
McClung-Allen..... 450
McClung-Menefee.....289, 451, 483
McClure-Whitsett..... 390
McCoard-Lowquay..... 230
McCorkle-Gwin..... 571
McDougal-Kemble..... 331
McDougal-Russell..... 331
McDuffie-Cumming..... 285
McGowan, Judge Edward....308, 311
McGuire-Blundell..... 227
McIlraith-Marion..... 446
McIntosh-Guinnett..... 259
McLean-Cameron..... 500
McKeon-Reynolds..... 228
McLeod-MacDonnell..... 231
McMichael-Cooper..... 446
McKee-Murphy..... 388
McKenzie-Barrington.....240, 480
McKie-Eaton..... 555
McKim-Joynt..... 230
McKnight-Lawson..... 262
McNally-Barrington.....490, 560
McNamara..... 39
McNamara-Chatenet..... 473
Maccartney, General..... 185
Macartney-Sadlier..... 207
Macartney-Stuart..... 207
MacDonald, Calvin B..... 319
MacDonnell-McLeod..... 231
Macduff-Prince..... 210
Macedo-Cardinal Norris..... 149
Macklin-Hickey..... 306
Macnamara-Creed..... 43

PAGE

Macnamara-Montgomery..... 204
Macomb, Captain, U. S. A..... 262
Macrae-Ramsay..... 45
Madailan-Rivard..... 538
Maddox-Wells..... 110
Magruder, Col. J. B., duel across a table..... 107
Maguire-Graham bar-room fight.. 103
Maher-Colles..... 256
Maillard-St. Signol..... 481
Maizeroi, René..... 28
Malden-Hawkins..... 228
Malden-Norfolk..... 249
Mann-Fleet..... 446
Manteuffel-Twesten..... 228
Manuel-Beaumont..... 195
Marc Antony-Cæsar..... 435
Marigny-Graihle..... 387
Marigny-Lanusse..... 269
Marion, General Francis..... 445
Marion-McIlraith..... 446
Marivant-Marolles..... 248
Marmaduke-Walker.....81, 371
Marolles-Marivant..... 248
Marrart..... 459
Mars-Stinet..... 389
Marshall-Clay..... 260
Marshall-Webb..... 332
Martablo, Major Lopez..... 256
Martainsville..... 458
Martin of Galway..... 473
Martin-Ross..... 501
Martin-Wilkes..... 544
Martira-Conversano..... 252
Mary Lavour-Gaillard..... 553
Mason-McCarty.....266, 428, 480
Mason-Stewart..... 202
Matas-St. Andre..... 240
Matheuson-Handel..... 490
Mathias-Storey..... 256
Matthew-Park..... 43
Matthews-Barne..... 255
Matthews-Sheridan..... 176
Mauguérin-Ribérac..... 452
Maupin, La..... 459
Maximilian (of Germany)-De Batre..... 228
Maxwell-Johnston..... 230

PAGE

May-Bennett..... 333
May-Rowe..... 419
Mayo..... 42
Mead-Woodward..... 533
Medge, Baron..... 42
Melfant-Lenfant (with billiard-balls)..... 193
Mendizabal-Isturitz..... 213
Menefee-McClung.....289, 451, 483
"Mensur"..... 62
Merci, Count de..... 439
Merci-Valaze..... 439
Merignac..... 26
Meurice-Perpignan..... 554
Meyers-Guthrie..... 131
Michael, St., patron saint of fencers..... 26
Miller-Rattray..... 481
Milton, Cornet Huxton, U. S. A. 262
Mimiague..... 26
Mira-Dovalle..... 481
Mirabeau-Bonnetain..... 256
Mirfin-Elliott..... 253
Mitchell, Sir John..... 475
Mitchell-Hunter..... 491
Mittaud-Vitaux..... 451
Mohun-Hamilton.....35, 184, 469
Molineux-Foster..... 562
Montebello-Cassagnac..... 455
Moncelet-Angier..... 213
Monro-Glencairn..... 242
Montez, Lola..... 153
Montford-Essex..... 207
Montgomeri-Francis I..... 143
Montgomeri-Henry II..... 143
Montgomery-Macnamara..... 204
Moore-Buck..... 262
Moore-Castine..... 229
Moore-Houston..... 438
Moore-Jeffrey..... 555
Moore-Stapylton..... 255
Morgan-Egerton..... 256
Morgan-Hamilton..... 227
Morgan-Henderson..... 432
Morley-Hatchell.....250, 256
Mornington-Shaftesbury..... 435
Morris, Gouverneur..... 335
Morrison-Leggett..... 419

PAGE

Moses-Hickey..... 306
Moss-Points..... 140
Moussin (Mlle.)-Serane..... 153
Mountgarret-Byrne..... 534
Mountmorris-Hutchinson.....43, 534
Mulato-Pons..... 25
Munro-Green..... 199
Munroe-Fawcett..... 37
Murat..... 149
Murphy-McKee..... 388
Musgrave-Jones..... 252

N

Nadar, balloon fight..... 134
Napoleon-Leon..... 490
Nemours-Beaufort..... 453
Nesle (Lady)-Polignac (Countess). 152
Neuhoff-Theodore.....475, 480
Ney, Marshal.....538, 547, 575
Nicholson-Wright..... 278
Nicotera-Levito.....214
Nieukerke-Bonaparte (Pierre).... 212
Nixon, Henry G..... 388
Noailles-Barnave..... 209
Norbury-Fitzgerald..... 42
Norbury-Gerald..... 473
Norbury-Tandy..... 42
Norfolk-Malden..... 249
Norris (Cardinal)-Macedo..... 149
Norton, Harry J..... 508
Nourse-Windsor..... 469
Nugent-Cotter..... 313
Nugent-Hayes..... 313
Nugent-Jones..... 418
Nunez, first Mexican duellist.... 120

O

O'Brien..... 39
O'Brien-O'Gorman Mahon..... 474
O'Callaghan-Bailey..... 227
O'Connell, Daniel.....39, 479
O'Connell (Morgan)-Alvaney.... 213
O'Connell-D'Esterre.....223, 473
O'Connell-D'Israeli..... 533
O'Connor-Byrne..... 227
O'Connor-O'Connor..... 40

PAGE

Ogle-Coyle....43, 228
O'Gorman.... 40
O'Gorman-Wallace 43
O'Gorman Mahon.... 474
O'Gorman Mahon-O'Brien.... 474
O'Grady-Smith 213
O'Mahon-Grady.... 43
Ollivier-De Ghest.... 120
Oneby-Gower....241, 469
Opie, of Virginia.... 86
Orleans-Henry IV.... 436
Orliff-Potemkin.... 74
Ornano-Bouvet.... 492
Osborn-Vandyke.... 261
O'Sullivan-Caldwell.... 251
Oswald-Carey.... 546

P

Pages-Tastra.... 389
Paget-Cadogan 249
Palacios-Soler.... 126
Palmer-Coles.... 534
Palmer-Quentin.... 256
Park-Brazer.... 419
Park-Matthew.... 43
Patterson.... 473
Patterson, Chief-Justice.... 43
Paul, of Russia.... 74
Paull-Burdette.... 480
Payne-Clark 250
Peachy-Blain.... 419
Pecquigny-Virette 229
Peel, Sir Robert.... 224
Pellerin.... 26
Pellew-Lochiel.... 47
Pellew-Walsh.... 250
Pendleton, Nathaniel.... 341
Pène, M. de.... 575
Pennant-Prendergast 435
Pennington-Tollemache.... 263
Penruddock, George.... 475
Pepe-Carascosa.... 231
Pepe-Lamartine.... 214
Peppard-Hayes 227
Percy-Constable.... 254
Perley, D. W....394, 404
Perpignan-Meurice.... 554

PAGE

Perry-Bynum.... 332
Perry-Heath.... 498
Pettis-Biddle.... 287
Petit-Roussell.... 231
Peyton-Williams.... 438
Philip le Bel....9, 19
Philip of France-John of England 435
Philip II. (France)-Richard I. (Eng.).... 436
Phillips-Henriquez.... 250
Phillips-Sheppard.... 171
Phillips-Woodbury.... 166
Phillips-Woodbridge....258, 482
Pienne-Livaret.... 453
Pierson-Cannon.... 260
Piles, Ludovico de.... 456
Pinac, M.... 253
Pinckney, C. C....78, 442
Pinto-Roberdo.... 256
Pigne-Grandpré....134, 235
Pitt.... 74
Pitt-Tierney.... 557
Pleasants-Ritchie.... 301
Plowden, Captain.... 250
Points-Moss.... 140
"Poker Bill,".... 97
Poland, youthful affair in.... 156
Polignac (Countess)-Nesle (Lady). 152
Pollard, of Virginia.... 86
Pomfret-Woyston.... 559
Pons-Mulato.... 25
Pope-Gray.... 388
Porter-Archer.... 371
Porter-Bellasses....224, 481
Porter-Smyth.... 297
Porto-De Canto.... 332
"Posting," origin.... 83
Potemkin-Orliff.... 74
Potocki, Count 27
Pouchkin-Heckeren.... 75
Powell, duel with Englishman.... 79
Powell, Virginia duellist.... 79
Powell-Falkland.... 252
Power-Brisco.... 566
Power-Grumbleton 198
Pratt-Elbert.... 279
Prendergast-Pennant.... 435
Preston, of South Carolina.... 77

PAGE

Prentiss, S. S. 478
Prentiss-Foote 384, 529
Price-Carpenter 119
Price-Green 275
Price-Wilson 276
Pride-Carpenter 227
Prince-Macduff 210
Prud-Throuet 267
Pulteney-Hervey 213
Purefoy-Roper 212
"Purring" matches 137
Putnam, General 547

Q

Quélus-D'Entraquet 222, 452, 558
Quentin-Palmer 256

R

Rackowitza-Lassalle 504
Radcliffe, Robert 250
Rae-Bremen 252
Raleigh, Sir Walter 439, 571
Ramsay-Reay 31
Ramsay-Macrae 45
Ranc 27
Randall-Fox 388
Randolph, John 442
Randolph, John, "posted" 83
Randolph-Clay 421, 498, 528
Randolph-Robinson 536
Raphael Sanzio 28
Rapley-Belden 372
Rattray-Miller 481
Rawlings-Dillon 36
Razors as weapons 139
Ready-Snowden 388
Reay-Ramsay 31
Reed-Allston 269
Reeve-Henley 556
Regnier-Destaing 251
Retz, Cardinal de 149
Reynolds-Brown 386
Reynolds-McKeon 228
Rhett, R. B. 78
Rhett-Clemens 442
Rhett-Cooley 386

PAGE

Ribera 28
Ribérac-Maugnérin 452
Rice-Du Barry 197
Richard I. (Eng.)-Philip II. (France) 436
Richards-Trias 120
Richardson-Hornpesch 230
Richebourg 454
Richelieu 454, 495
Richelieu-Lixen 164
Richelieu-Themines 248
Richepin, Jean 27
Richmond, Duke of 228
Richmond-Lauerdale 247
Riddell-Cunningham 245
Ridgeway-Davis 302
Ringsdale-Hotot (Agnes) 155
Ritchie-Pleasants 301
Rivard-Madailan 538
Rivero-San Miguel 126
Rixio-Thiers 557
Roach-Ferguson 254
Roberdo-Pinto 256
Robert 26
Robins-Downs 306
Robins-Fall 306
Robinson-Randolph 536
Rochefort, Henri 28, 29, 452, 454
Rochefort-Cassagnac 491
Roebuck-Black 256
Roman-Bowlingly 389
Romanza-Triffonier 210
Romieu 554
Roper-Purefoy 212
Rovigo-Bonaparte (Pierre) 212
Rosan-Duras-Turenne 236
Roscommon 42
Rose, Lieut. Stephen, U. S. A. 262
Rose-Frazer 255
Rosenberg-Batthyany 70
Ross-Fottrell 256
Ross-Martin 501
Rossi-Signor 219
Rossi-Bonaparte (Charles) 229
Rothsay-Henry IV 436
Rouleau 26
Roussell-Petit 231
Roux-Laborie 459

PAGE

Rowe-May 419
Rowells-England 249
Runyan-Lepaugh feud 158
Russell-Folsom 331
Rust-Stidger 324
Rutledge-Huger 269
Russell-McDougal 331
"Russian Bill" 94, 96
Rutherford-Cahill 171
Ruthven-Close 256
Ruthven-Scott 256
Ryan-Hammet 306

S

St.-Albin, Albert de 27
St. Andre-Matas 240
St. Belmont, Countess de 154
St. Beuve 571
St. Beuve-Lacaze 436
St. Evremont-St. Foix 538
St. Foix 457, 544
St. John-Best 209
St. Leger-Curran 532
St. Phal 451
St. Signol-Maillard 481
St. Victor-Asselin 191
Sackville-Bruce 182, 496
Sadlier-Macartney 207
Salm-Salm 511
Salontine-Chevanier 525
Salvator Rosa 28
San Miguel-Rivero 126
Sargent-Wyer 262
Sartiges-Barney 436
Sartorius-Gomusio 126
Saunders, of Virginia 86
Saviolo, Vincentio 35
Sawyer 252
Scawen-Fitzgerald 494
Scholl, Aurélien 27
Scholl-Dion 216
Schomberg-Livaret 452
Schuyler-Gamble 173
Scott-Christie 161
Scott-Ruthven 256
Scott-Smith 419
Scott-Travis 269

PAGE

Scully-Casey 257
Seaton-Gustavus Adolphus 73
Segur-Gourgaud 253
Serane-Mlle. Moussin 153
Seton-Hawkey 37
Sevier, of Arkansas 77
Sévigné, Marquis de 500
Sewell-Alcock 210
Seymour-Grant 256
Shaffer-Withered 418
Shaftesbury-Mornington 435
Shannon-Cash 391
Shelburne-Fullerton 193
Sheppard-Phillips 171
Sheridan 39
Sheridan-Matthews 176
Shields-Lincoln (A.) 567
Shrewsbury-Buckingham 36, 472
Sidney, Sir Philip 469
Sidney-Howard 36
Silvestre, Armand 287
Simons-Snipes 261
Singer-Smith 389
Skelton, Frank 575
Skewer-duels 24
Skinner, Alexander 438
Sligo 42
Smedberg-Gardener 420
Smith, John 449
Smith, N. S 264
Smith-Brank 386
Smith-Broderick 486
Smith-Downing 263
Smith-Freeman 389
Smith-Jeffries 268
Smith-O'Grady 213
Smith-Scott 419
Smith-Singer 389
Smith-Stuart 263
Smith-Truett 418
Smyth-Porter 297
Smythe-Thomas 332
Snipes-Simons 261
Snowden-Ready 388
Soailles-Devéze 196
Soler-Palacios 126
Somers, Lieut. Richard, U. S. N. 371
Sotomayor-Bayard 229

PAGE

Soulé-D'Alba..... 199
Soulé-De Turgot..... 200
Southesk-Gray..... 229
Spaight-Stanley..... 383
Sparling-Grayson..... 253
Spear-Kelley..... 419
Stackpole-Cecil..... ....188, 471, 575
Stahl-Tordenskiold..... 251
Stair, Earl of..... 231
Stanfield-Cardington..... 249
Stanley-Chickley..... 162
Stanley-Johnston..... 442
Stanley-Spaight..... 383
Stanly-Inge..... 430
Stanly-Wise..... 427
Stapylton-Moore..... 255
Steele, Richard..... 557
Stephens-Anderson..... 210
Sternberger, Richard von..... 515
Sterne, Laurence..... 571
Stevens, Alfred..... 27
Stewart-Bennett..... 78
Stewart-Bolton..... 209
Stewart-Coker..... 389
Stewart-D'Egville..... 482
Stewart (Mr.)-Lyle (Mrs.)..... 159
Stewart-Mason..... 262
Stewart-Thurlow..... 543
Stidger-Rust..... 324
Stinet-Mars..... 389
Stone-Bliss..... 390
Stoney-Bate..... 468
Stoney-Butt..... 468
Stoney-Mathias 256
Stowe-Townley..... 389
Street-Wetmore..... 250
Stuart-Bagnall..... 250, 256
Stuart-Boswell..... 255
Stuart-Dade..... 268
Stuart-Macartney..... 207
Stuart-Smith..... 263
Stuart-Wright..... 278
Sullivan, Jacobus..... 270
Sully, Duc de..... 19
Sumner-Harney..... 439
Suprin-Zigang..... 221
Susse, Admiral de la..... 537
Sutton-Lockyer..... 227

PAGE

Swartwout-Clinton..... 263
Swiegel-Freychappel..... 226
Swift-Lenox..... 229
"Sword, The Men of the"..... 26

T

Talbot-Jenkins..... 473
Talbot-Wilkes..... 175
Talbut-Denworth..... 535
Talleyrand..... 74, 538
Tandy-Norbury..... 42
Tankerville-Bouverie..... 208
Taylor, Gen. Zachary 549
Tastra-Pages... 389
Taylor-Hopkins..... 419
Temple-Whately..... 537
Terrell-Grymes..... 261
Terry-Broderick..... 81, 392
Tessier, Judge..... 564
Tenteniac, Marquis de..... 454
Tevis-Lippincott..... 318
Thatcher-Blount..... 531
Themines-Richelieu..... 248
Thiérs-Rixio..... 557
Thomas-Battleheim..... 174
Thomas-Dixon..... 418
Thomas-Gordon..... 198
Thomas-Gardiner..... 501
Thomas-Smythe..... 332
Thomas-Weightman..... 438
Thompson-Coleman..... 169
Thompson-Fawcett..... 198
Thornhill-Dering..... 228, 481
Thronet-Prué..... 267
Thurlow-Stewart..... 543
Thurston-Harrison..... 270
Tierney-Pitt 557
Tipperary..... 42
Tobey-Crane..... 419
Tollemache-Pennington..... 263
Toombs, Robert..... 561
Tordenskiold-Stahl..... 251
Torres-Garza..... 257
Tournaments..... 142
Townley-Stowe..... 389
Towns, Edward..... 289
Townsend-Winnington 537

PAGE

Townshend-Bellamont..... 254
Townshend-Brown..... 131
Travis-Scott..... 269
"Treatise of Honor, A"..... 35
Trenck, Baron Frederick..... 475
Treville, M. de..... 458
Trias-Richards..... 120
Triffonier-Romanza..... 210
Trobriant..... 454
Troussel-Du Gueschin..... 248
Truett-Smith..... 418
Tucker-Hughes..... 261
Tuckett-Cardigan..... 208
Turenne-Duras-Rosan..... 236
Turgot-Soulé..... 200
Turrens-Fisher..... 252
Twesten-Manteuffel..... 228
Tyrawly-Clonmel..... 42

U

Ugeon-Du Vighan..... 451
University duels, German.... 55, 62
Urton-Guise..... 470
Uzerches-De Riz..... 453

V

Valaze-De Merci..... 439
Valencay-Cavois..... 248
Valencia-Luna..... 70
Valentia-Gawler..... 226
Valentine-Clary..... 212
Valette-Bonaparte (Pierre)..... 212
Valois-Bezarier..... 232
Vance-Carson..... 389
Vandyke-Osborn 261
Van Ness, W. P..... 337
Vaux, Baron de..... 26
Velasco-De Leon..... 131
Velasquez..... 28
Verge, General..... 27
Vesey, William..... 475
Veuillot, Louis..... 459
Vieyra-Laury..... 224
Vigéant 26
Vigéant, père..... 459
Villars-D'Henricourt..... 453

PAGE

Villeneuve-Beauchamp 517
Virette-Pecquigny..... 229
Vitaux Goumelieu..... 451
Vitaux-De Mittaud..... 451
Voiture 554

W

W. (Captain)-Count K..... 54
W. (Lieut.)-I. (Capt.)..... 500
Wade, Ben..... 561
"Wager of Battle," act of..... 30
Walker-Carter..... 332
Walker-Graham..... 315
Walker-Kennedy 307
Walker-Marmaduke..... .....81, 371
Wallace-O'Gorman..... 43
Walpole-Chetwynd 543
Walsh-Pellew..... 250
Warwick-Coote..... 175
Wasckiewicz..... 27
Washington, George.....442
Washburn, Washington.....315
Watkins-Jackson..... 166
Watson-Wright..... 278
Watts-Wilson..... 390
Weapons of Alabamians, Mississippians, and Creoles..... 117
Webb, James Watson..... 375
Webb-Marshall..... .. 332
Weightman-Thomas..... 438
Welcher-Howard..... 261
Wellington-Winchelsea..... 190
Wells-Jackson..... 167
Wells-Maddox..... 110
Westall-Gourlay..... 248
Wetmore-Street..... 250
Weston..... 550
Whately-Temple..... 537
White-Finch..... 261
White-Houston..... 284
White-Houston..... 529
White-Johnson..... 389
Whitsell-McClure 390
Whitson-Keiser..... 172
Wild, saddler..... .. 47
Wilkes-Forbes..... 545
Wilkes-Martin..... 544

PAGE

Wilkes-Talbot..... 175
Wilkinson, Gen. James..... 83
Wilkinson "posts" John Randolph 83
Will in favor of opponent..... ... 211
Willis-Impey..... 254
Williams-Bell..... 371
Williams-Bennett..... 236
Williams-David..... 256
Williams-Peyton..... 438
Wilson-Beane 331
Wilson-Law..... 469
Wilson-Price..... 276
Wilson-Watts 390
Winchelsea-Wellington..... 190
Windsor-Nourse..... 469
Winnington-Townsend 537
Winston-Foote.....384, 529
Winters-Collins. 389
Wintzel-Cohen 307
Wise-Johns..... 442
Wise-McCarty..... 443
Wise-Hanly..... 427
Withered-Shaffer..... 418
Wood-Cooper..... 156
Woodbridge-Phillips.....166, 258, 482

PAGE

Woodcock-Blackburn..... 418
Woodleif-Kewen 417
Woodward-Mead..... 533
Woolfolk-Camp..... 389
Woyston-Pompet..... 556
Wright family, duels of..... 279
Wright-Baird..... 420
Wright-Evans..... 419
Wright-Hook..... 278
Wright-Jarman.... 278
Wright-Lloyd..... 278
Wright-Nicholson..... 278
Wright-Stuart..... 278
Wright-Watson..... 278
Wyer-Sargent 262

Y

Yancey-Clingman..... 432
York-Lenox..... 228

Z

Zavado, Valentine 527
Zietkin, Gen. Hans Joachim..... 475
Zigang-Suprin..... 221